Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

volume four: WE GOTTA GO NOW

G-WHIZ
GWZ
GET BENT
G-WIZ
AVINA
DARICK 2008
WITH APOLOGIES TO NICK MEYEROWITZ

DYNAMITE

DYNAMITE®

Dynamite Entertainment Presents

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

volume four: WE GOTTA GO NOW

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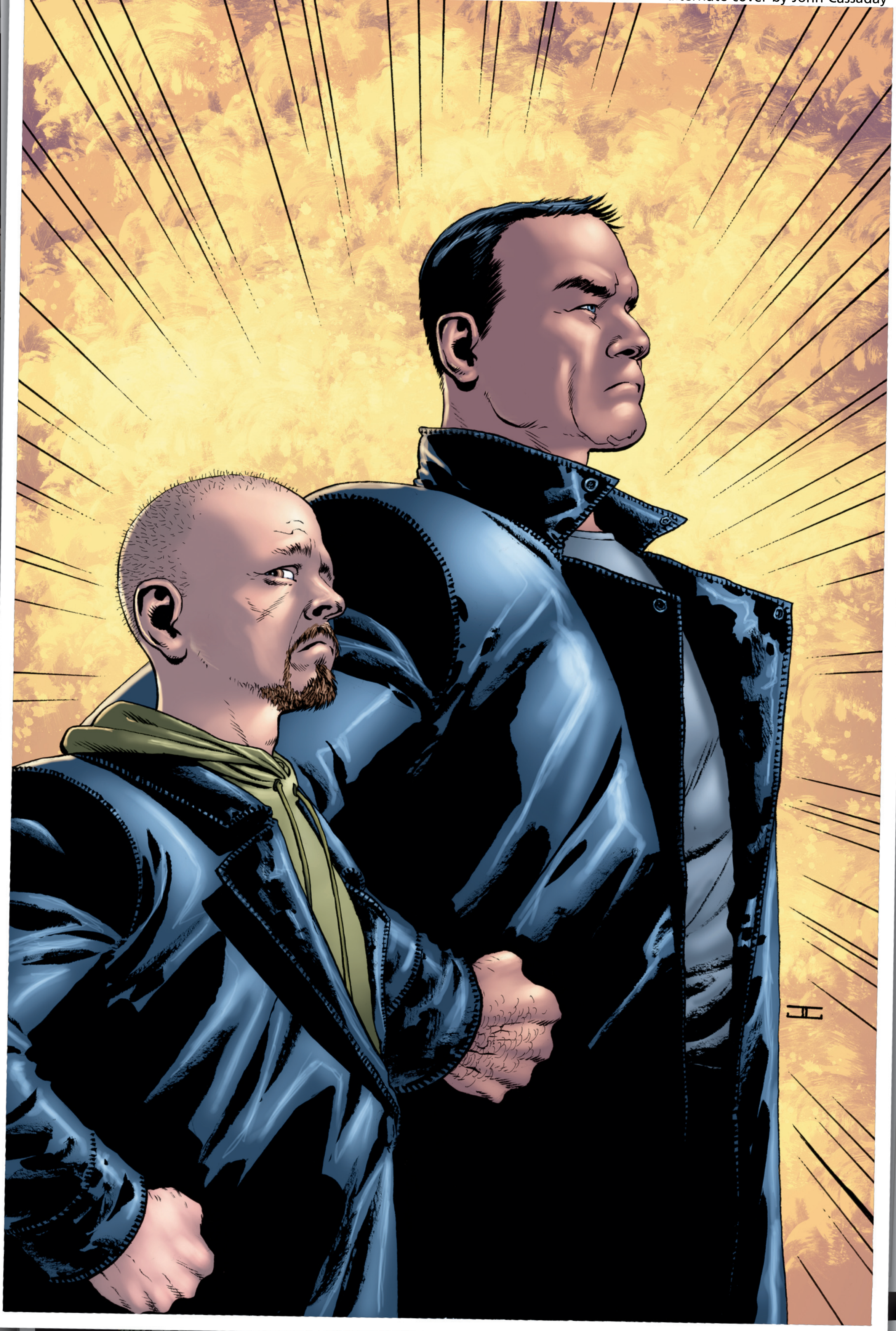
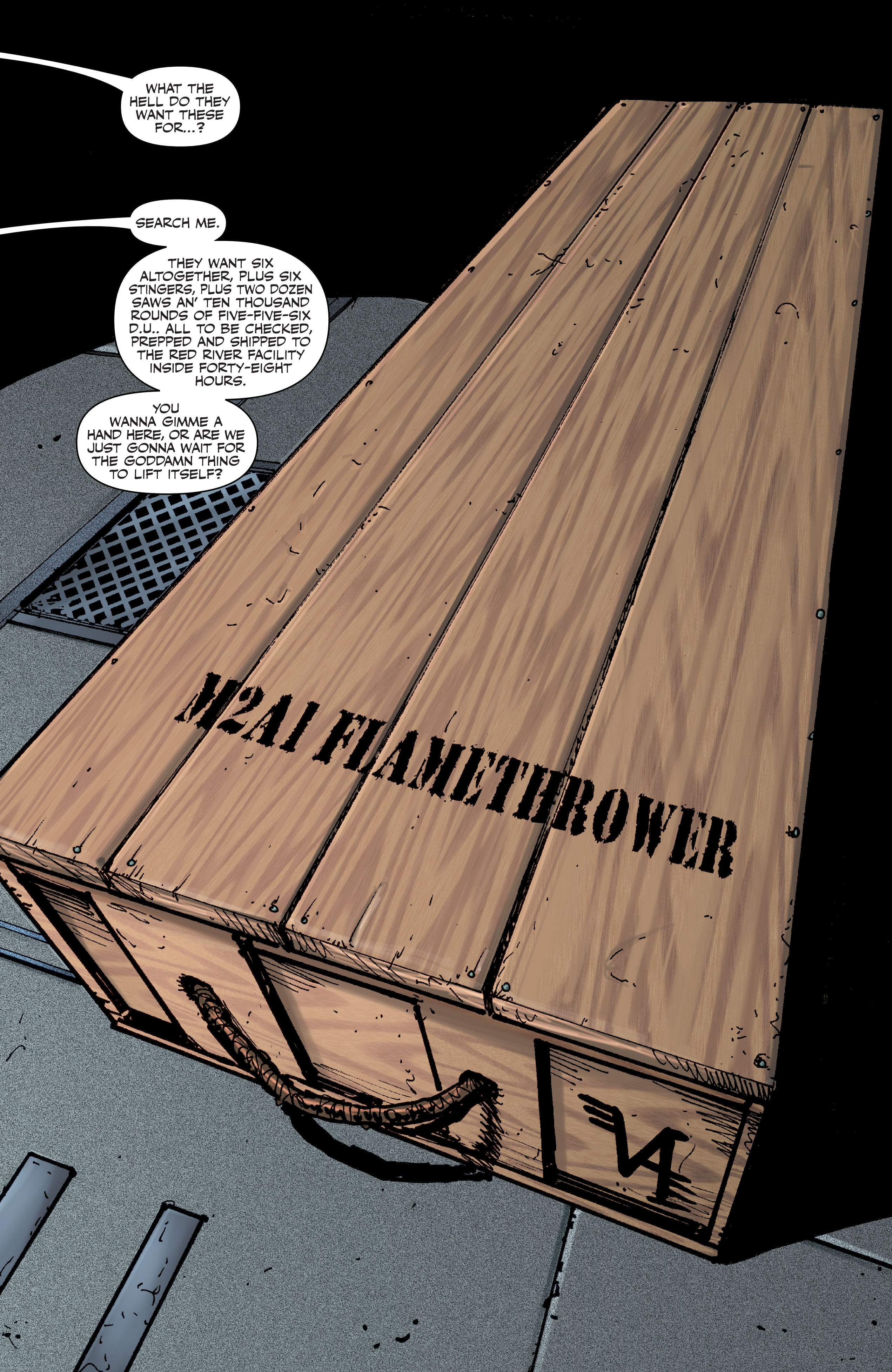
cover by Darick Robertson

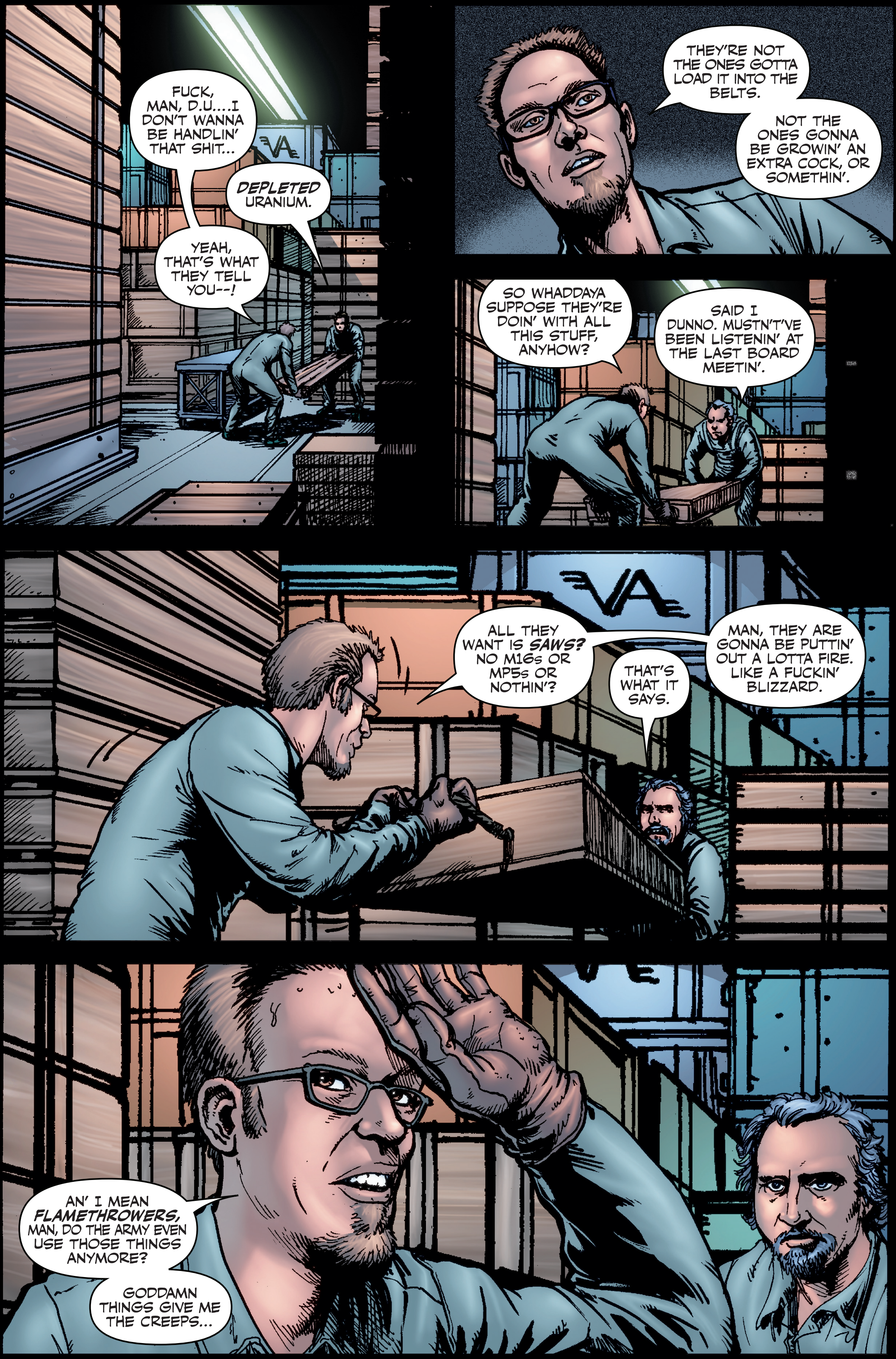
TWENTY-THREE

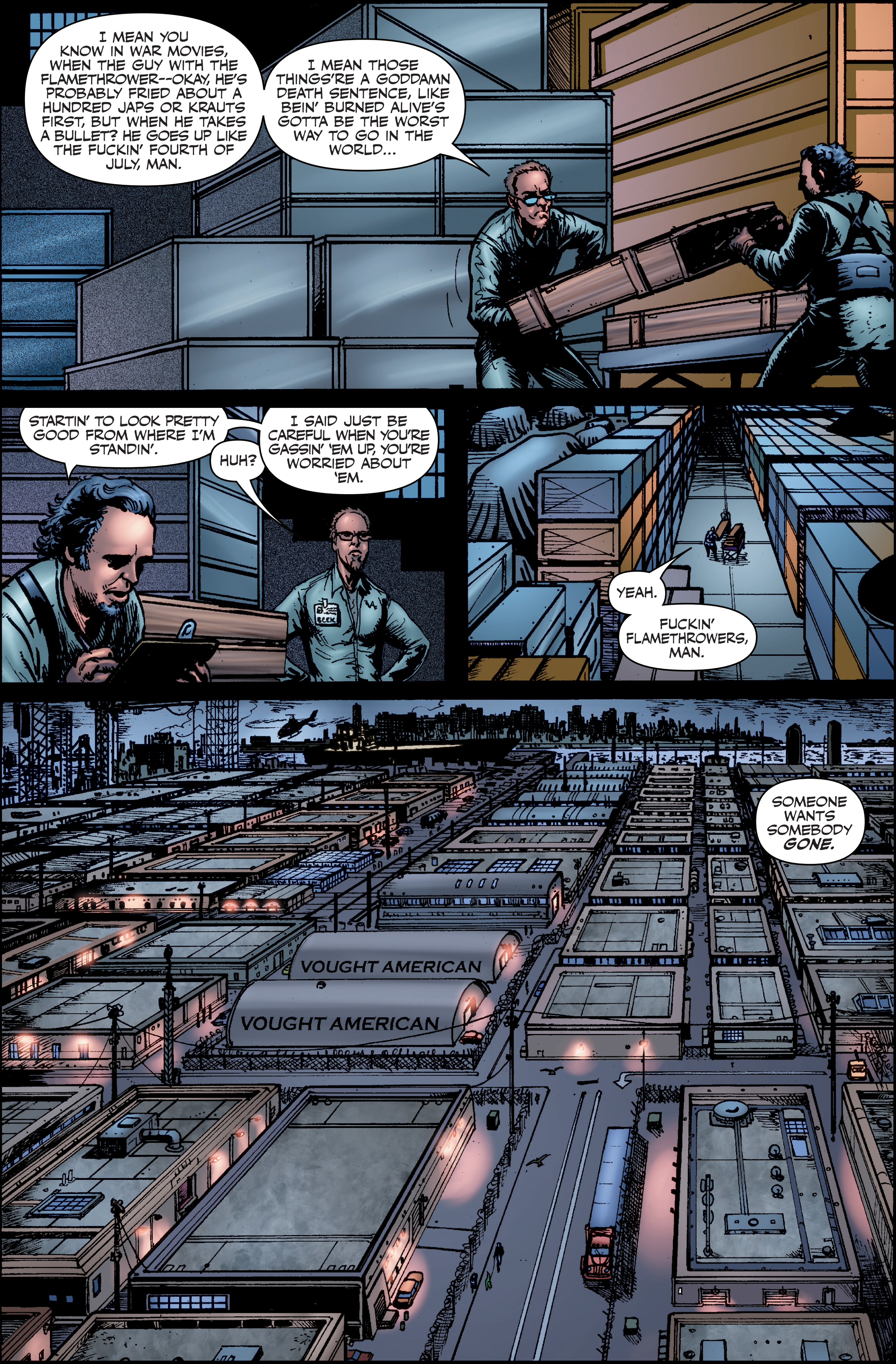
GMEN
EARTH'S MOST PROFITABLE HEROES
766554
LICENCE TO PRINT MONEY
GODOLKIN
GMEN BANK NOTE
AE 77665544 B
E5
SERIES 2008
THIS NOTE IS NOT LEGAL TENDER FOR ALL DEBTS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
DA RI CK 2008

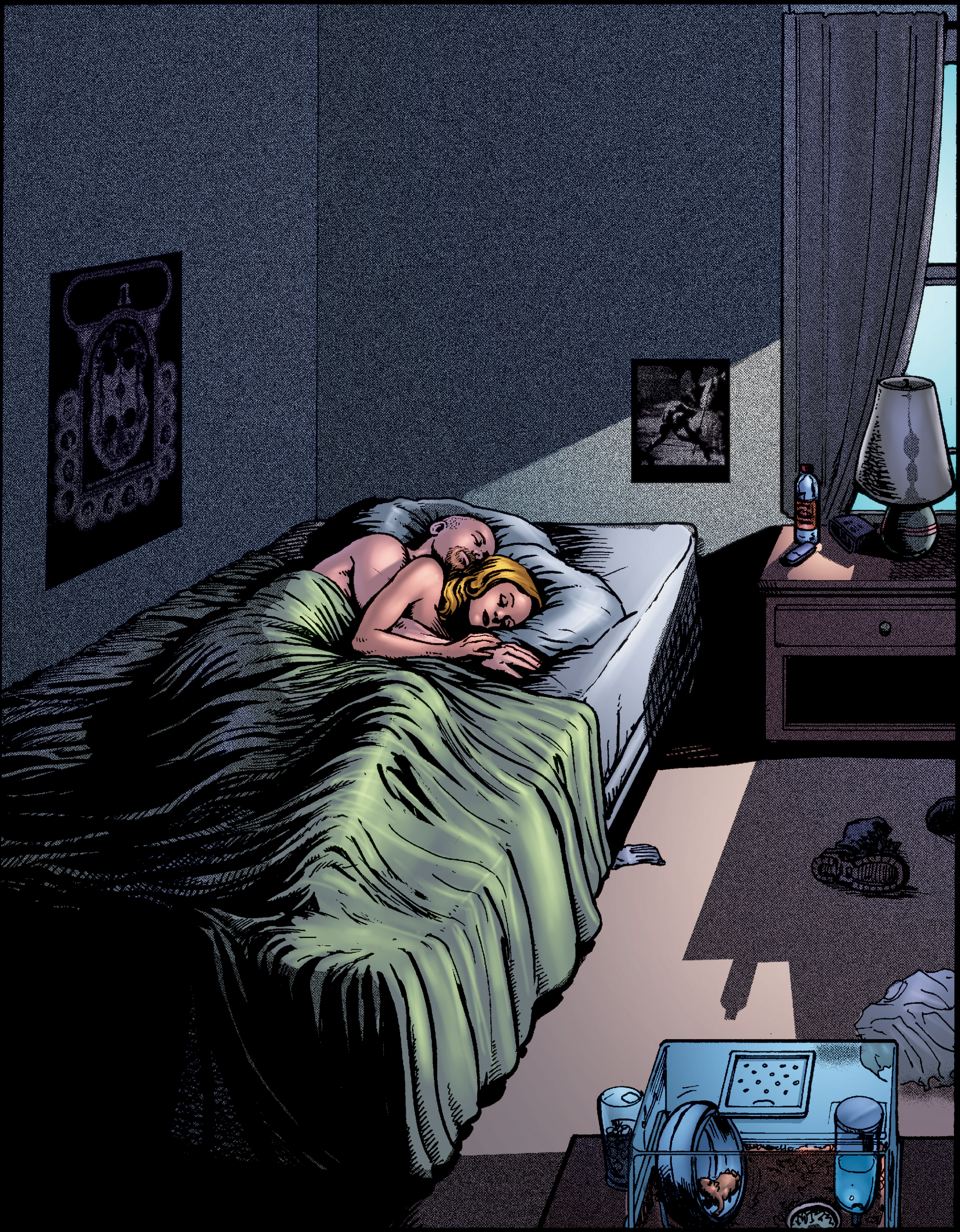
alternate cover by John Cassaday




WHAT THE HELL DO THEY WANT THESE FOR...?
SEARCH ME.
THEY WANT SIX ALTOGETHER, PLUS SIX STINGERS, PLUS TWO DOZEN SAWS AN' TEN THOUSAND ROUNDS OF FIVE-FIVE-SIX D.U.. ALL TO BE CHECKED, PREPPED AND SHIPPED TO THE RED RIVER FACILITY INSIDE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.
YOU WANNA GIMME A HAND HERE, OR ARE WE JUST GONNA WAIT FOR THE GODDAMN THING TO LIFT ITSELF?
M2A1 FLAMETHROWER

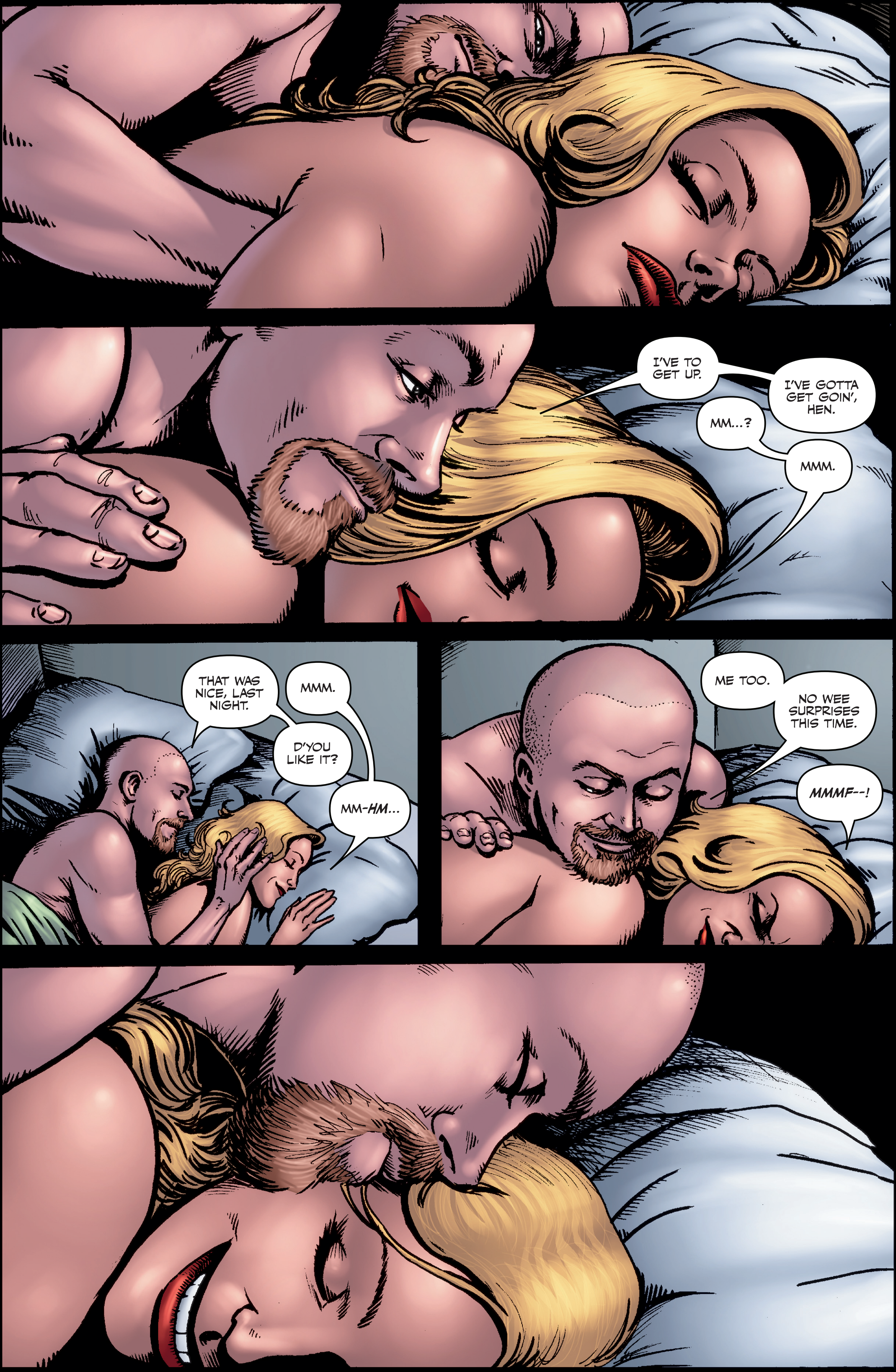

FUCK, MAN, D.U.... I DON'T WANNA BE HANDLIN' THAT SHIT...
DEPLETED URANIUM.
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT THEY TELL YOU--!
THEY'RE NOT THE ONES GOTTA LOAD IT INTO THE BELTS.
NOT THE ONES GONNA BE GROWIN' AN EXTRA COCK, OR SOMETHIN'.
SO WHADDAYA SUPPOSE THEY'RE DOIN' WITH ALL THIS STUFF, ANYHOW?
SAID I DUNNO. MUSTN'T'VE BEEN LISTENIN' AT THE LAST BOARD MEETIN'.
VA
ALL THEY WANT IS *SAWS?* NO M16s OR MP5s OR NOTHIN'?
THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS.
MAN, THEY ARE GONNA BE PUTTIN' OUT A LOTTA FIRE. LIKE A FUCKIN' BLIZZARD.
AN' I MEAN ***FLAMETHROWERS,*** MAN, DO THE ARMY EVEN USE THOSE THINGS ANYMORE?
GODDAMN THINGS GIVE ME THE CREEPS...

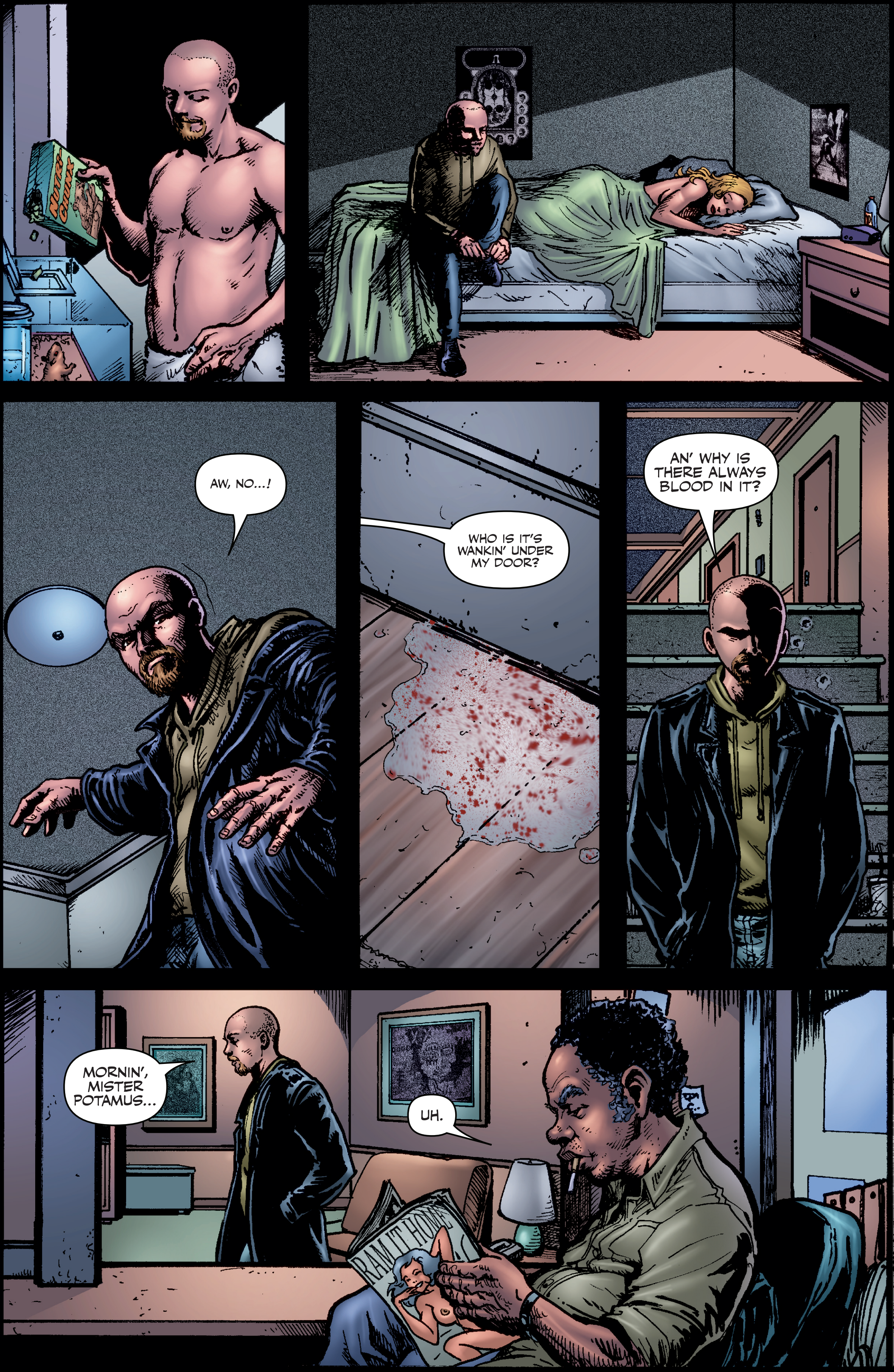

I MEAN YOU KNOW IN WAR MOVIES, WHEN THE GUY WITH THE FLAMETHROWER--OKAY, HE'S PROBABLY FRIED ABOUT A HUNDRED JAPS OR KRAUTS FIRST, BUT WHEN HE TAKES A BULLET? HE GOES UP LIKE THE FUCKIN' FOURTH OF JULY, MAN.
I MEAN THOSE THINGS'RE A GODDAMN DEATH SENTENCE, LIKE BEIN' BURNED ALIVE'S GOTTA BE THE WORST WAY TO GO IN THE WORLD...
STARTIN' TO LOOK PRETTY GOOD FROM WHERE I'M STANDIN'.
HUH?
I SAID JUST BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU'RE GASSIN' 'EM UP, YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT 'EM.
BECK
YEAH.
FUCKIN' FLAMETHROWERS, MAN.
VOUGHT AMERICAN
VOUGHT AMERICAN
SOMEONE WANTS SOMEBODY *GONE.*

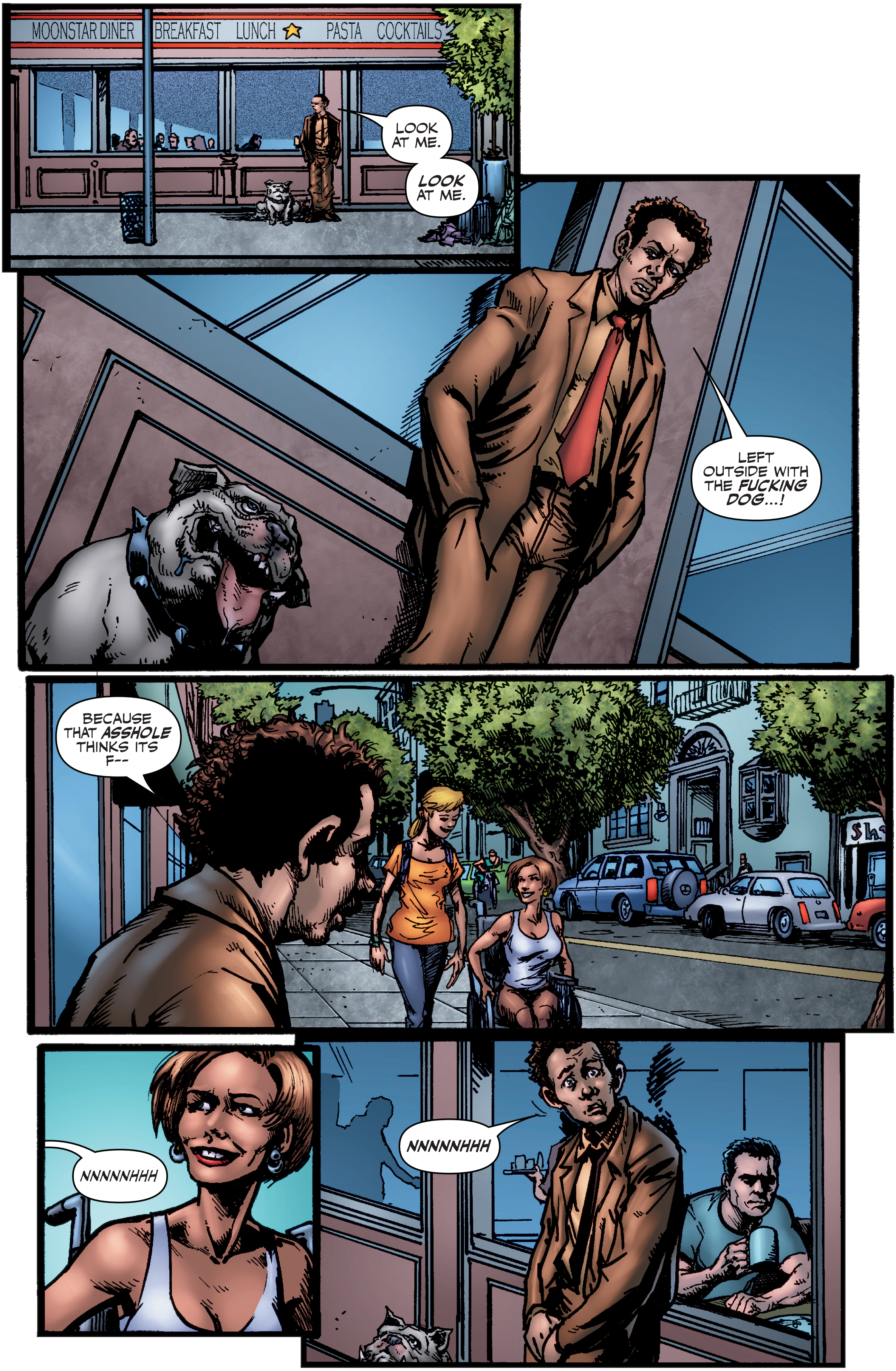


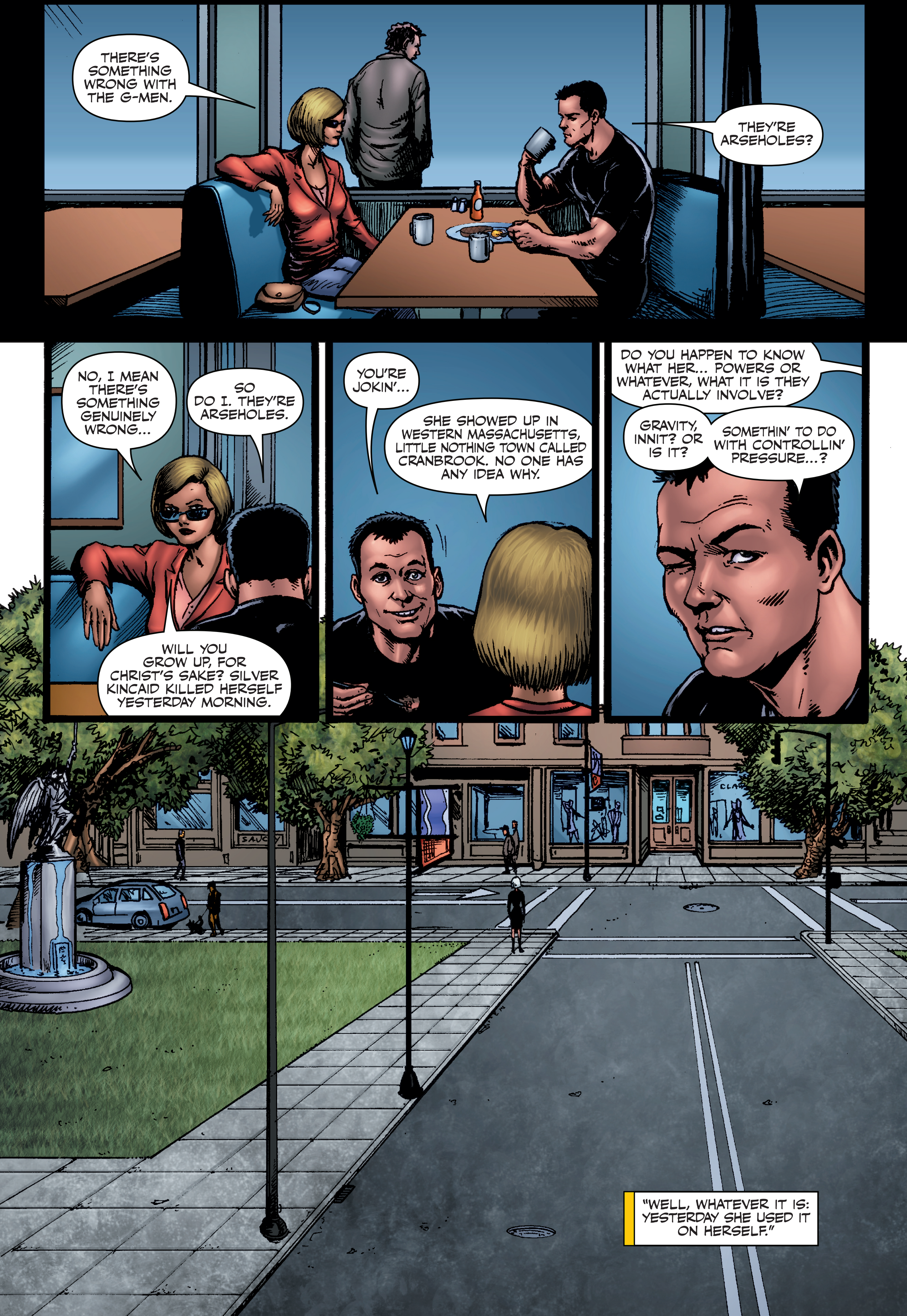
WE GOTTA GO NOW

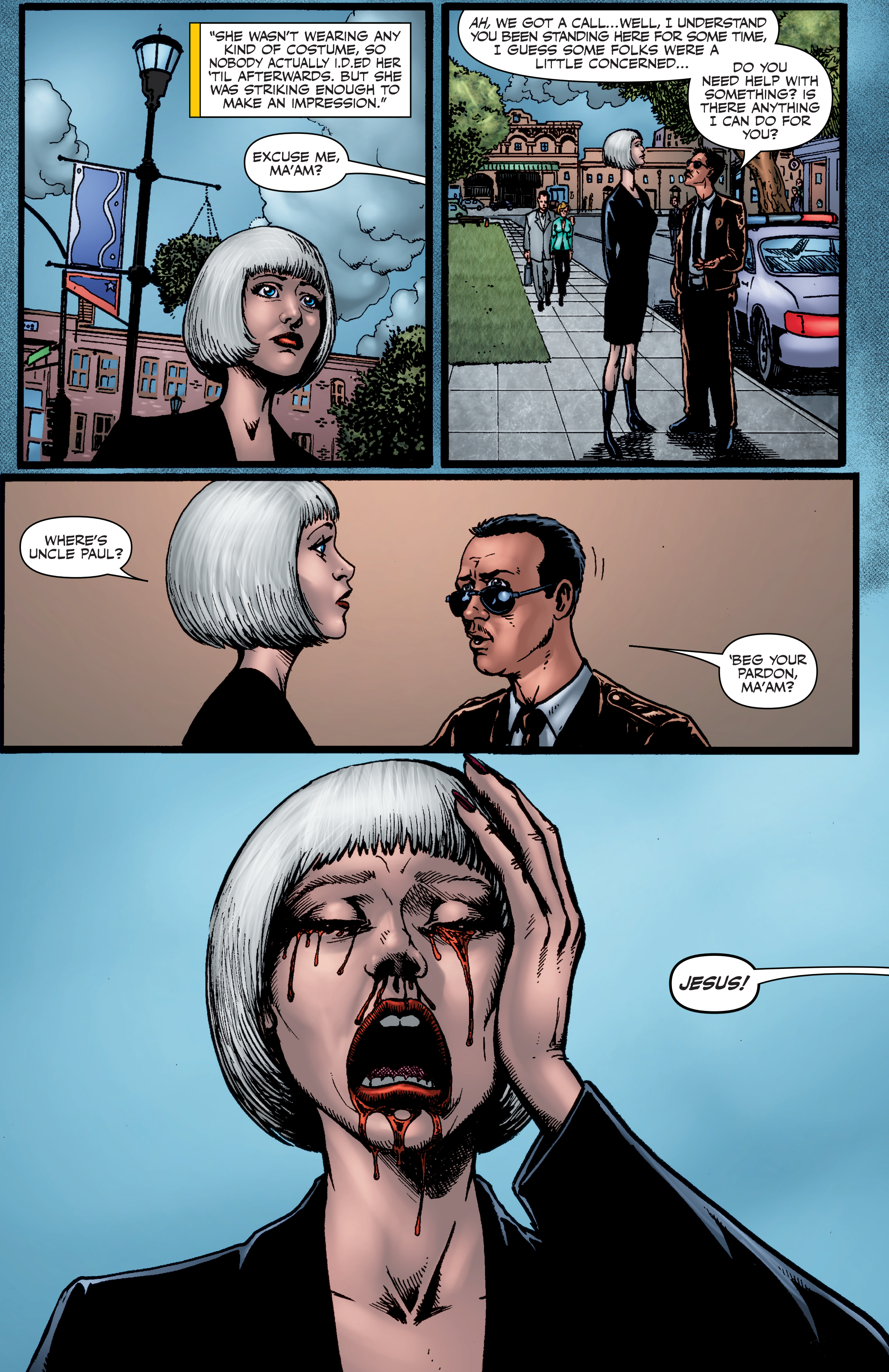
part one

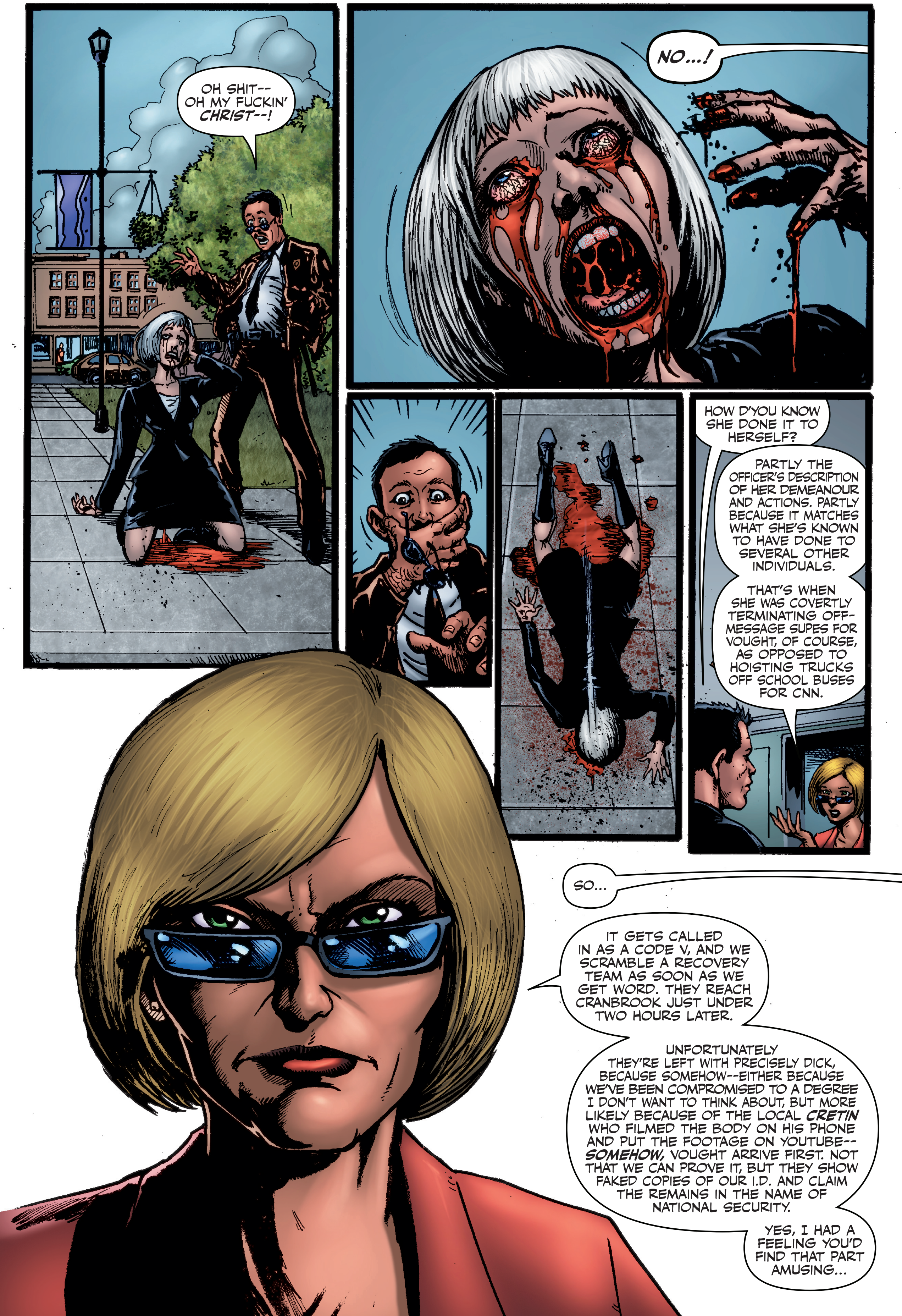

I'VE TO GET UP.
I'VE GOTTA GET GOIN', HEN.
MM...?
MMM.
THAT WAS NICE, LAST NIGHT.
MMM.
D'YOU LIKE IT?
MM-*HM*...
ME TOO.
NO WEE SURPRISES THIS TIME.
MMMF--!

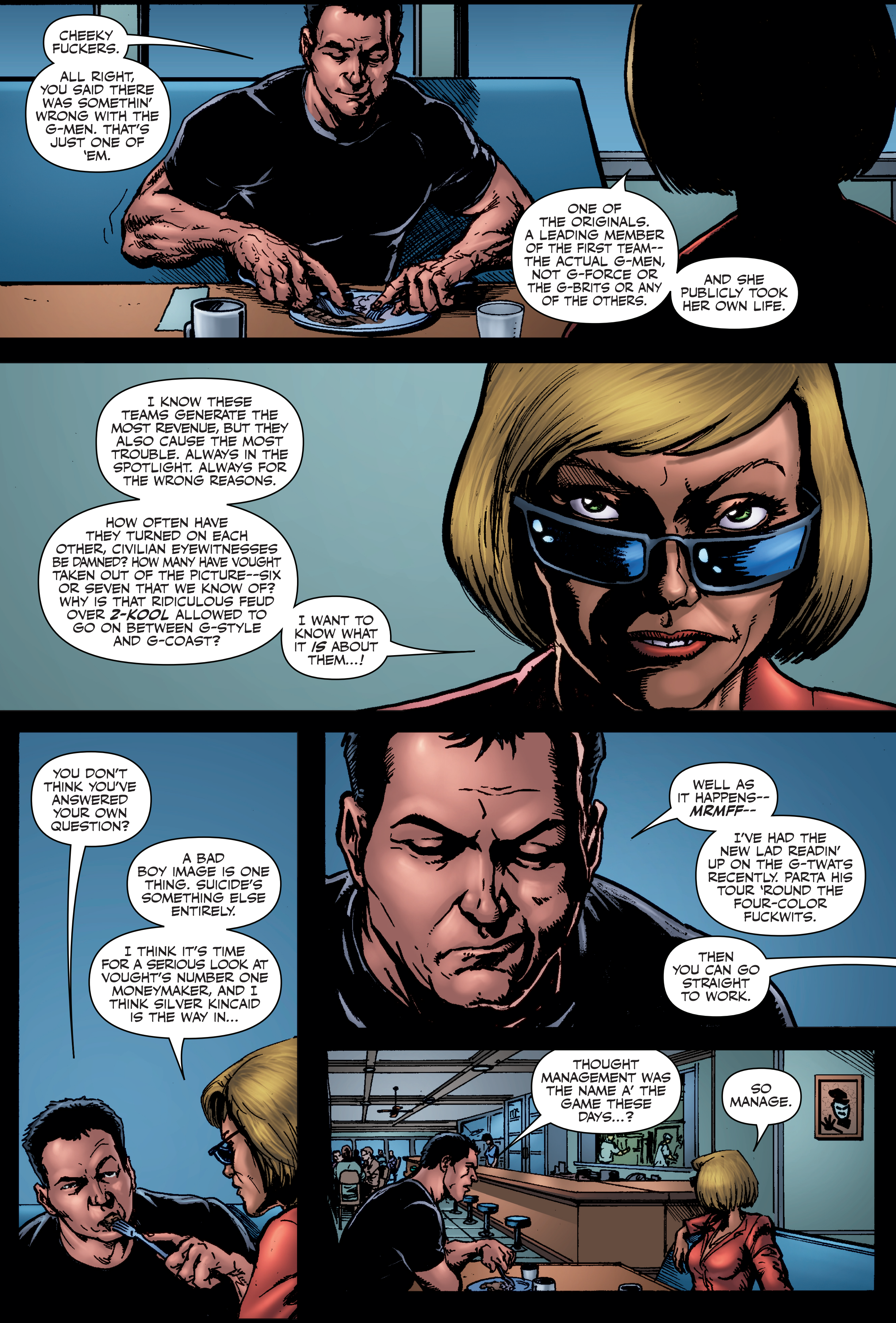

AW, NO...!
WHO IS IT'S WANKIN' UNDER MY DOOR?
AN' WHY IS THERE ALWAYS BLOOD IN IT?
MORNIN', MISTER POTAMUS...
UH.

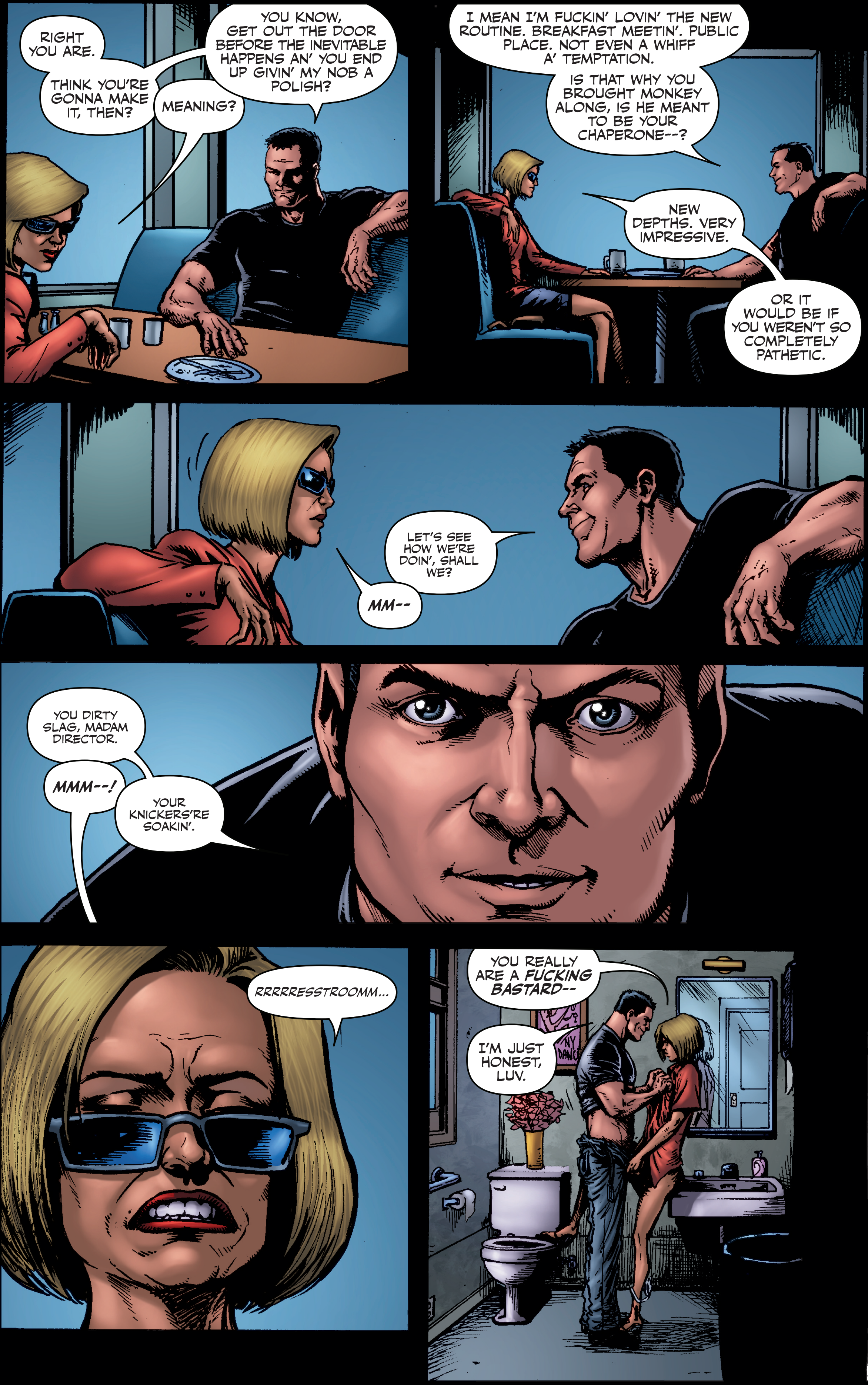

MOONSTAR DINER BREAKFAST LUNCH PASTA COCKTAILS
LOOK AT ME.
LOOK AT ME.
LEFT OUTSIDE WITH THE ***FUCKING DOG***...!
BECAUSE THAT ***ASSHOLE*** THINKS ITS F--
NNNNNHHH
NNNNNHHH

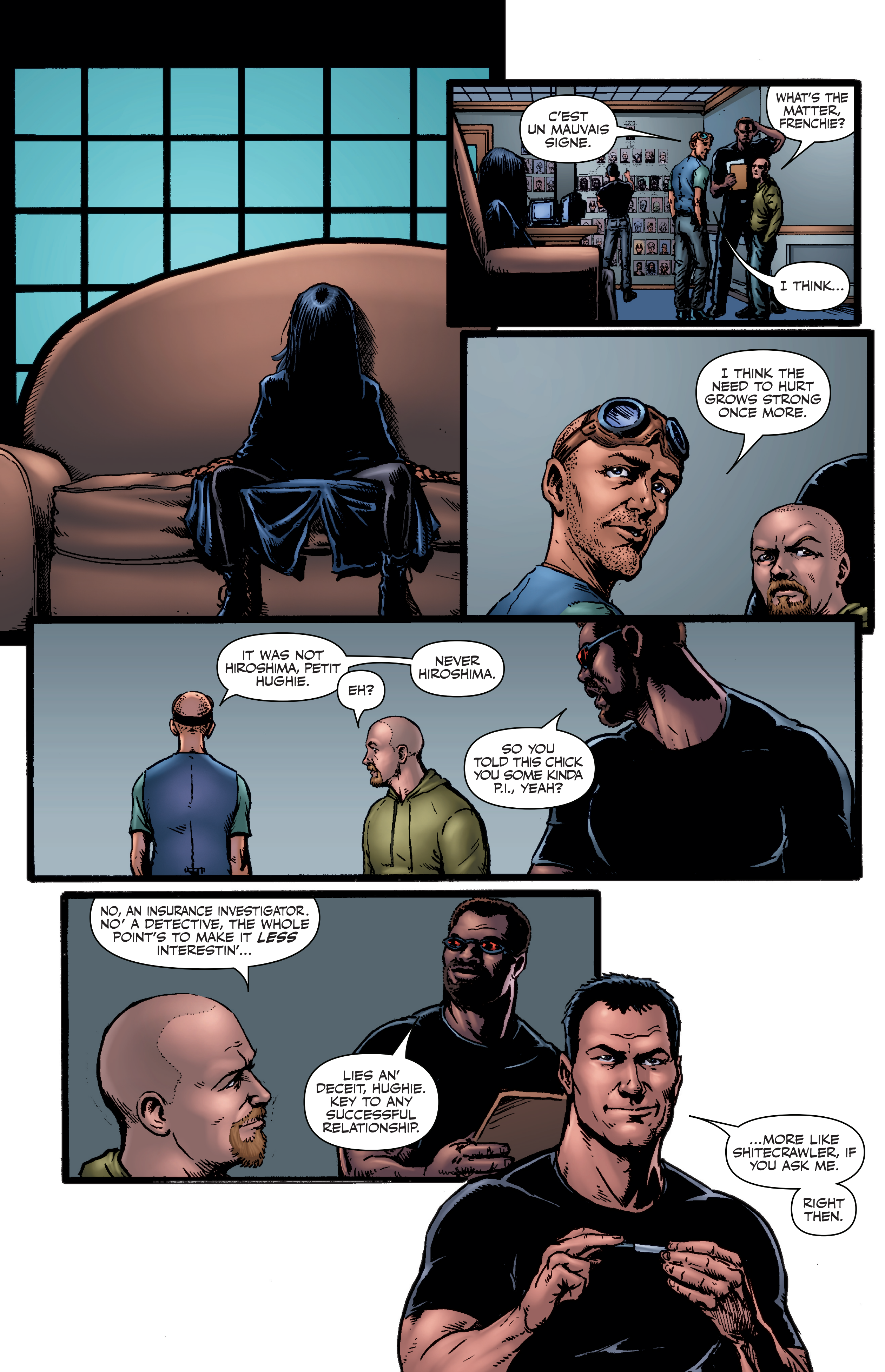

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE G-MEN.
THEY'RE ARSEHOLES?
NO, I MEAN THERE'S SOMETHING GENUINELY WRONG...
SO DO I. THEY'RE ARSEHOLES.
WILL YOU GROW UP, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE? SILVER KINCAID KILLED HERSELF YESTERDAY MORNING.
YOU'RE JOKIN'...
SHE SHOWED UP IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS, LITTLE NOTHING TOWN CALLED CRANBROOK. NO ONE HAS ANY IDEA WHY.
DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT HER... POWERS OR WHATEVER, WHAT IT IS THEY ACTUALLY INVOLVE?
GRAVITY, INNIT? OR IS IT?
SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH CONTROLLIN' PRESSURE...?
SAUC
CLA
"WELL, WHATEVER IT IS: YESTERDAY SHE USED IT ON HERSELF."

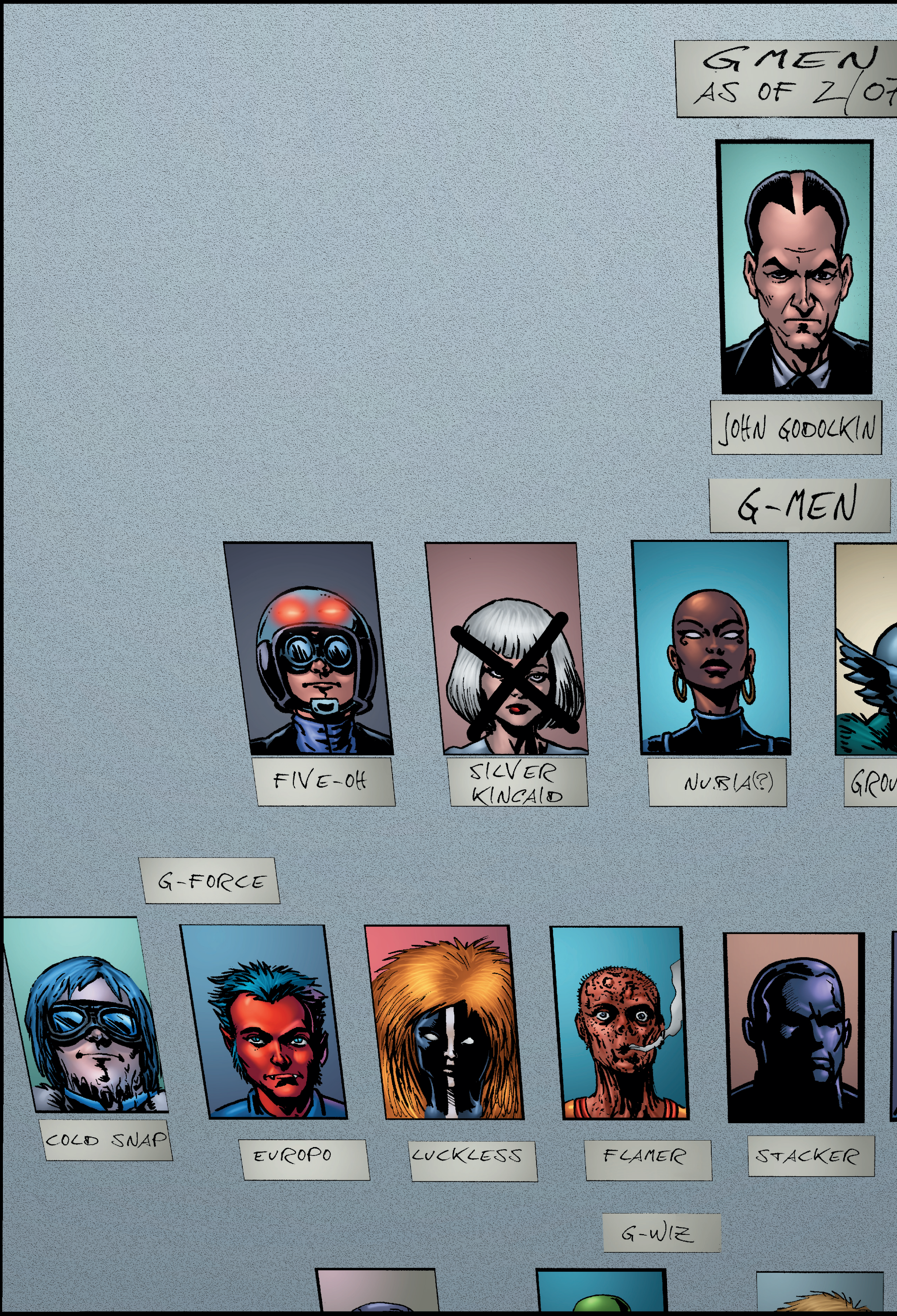

"SHE WASN'T WEARING ANY KIND OF COSTUME, SO NOBODY ACTUALLY I.D.ED HER 'TIL AFTERWARDS. BUT SHE WAS STRIKING ENOUGH TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION."
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM?
AH, WE GOT A CALL...WELL, I UNDERSTAND YOU BEEN STANDING HERE FOR SOME TIME, I GUESS SOME FOLKS WERE A LITTLE CONCERNED...
DO YOU NEED HELP WITH SOMETHING? IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?
WHERE'S UNCLE PAUL?
'BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM?
JESUS!

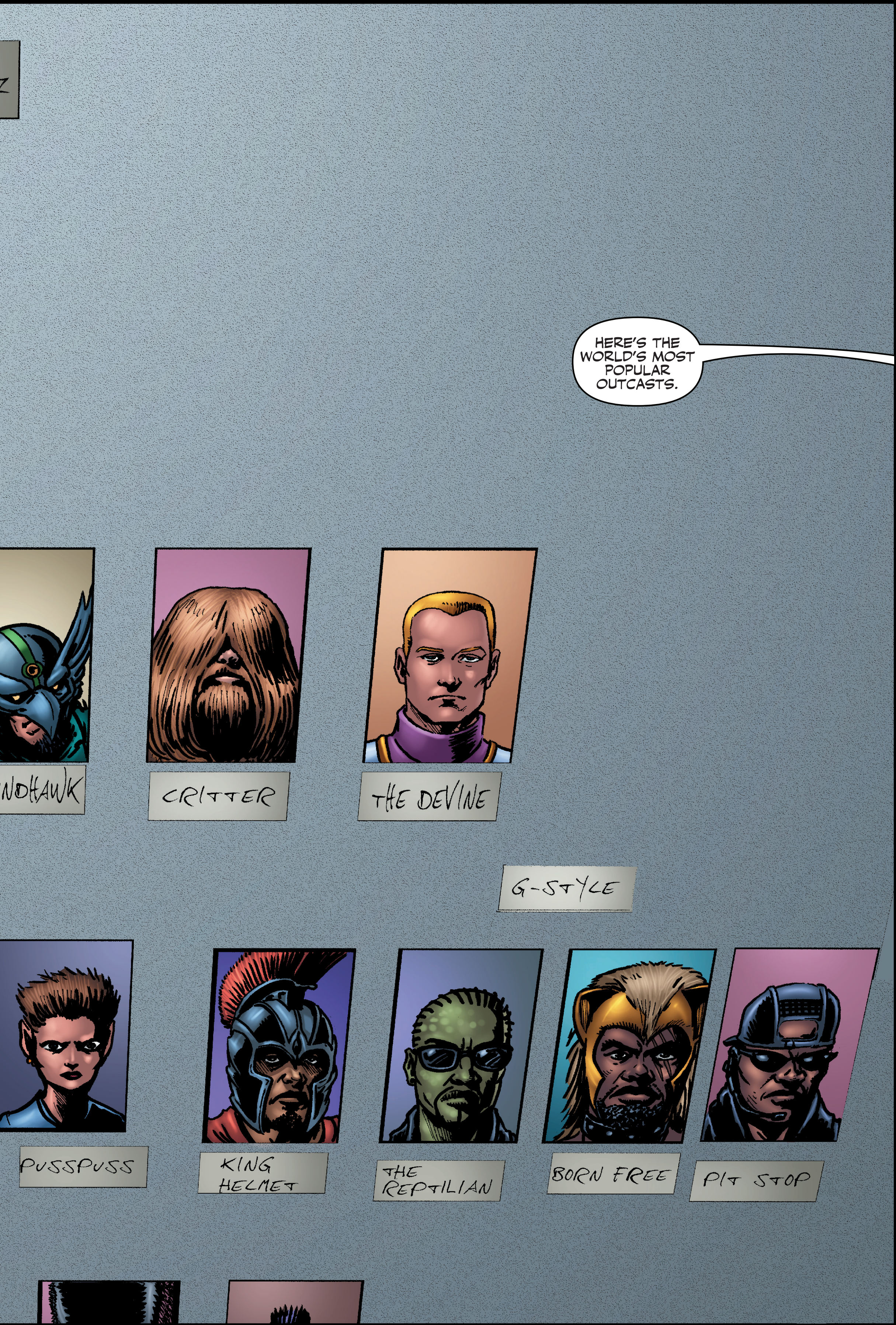

OH SHIT-- OH MY FUCKIN' *CHRIST*--!
NO...!
HOW D'YOU KNOW SHE DONE IT TO HERSELF?
PARTLY THE OFFICER'S DESCRIPTION OF HER DEMEANOUR AND ACTIONS. PARTLY BECAUSE IT MATCHES WHAT SHE'S KNOWN TO HAVE DONE TO SEVERAL OTHER INDIVIDUALS.
THAT'S WHEN SHE WAS COVERTLY TERMINATING OFF-MESSAGE SUPES FOR VOUGHT, OF COURSE, AS OPPOSED TO HOISTING TRUCKS OFF SCHOOL BUSES FOR CNN.
SO...
IT GETS CALLED IN AS A CODE V, AND WE SCRAMBLE A RECOVERY TEAM AS SOON AS WE GET WORD. THEY REACH CRANBROOK JUST UNDER TWO HOURS LATER.
UNFORTUNATELY THEY'RE LEFT WITH PRECISELY DICK, BECAUSE SOMEHOW--EITHER BECAUSE WE'VE BEEN COMPROMISED TO A DEGREE I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT, BUT MORE LIKELY BECAUSE OF THE LOCAL *CRETIN* WHO FILMED THE BODY ON HIS PHONE AND PUT THE FOOTAGE ON YOUTUBE-- *SOMEHOW,* VOUGHT ARRIVE FIRST. NOT THAT WE CAN PROVE IT, BUT THEY SHOW FAKED COPIES OF OUR I.D. AND CLAIM THE REMAINS IN THE NAME OF NATIONAL SECURITY.
YES, I HAD A FEELING YOU'D FIND THAT PART AMUSING...

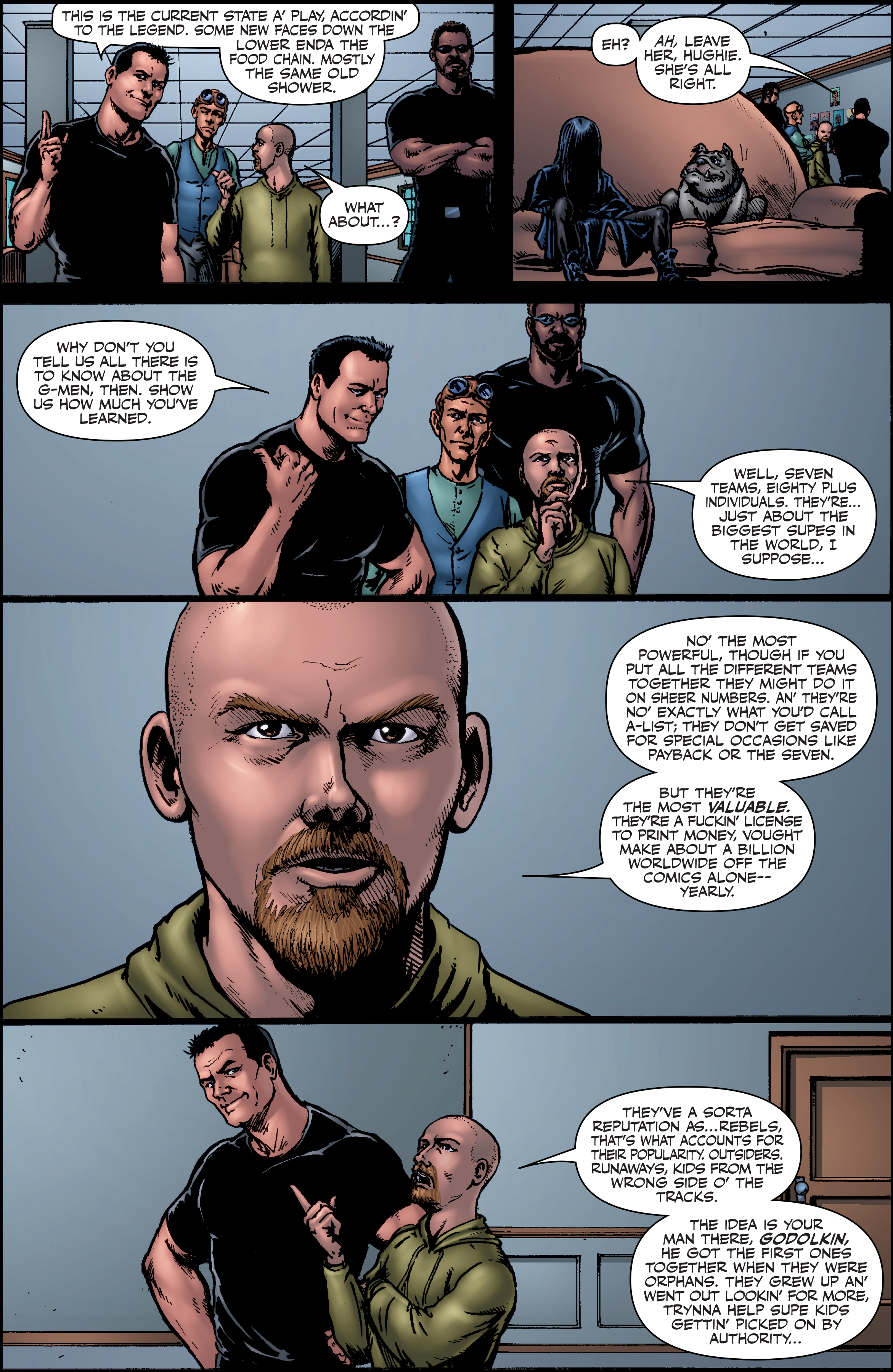

CHEEKY FUCKERS.
ALL RIGHT, YOU SAID THERE WAS SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH THE G-MEN. THAT'S JUST ONE OF 'EM.
ONE OF THE ORIGINALS. A LEADING MEMBER OF THE FIRST TEAM--THE ACTUAL G-MEN, NOT G-FORCE OR THE G-BRITS OR ANY OF THE OTHERS.
AND SHE PUBLICLY TOOK HER OWN LIFE.
I KNOW THESE TEAMS GENERATE THE MOST REVENUE, BUT THEY ALSO CAUSE THE MOST TROUBLE. ALWAYS IN THE SPOTLIGHT. ALWAYS FOR THE WRONG REASONS.
HOW OFTEN HAVE THEY TURNED ON EACH OTHER, CIVILIAN EYEWITNESSES BE DAMNED? HOW MANY HAVE VOUGHT TAKEN OUT OF THE PICTURE--SIX OR SEVEN THAT WE KNOW OF? WHY IS THAT RIDICULOUS FEUD OVER ***2-KOOL*** ALLOWED TO GO ON BETWEEN G-STYLE AND G-COAST?
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT *IS* ABOUT THEM...!
YOU DON'T THINK YOU'VE ANSWERED YOUR OWN QUESTION?
A BAD BOY IMAGE IS ONE THING. SUICIDE'S SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A SERIOUS LOOK AT VOUGHT'S NUMBER ONE MONEYMAKER, AND I THINK SILVER KINCAID IS THE WAY IN...
WELL AS IT HAPPENS-- *MRMFF--*
I'VE HAD THE NEW LAD READIN' UP ON THE G-TWATS RECENTLY. PARTA HIS TOUR 'ROUND THE FOUR-COLOR FUCKWITS.
THEN YOU CAN GO STRAIGHT TO WORK.
THOUGHT MANAGEMENT WAS THE NAME A' THE GAME THESE DAYS...?
SO MANAGE.

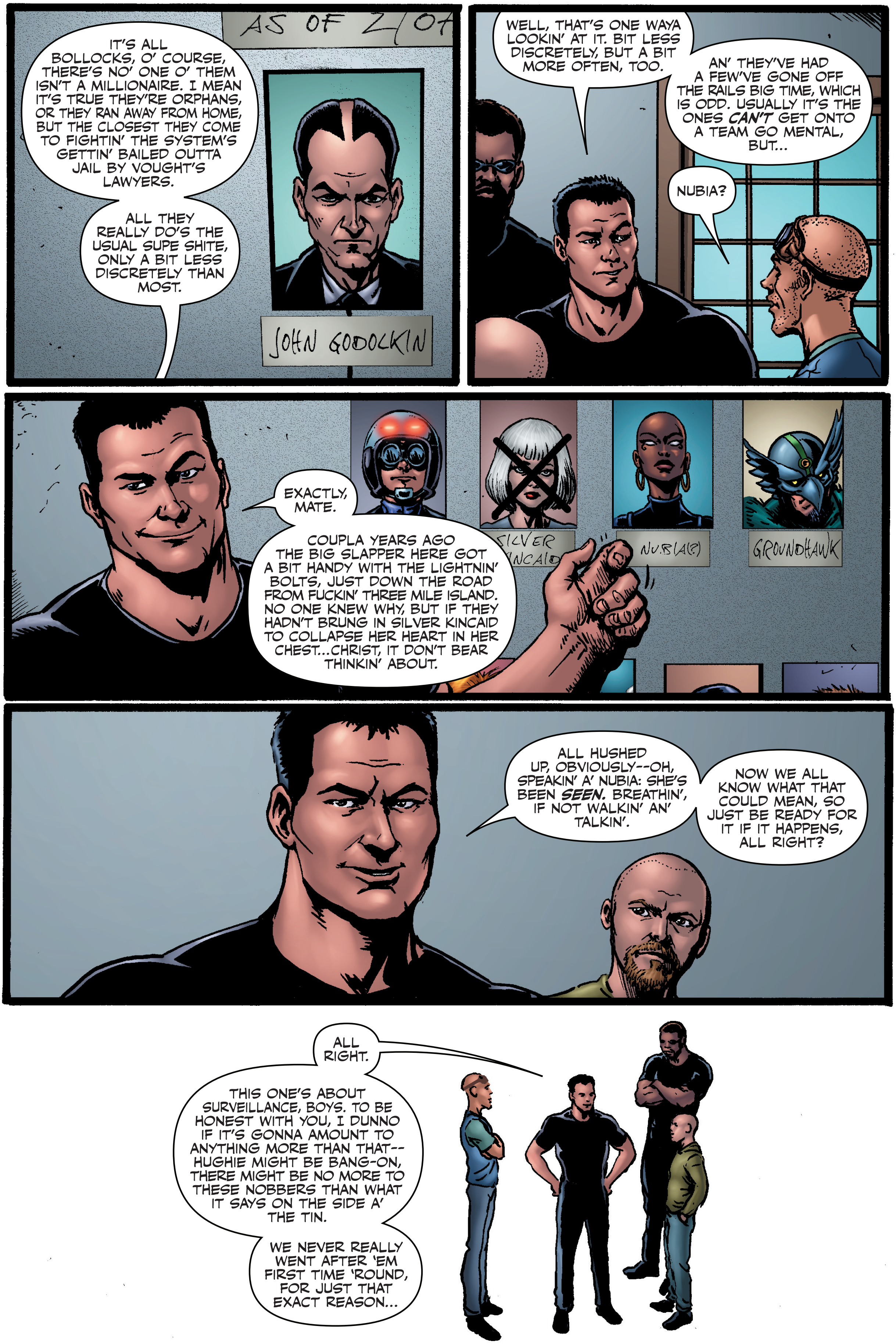

RIGHT YOU ARE.
THINK YOU'RE GONNA MAKE IT, THEN?
MEANING?
YOU KNOW, GET OUT THE DOOR BEFORE THE INEVITABLE HAPPENS AN' YOU END UP GIVIN' MY NOB A POLISH?
I MEAN I'M FUCKIN' LOVIN' THE NEW ROUTINE. BREAKFAST MEETIN'. PUBLIC PLACE. NOT EVEN A WHIFF A' TEMPTATION.
IS THAT WHY YOU BROUGHT MONKEY ALONG, IS HE MEANT TO BE YOUR CHAPERONE--?
NEW DEPTHS. VERY IMPRESSIVE.
OR IT WOULD BE IF YOU WEREN'T SO COMPLETELY PATHETIC.
LET'S SEE HOW WE'RE DOIN', SHALL WE?
MM--
YOU DIRTY SLAG, MADAM DIRECTOR.
MMM--!
YOUR KNICKERS'RE SOAKIN'.
RRRRRESSTROOMM...
YOU REALLY ARE A FUCKING BASTARD--
I'M JUST HONEST, LUV.

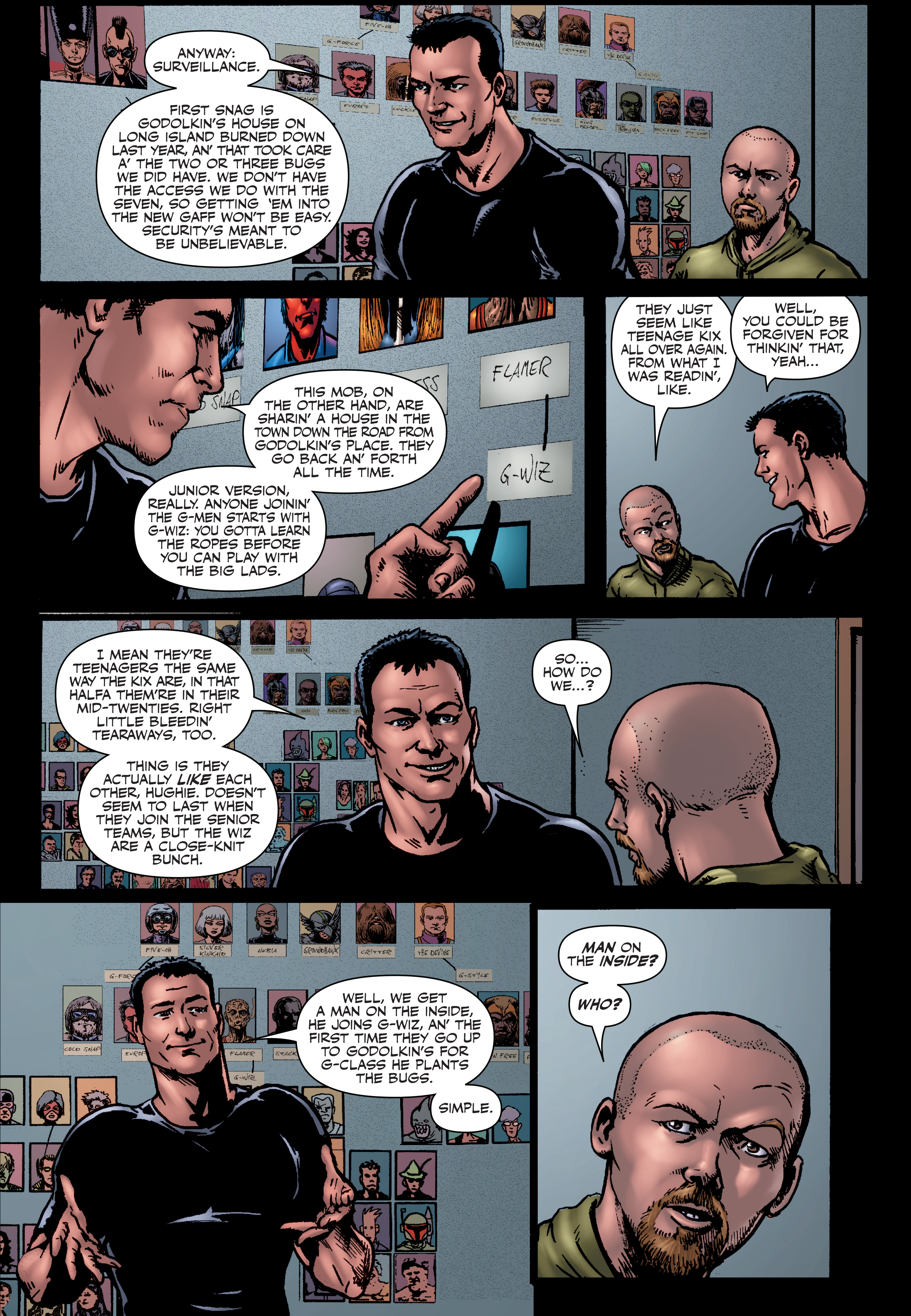

C'EST UN MAUVAIS SIGNE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRENCHIE?
I THINK...
I THINK THE NEED TO HURT GROWS STRONG ONCE MORE.
IT WAS NOT HIROSHIMA, PETIT HUGHIE.
EH?
NEVER HIROSHIMA.
SO YOU TOLD THIS CHICK YOU SOME KINDA P.I., YEAH?
NO, AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR. NO' A DETECTIVE, THE WHOLE POINT'S TO MAKE IT *LESS* INTERESTIN'...
LIES AN' DECEIT, HUGHIE. KEY TO ANY SUCCESSFUL RELATIONSHIP.
...MORE LIKE SHITECRAWLER, IF YOU ASK ME.
RIGHT THEN.

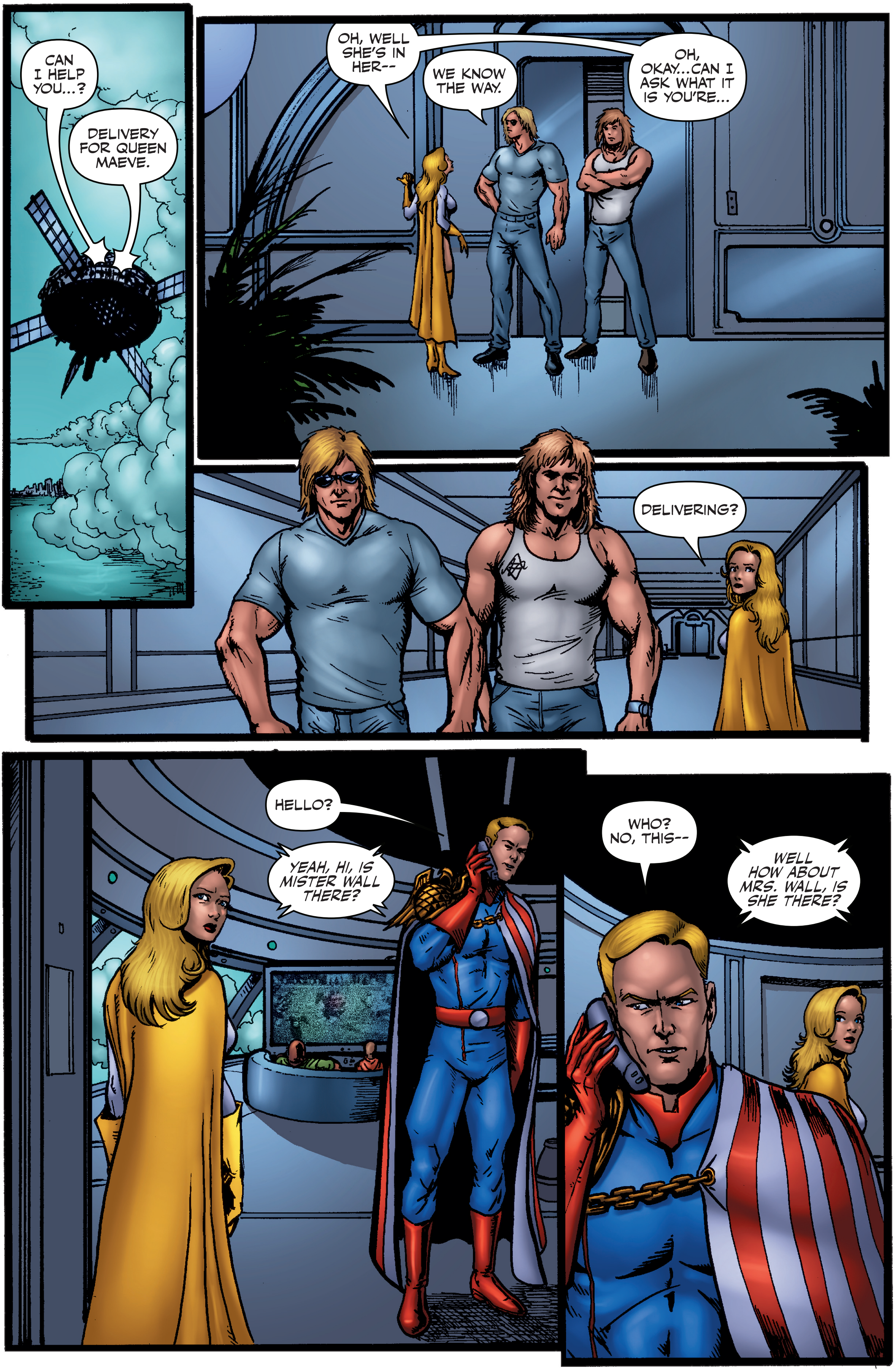

GMEN
AS OF 2/0
JOHN GODOLKIN
G-MEN
FIVE-OH
SILVER KINCAID
NUBIA(?)
GROU
G-FORCE
COLD SNAP
EUROPO
LUCKLESS
FLAMER
STACKER
G-WIZ

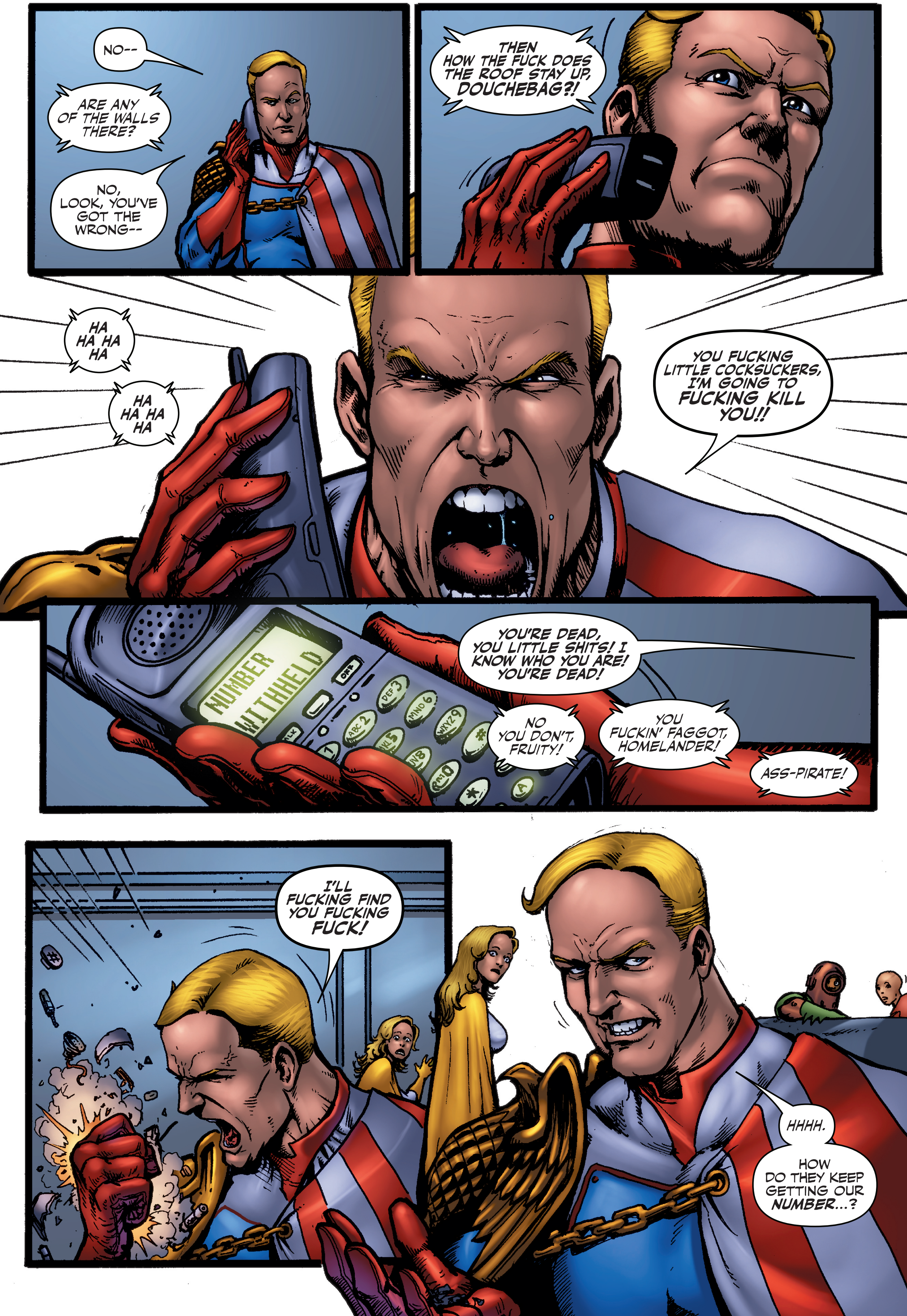

HERE'S THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR OUTCASTS.
NDHAWK
CRITTER
THE DEVINE
G-STYLE
PUSSPUSS
KING HELMET
THE REPTILIAN
BORN FREE
PIT STOP

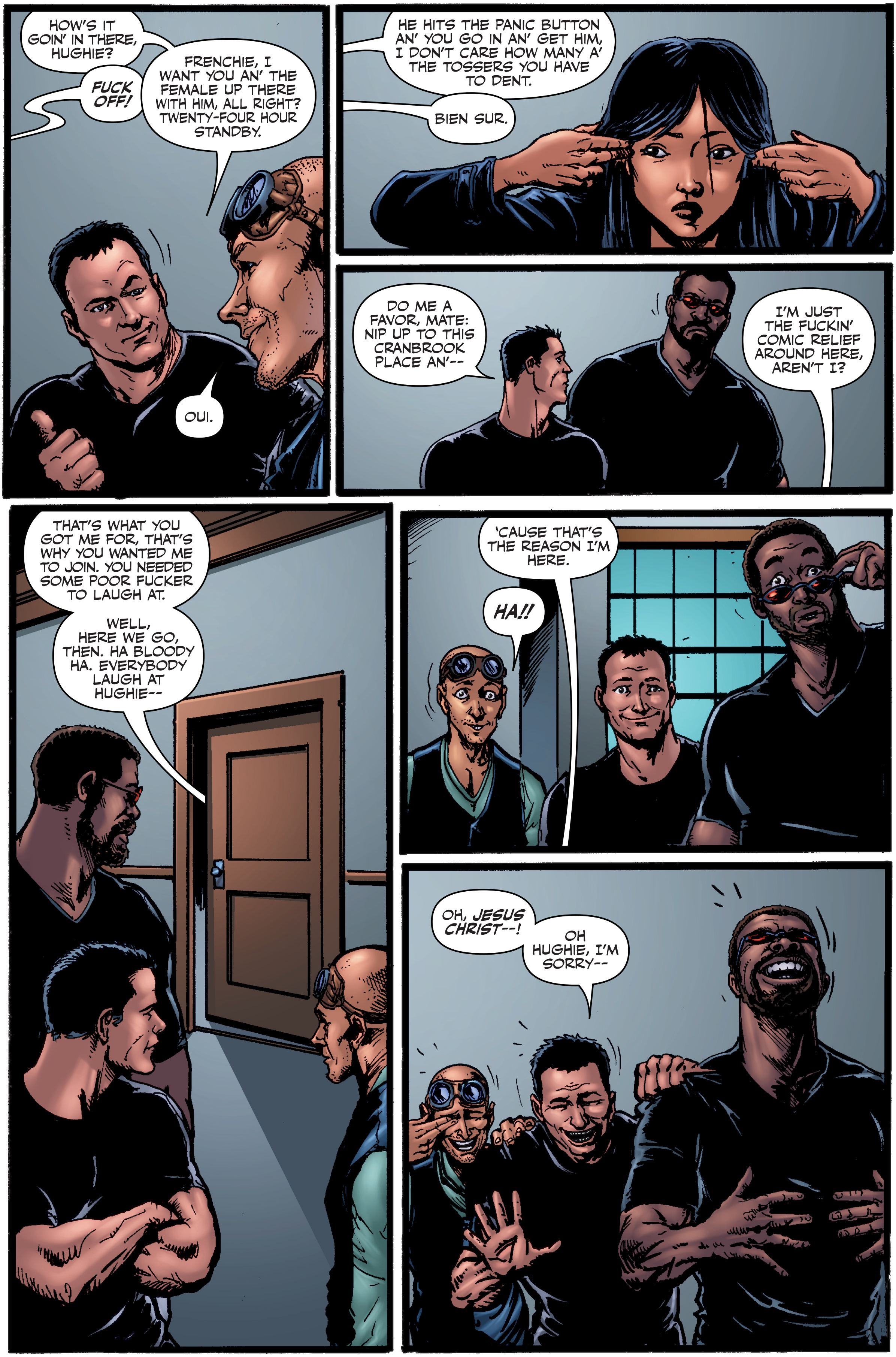

THIS IS THE CURRENT STATE A' PLAY, ACCORDIN' TO THE LEGEND. SOME NEW FACES DOWN THE LOWER ENDA THE FOOD CHAIN. MOSTLY THE SAME OLD SHOWER.
WHAT ABOUT...?
EH?
AH, LEAVE HER, HUGHIE. SHE'S ALL RIGHT.
WHY DON'T YOU TELL US ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE G-MEN, THEN. SHOW US HOW MUCH YOU'VE LEARNED.
WELL, SEVEN TEAMS, EIGHTY PLUS INDIVIDUALS. THEY'RE... JUST ABOUT THE BIGGEST SUPES IN THE WORLD, I SUPPOSE...
NO' THE MOST POWERFUL, THOUGH IF YOU PUT ALL THE DIFFERENT TEAMS TOGETHER THEY MIGHT DO IT ON SHEER NUMBERS. AN' THEY'RE NO' EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D CALL A-LIST; THEY DON'T GET SAVED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS LIKE PAYBACK OR THE SEVEN.
BUT THEY'RE THE MOST ***VALUABLE.*** THEY'RE A FUCKIN' LICENSE TO PRINT MONEY, VOUGHT MAKE ABOUT A BILLION WORLDWIDE OFF THE COMICS ALONE-- YEARLY.
THEY'VE A SORTA REPUTATION AS...REBELS, THAT'S WHAT ACCOUNTS FOR THEIR POPULARITY. OUTSIDERS. RUNAWAYS, KIDS FROM THE WRONG SIDE O' THE TRACKS.
THE IDEA IS YOUR MAN THERE, ***GODOLKIN,*** HE GOT THE FIRST ONES TOGETHER WHEN THEY WERE ORPHANS. THEY GREW UP AN' WENT OUT LOOKIN' FOR MORE, TRYNNA HELP SUPE KIDS GETTIN' PICKED ON BY AUTHORITY...

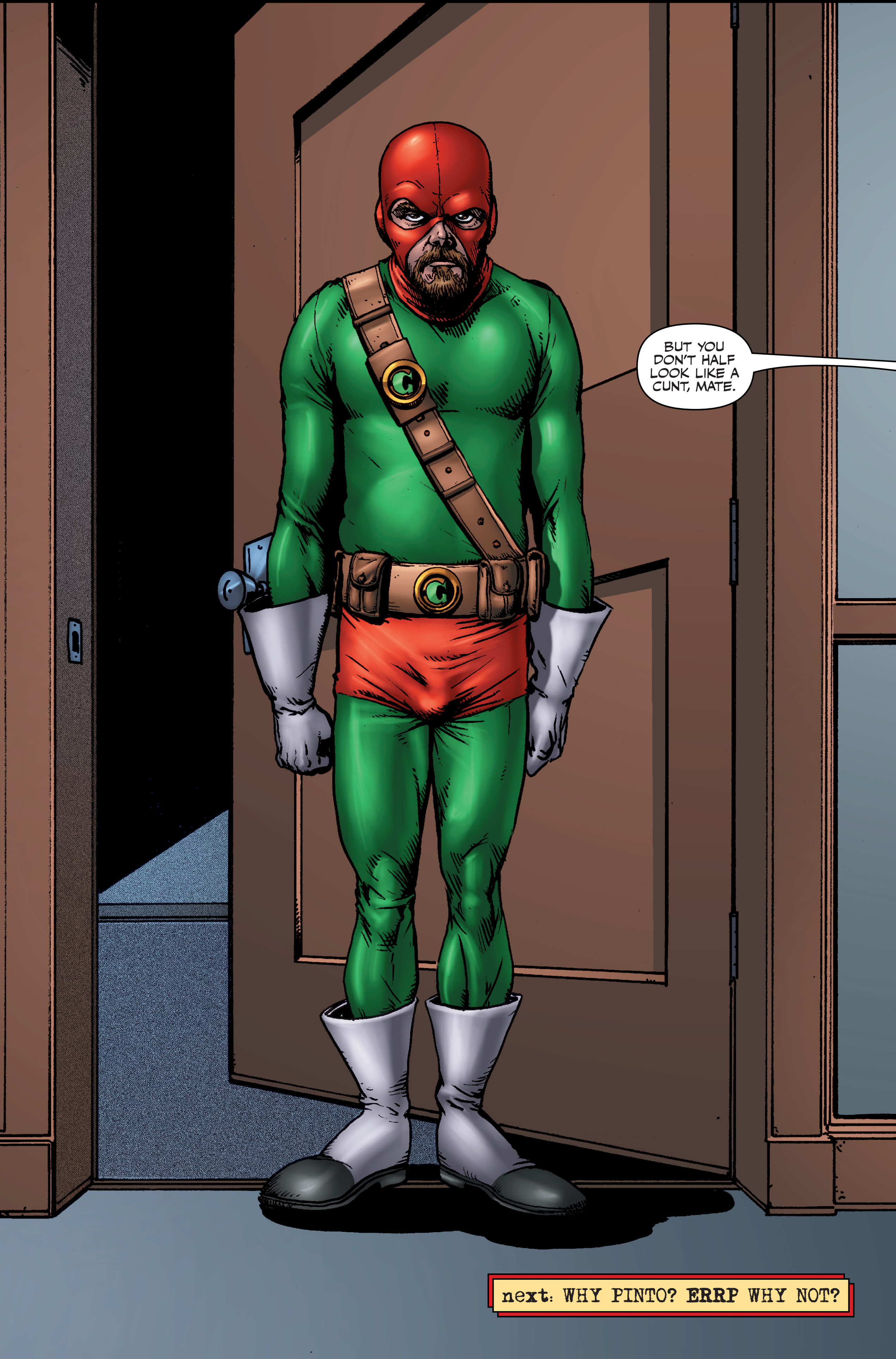

AS OF 2/07
IT'S ALL BOLLOCKS, O' COURSE, THERE'S NO' ONE O' THEM ISN'T A MILLIONAIRE. I MEAN IT'S TRUE THEY'RE ORPHANS, OR THEY RAN AWAY FROM HOME, BUT THE CLOSEST THEY COME TO FIGHTIN' THE SYSTEM'S GETTIN' BAILED OUTTA JAIL BY VOUGHT'S LAWYERS.
ALL THEY REALLY DO'S THE USUAL SUPE SHITE, ONLY A BIT LESS DISCRETELY THAN MOST.
JOHN GODOLKIN
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAYA LOOKIN' AT IT. BIT LESS DISCRETELY, BUT A BIT MORE OFTEN, TOO.
AN' THEY'VE HAD A FEW'VE GONE OFF THE RAILS BIG TIME, WHICH IS ODD. USUALLY IT'S THE ONES *CAN'T* GET ONTO A TEAM GO MENTAL, BUT...
NUBIA?
EXACTLY, MATE.
COUPLA YEARS AGO THE BIG SLAPPER HERE GOT A BIT HANDY WITH THE LIGHTNIN' BOLTS, JUST DOWN THE ROAD FROM FUCKIN' THREE MILE ISLAND. NO ONE KNEW WHY, BUT IF THEY HADN'T BRUNG IN SILVER KINCAID TO COLLAPSE HER HEART IN HER CHEST...CHRIST, IT DON'T BEAR THINKIN' ABOUT.
SILVER
INCAID
NUBIA(?)
GROUNDHAWK
ALL HUSHED UP, OBVIOUSLY--OH, SPEAKIN' A' NUBIA: SHE'S BEEN *SEEN.* BREATHIN', IF NOT WALKIN' AN' TALKIN'.
NOW WE ALL KNOW WHAT THAT COULD MEAN, SO JUST BE READY FOR IT IF IT HAPPENS, ALL RIGHT?
ALL RIGHT.
THIS ONE'S ABOUT SURVEILLANCE, BOYS. TO BE HONEST WITH YOU, I DUNNO IF IT'S GONNA AMOUNT TO ANYTHING MORE THAN THAT--HUGHIE MIGHT BE BANG-ON, THERE MIGHT BE NO MORE TO THESE NOBBERS THAN WHAT IT SAYS ON THE SIDE A' THE TIN.
WE NEVER REALLY WENT AFTER 'EM FIRST TIME 'ROUND, FOR JUST THAT EXACT REASON...


ANYWAY: SURVEILLANCE.
FIRST SNAG IS GODOLKIN'S HOUSE ON LONG ISLAND BURNED DOWN LAST YEAR, AN' THAT TOOK CARE A' THE TWO OR THREE BUGS WE DID HAVE. WE DON'T HAVE THE ACCESS WE DO WITH THE SEVEN, SO GETTING 'EM INTO THE NEW GAFF WON'T BE EASY. SECURITY'S MEANT TO BE UNBELIEVABLE.
FLAMER
G-WIZ
THIS MOB, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE SHARIN' A HOUSE IN THE TOWN DOWN THE ROAD FROM GODOLKIN'S PLACE. THEY GO BACK AN' FORTH ALL THE TIME.
JUNIOR VERSION, REALLY. ANYONE JOININ' THE G-MEN STARTS WITH G-WIZ: YOU GOTTA LEARN THE ROPES BEFORE YOU CAN PLAY WITH THE BIG LADS.
THEY JUST SEEM LIKE TEENAGE KIX ALL OVER AGAIN. FROM WHAT I WAS READIN', LIKE.
WELL, YOU COULD BE FORGIVEN FOR THINKIN' THAT, YEAH...
I MEAN THEY'RE TEENAGERS THE SAME WAY THE KIX ARE, IN THAT HALFA THEM'RE IN THEIR MID-TWENTIES. RIGHT LITTLE BLEEDIN' TEARAWAYS, TOO.
THING IS THEY ACTUALLY *LIKE* EACH OTHER, HUGHIE. DOESN'T SEEM TO LAST WHEN THEY JOIN THE SENIOR TEAMS, BUT THE WIZ ARE A CLOSE-KNIT BUNCH.
SO... HOW DO WE...?
FIVE-OH
SILVER KINKAID
NUBIA
GROUNDHAWK
CRITTER
THE DEVINE
G-STYLE
COLD SNAP
FLAMER
G-WIZ
WELL, WE GET A MAN ON THE INSIDE, HE JOINS G-WIZ, AN' THE FIRST TIME THEY GO UP TO GODOLKIN'S FOR G-CLASS HE PLANTS THE BUGS.
SIMPLE.
MAN ON THE *INSIDE?*
WHO?


CAN I HELP YOU...?
DELIVERY FOR QUEEN MAEVE.
OH, WELL SHE'S IN HER--
WE KNOW THE WAY.
OH, OKAY...CAN I ASK WHAT IT IS YOU'RE...
DELIVERING?
HELLO?
YEAH, HI, IS MISTER WALL THERE?
WHO? NO, THIS--
WELL HOW ABOUT MRS. WALL, IS SHE THERE?

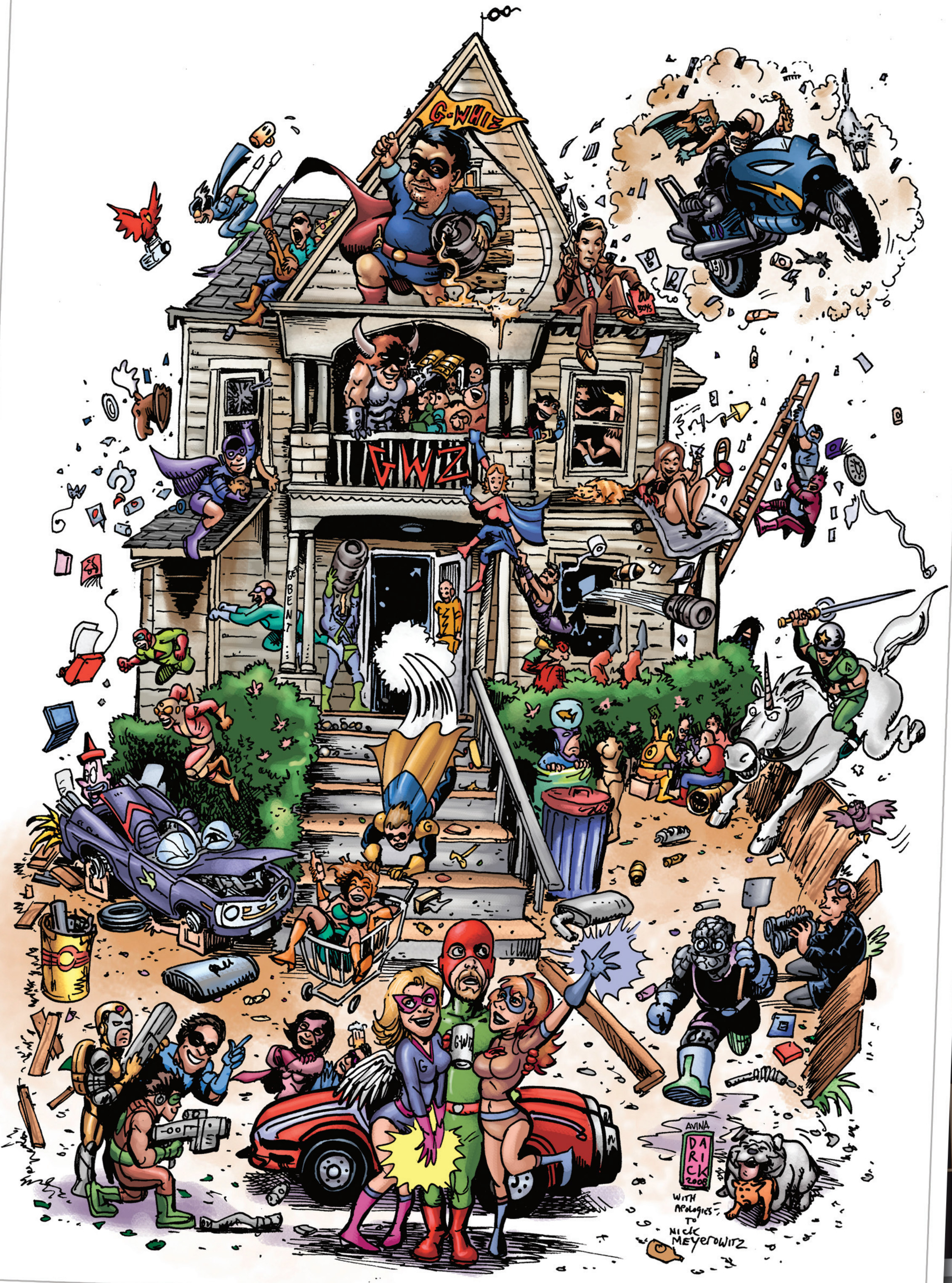

NO--
ARE ANY OF THE WALLS THERE?
NO, LOOK, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG--
THEN HOW THE FUCK DOES THE ROOF STAY UP, DOUCHEBAG?!
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
YOU FUCKING LITTLE COCKSUCKERS, I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU!!
NUMBER WITHHELD
OFF
YOU'RE DEAD, YOU LITTLE SHITS! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE DEAD!
NO YOU DON'T, FRUITY!
YOU FUCKIN' FAGGOT, HOMELANDER!
ASS-PIRATE!
I'LL FUCKING FIND YOU FUCKING FUCK!
HHHH.
HOW DO THEY KEEP GETTING OUR NUMBER...?

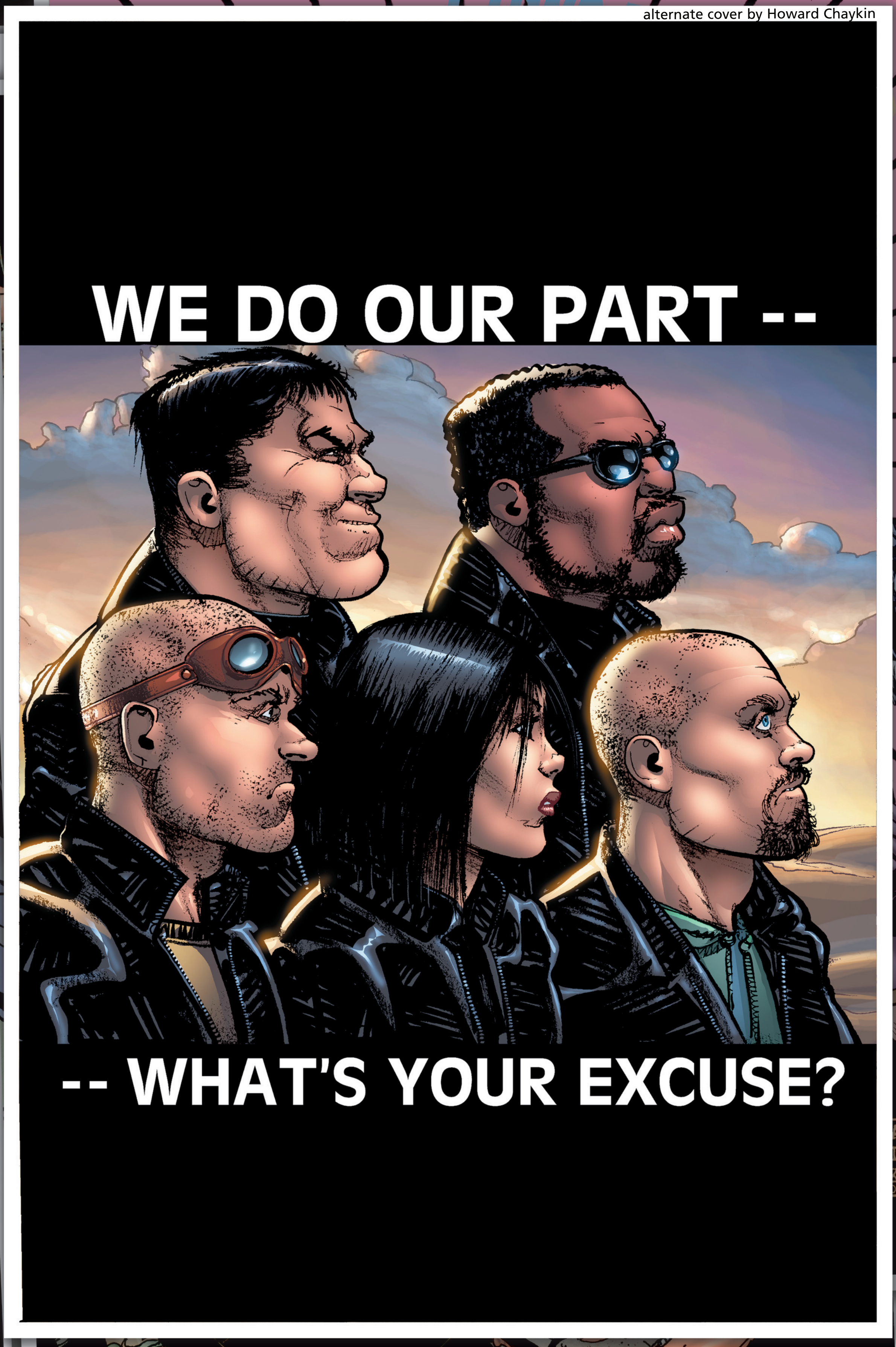

HOW'S IT GOIN' IN THERE, HUGHIE?
FUCK OFF!
FRENCHIE, I WANT YOU AN' THE FEMALE UP THERE WITH HIM, ALL RIGHT? TWENTY-FOUR HOUR STANDBY.
OUI.
HE HITS THE PANIC BUTTON AN' YOU GO IN AN' GET HIM, I DON'T CARE HOW MANY A' THE TOSSERS YOU HAVE TO DENT.
BIEN SUR.
DO ME A FAVOR, MATE: NIP UP TO THIS CRANBROOK PLACE AN'--
I'M JUST THE FUCKIN' COMIC RELIEF AROUND HERE, AREN'T I?
THAT'S WHAT YOU GOT ME FOR, THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED ME TO JOIN. YOU NEEDED SOME POOR FUCKER TO LAUGH AT.
WELL, HERE WE GO, THEN. HA BLOODY HA. EVERYBODY LAUGH AT HUGHIE--
'CAUSE THAT'S THE REASON I'M HERE.
HA!!
OH, *JESUS CHRIST*--!
OH HUGHIE, I'M SORRY--


BUT YOU DON'T HALF LOOK LIKE A CUNT, MATE.
next: WHY PINTO? ERRP WHY NOT?

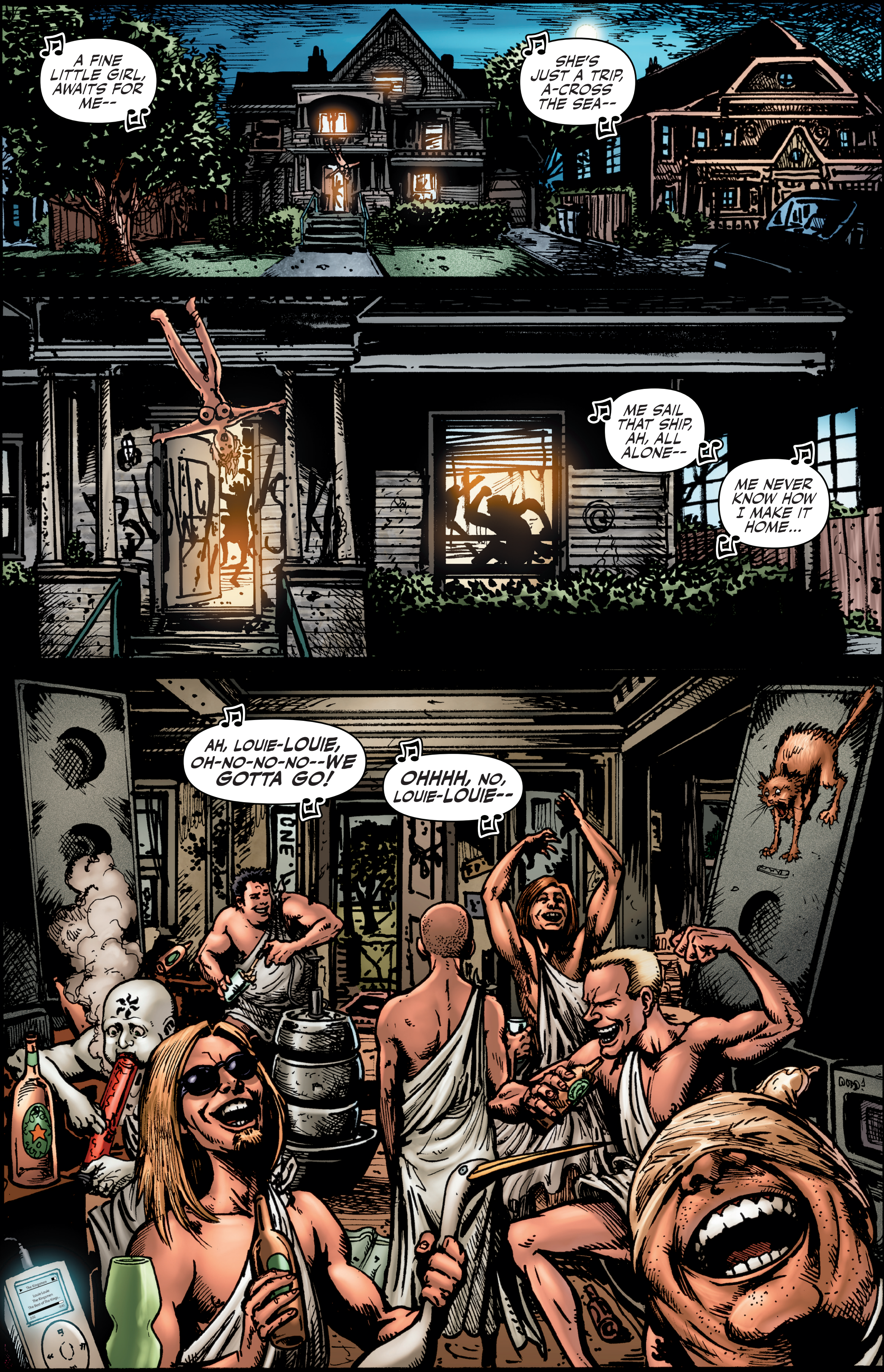
cover by Darick Robertson

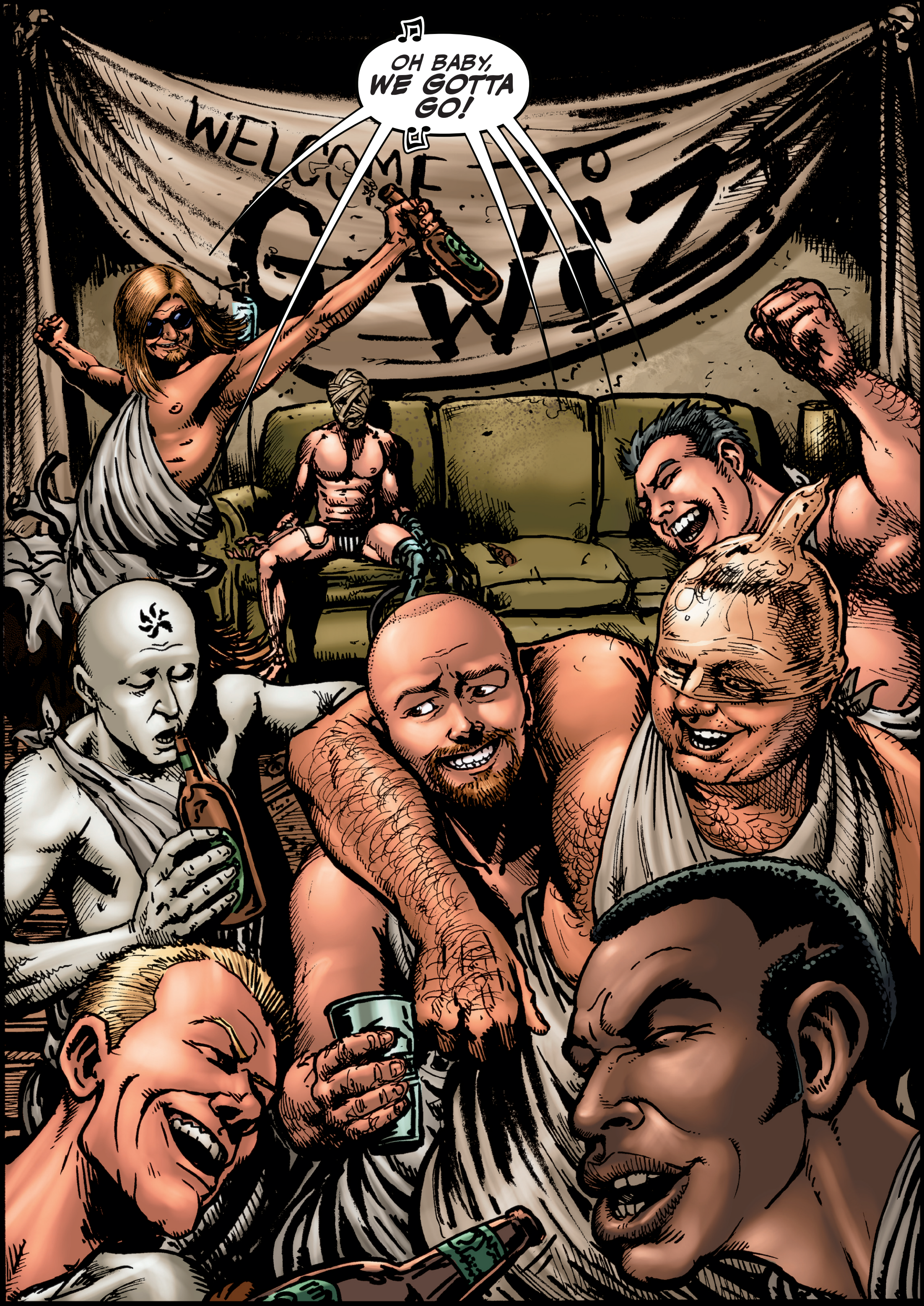
TWENTY-FOUR


G-WHIZ
GWZ
BOYS
GET BENT
G-WIZ
AVINA
DARICK 2008
WITH APOLOGIES TO NICK MEYEROWITZ


WE DO OUR PART --
-- WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?

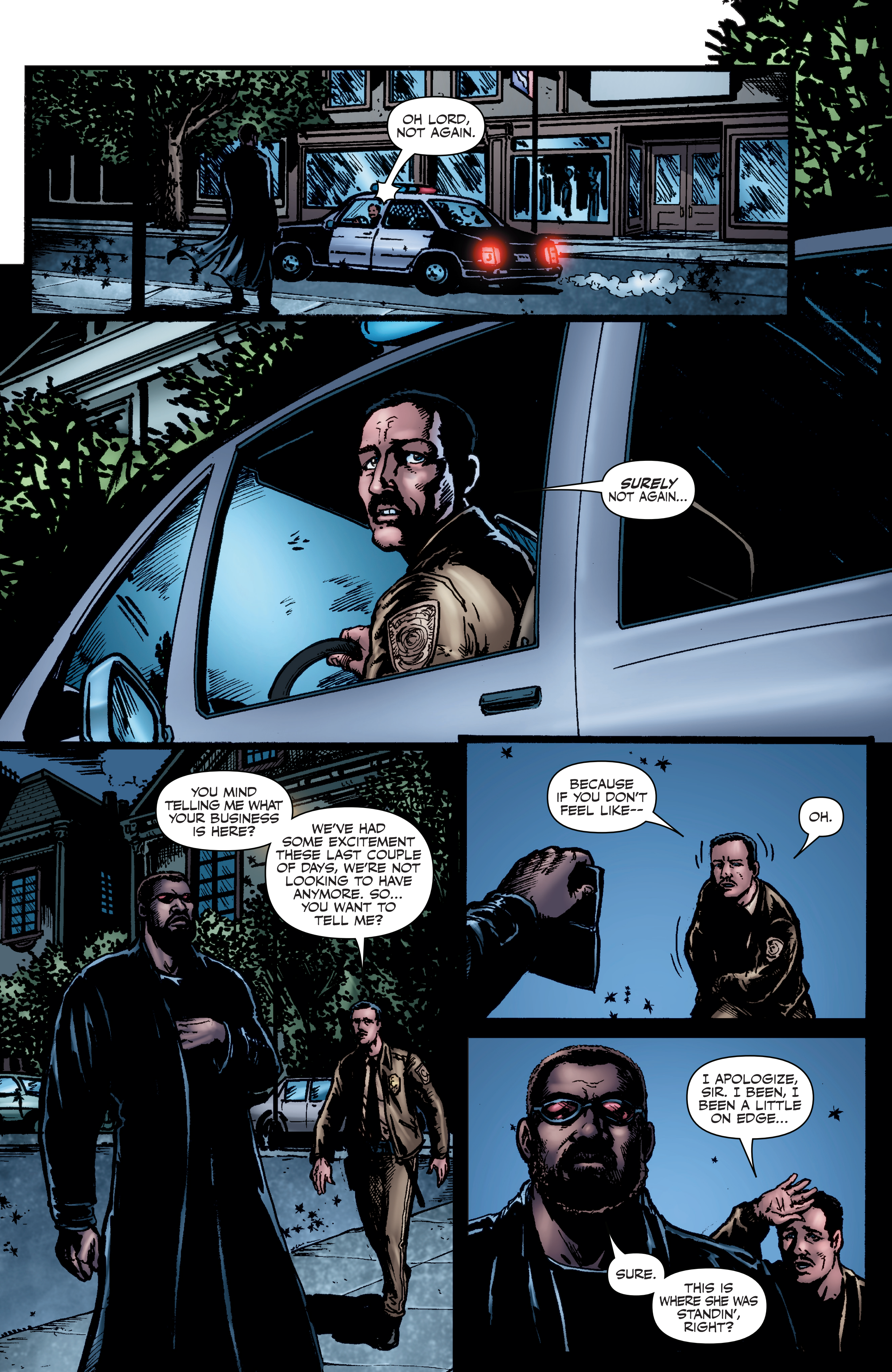
alternate cover by Howard Chaykin

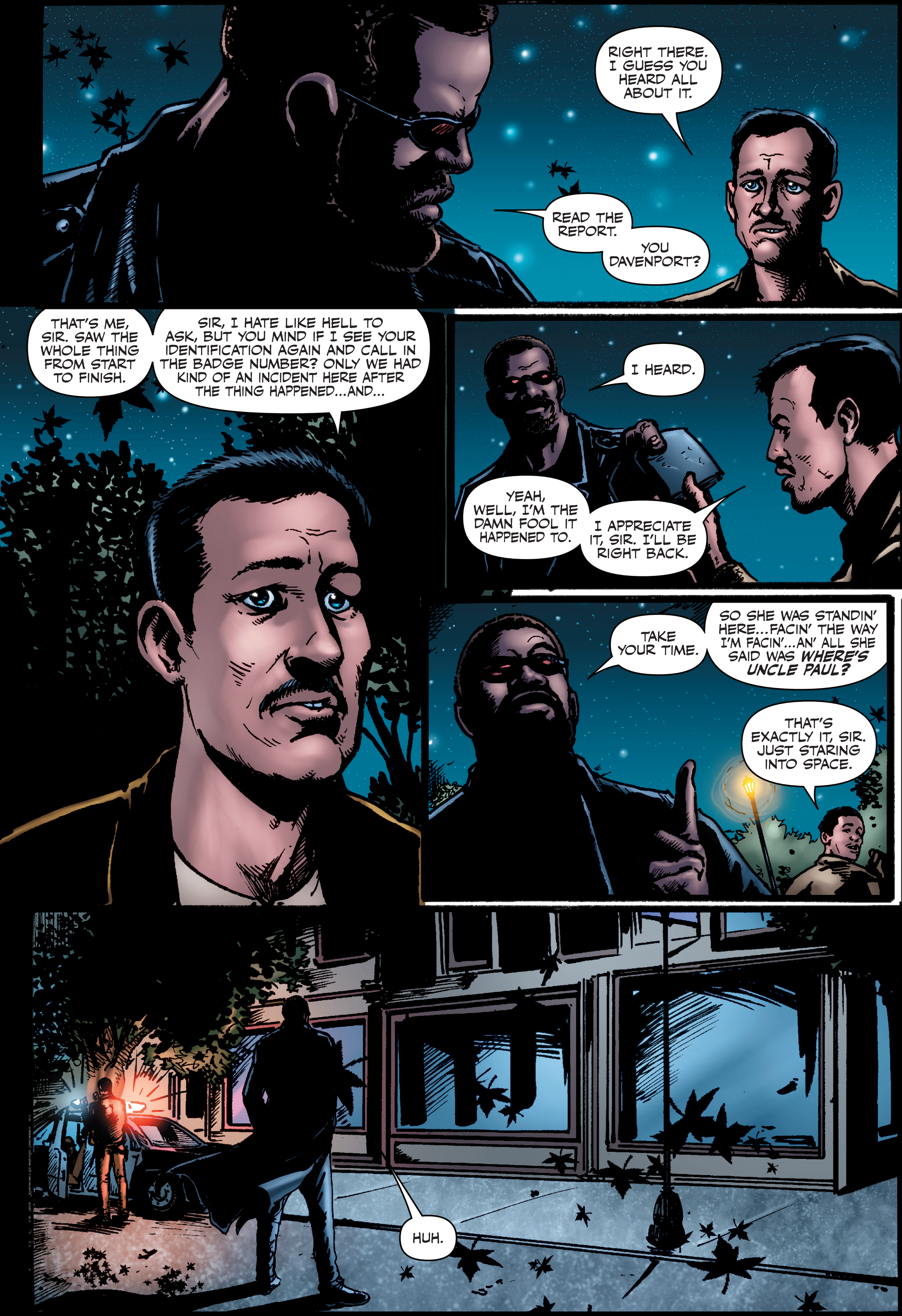

A FINE LITTLE GIRL, AWAITS FOR ME--
SHE'S JUST A TRIP, A-CROSS THE SEA--
ME SAIL THAT SHIP, AH, ALL ALONE--
ME NEVER KNOW HOW I MAKE IT HOME...
AH, LOUIE-LOUIE, OH-NO-NO-NO--WE GOTTA GO!
OHHHH, NO, LOUIE-LOUIE--
ONE
The Kingsmen
Louie Louie
The Kingsmen
The Best of The Kings...
-0:43
2:02

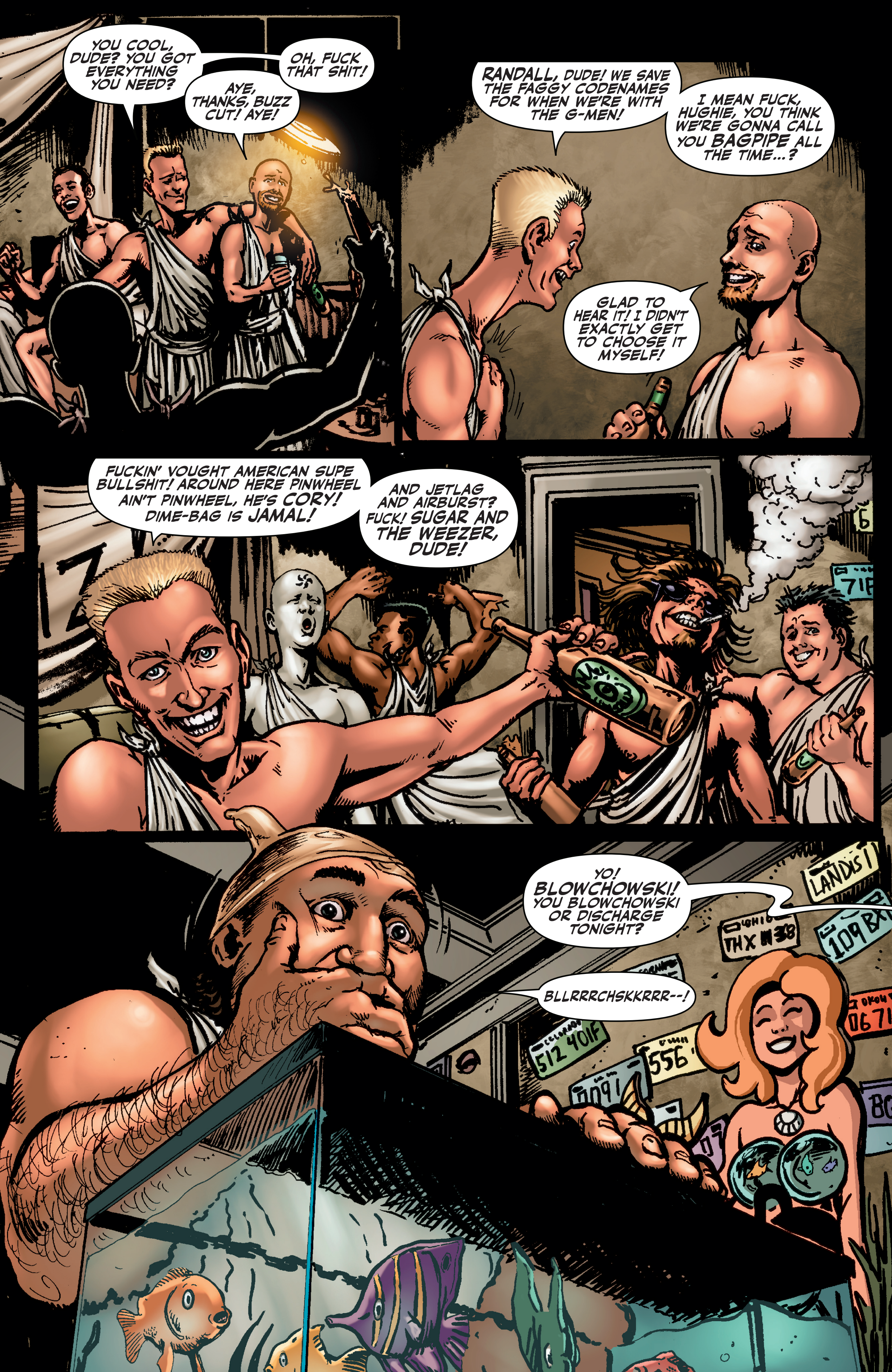

OH BABY, WE GOTTA GO!
WELCOME

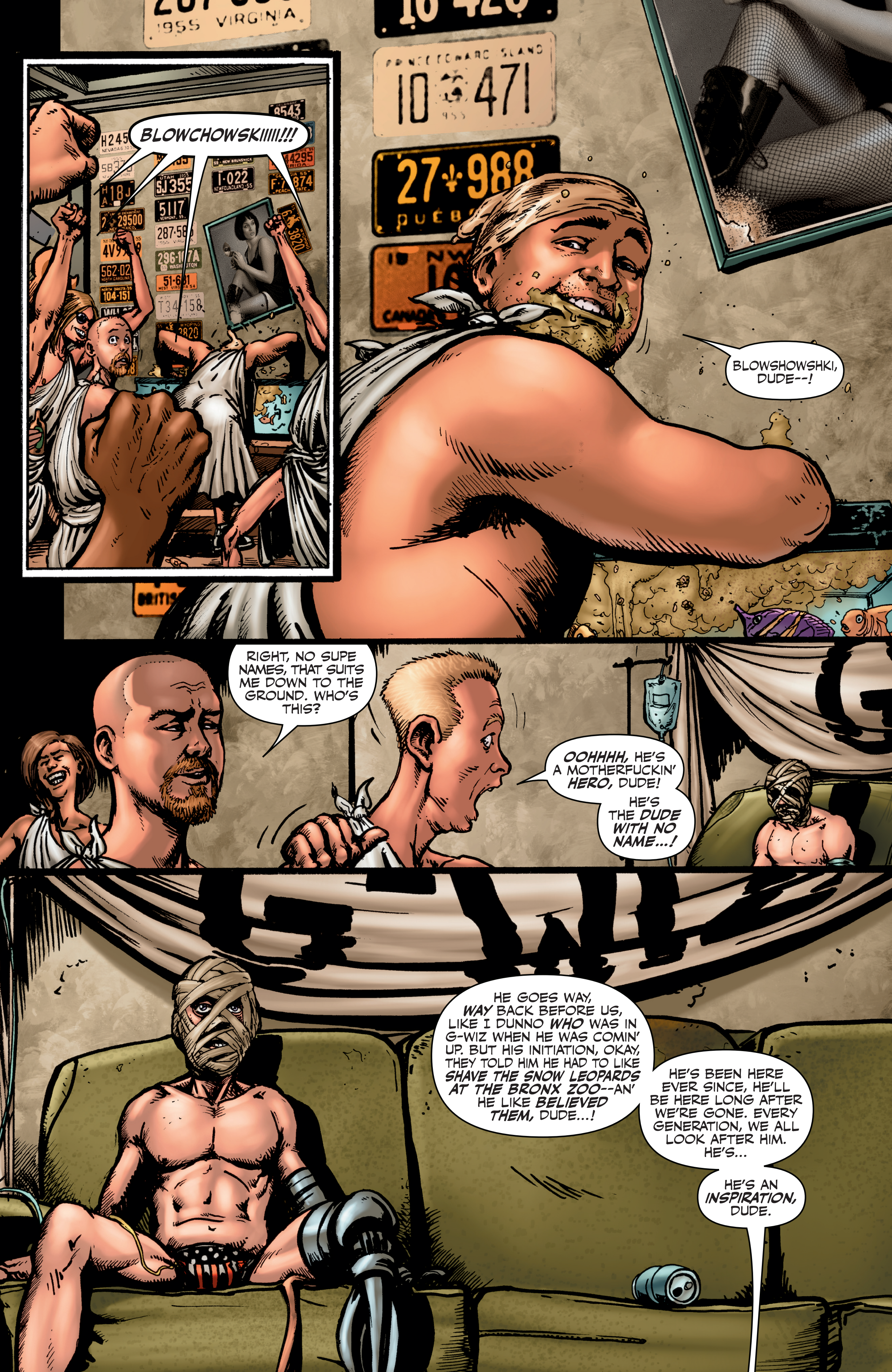
WE GOTTA GO NOW

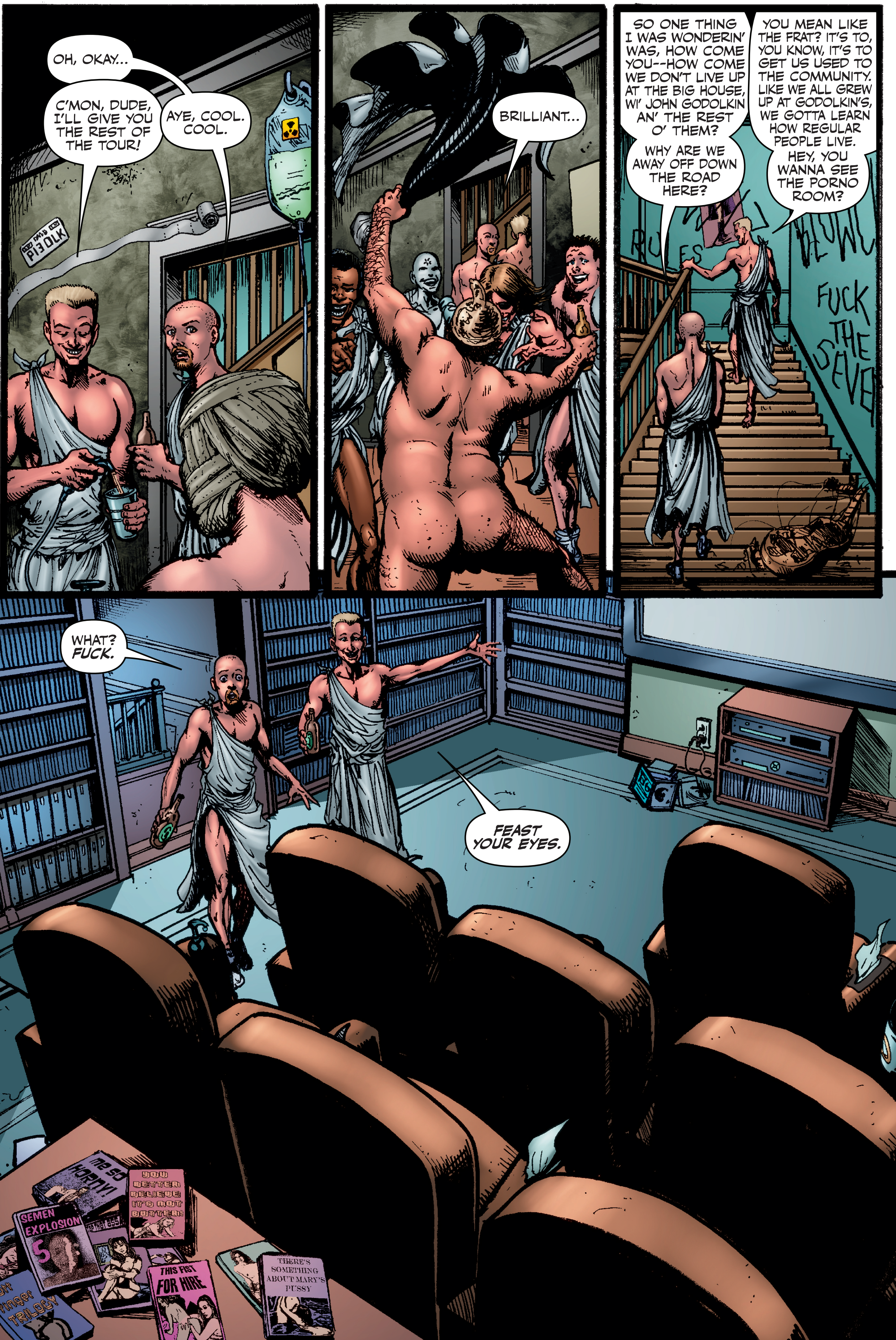
part two

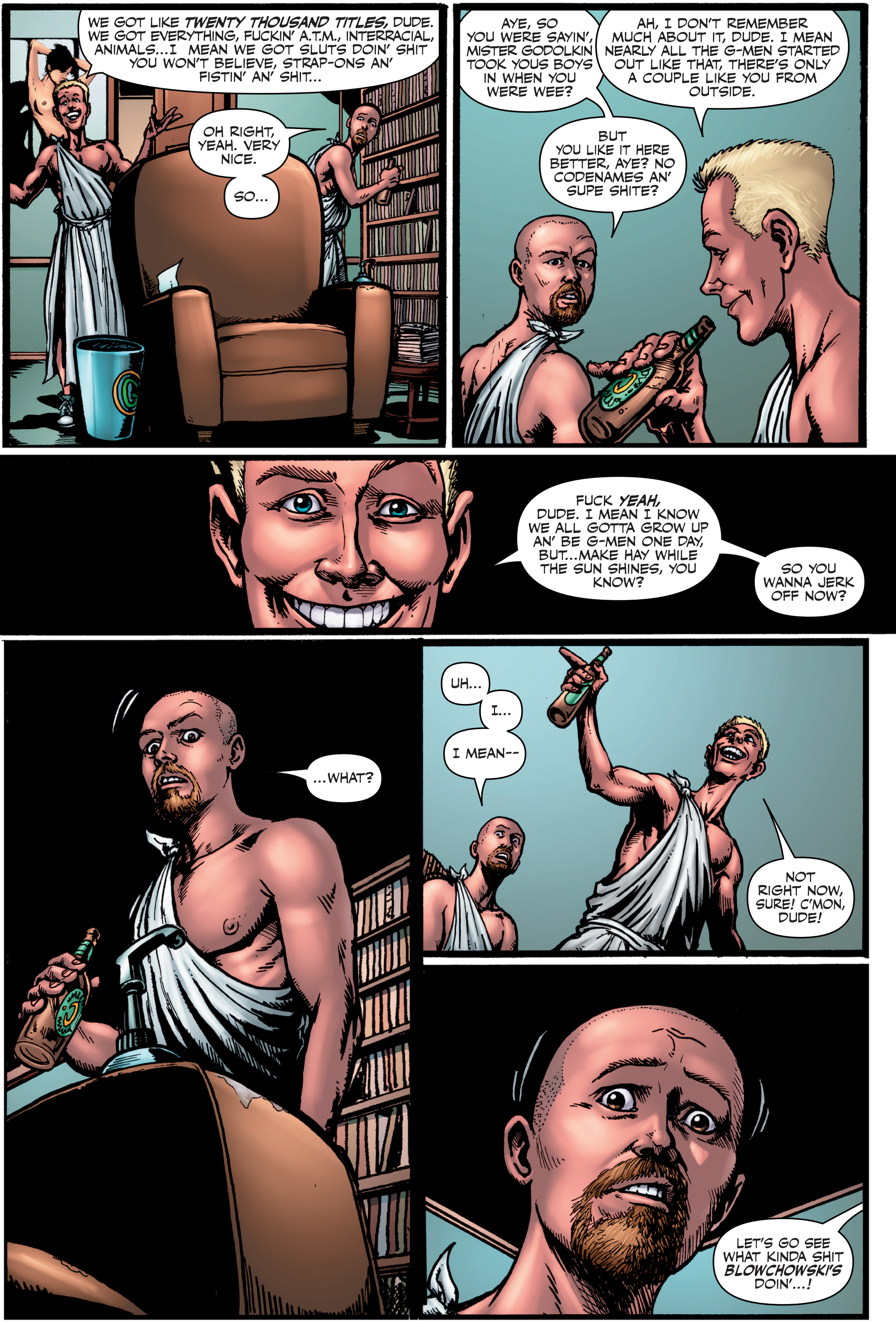

OH LORD, NOT AGAIN.
SURELY NOT AGAIN...
YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOUR BUSINESS IS HERE?
WE'VE HAD SOME EXCITEMENT THESE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, WE'RE NOT LOOKING TO HAVE ANYMORE. SO... YOU WANT TO TELL ME?
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE--
OH.
I APOLOGIZE, SIR. I BEEN, I BEEN A LITTLE ON EDGE...
SURE.
THIS IS WHERE SHE WAS STANDIN', RIGHT?

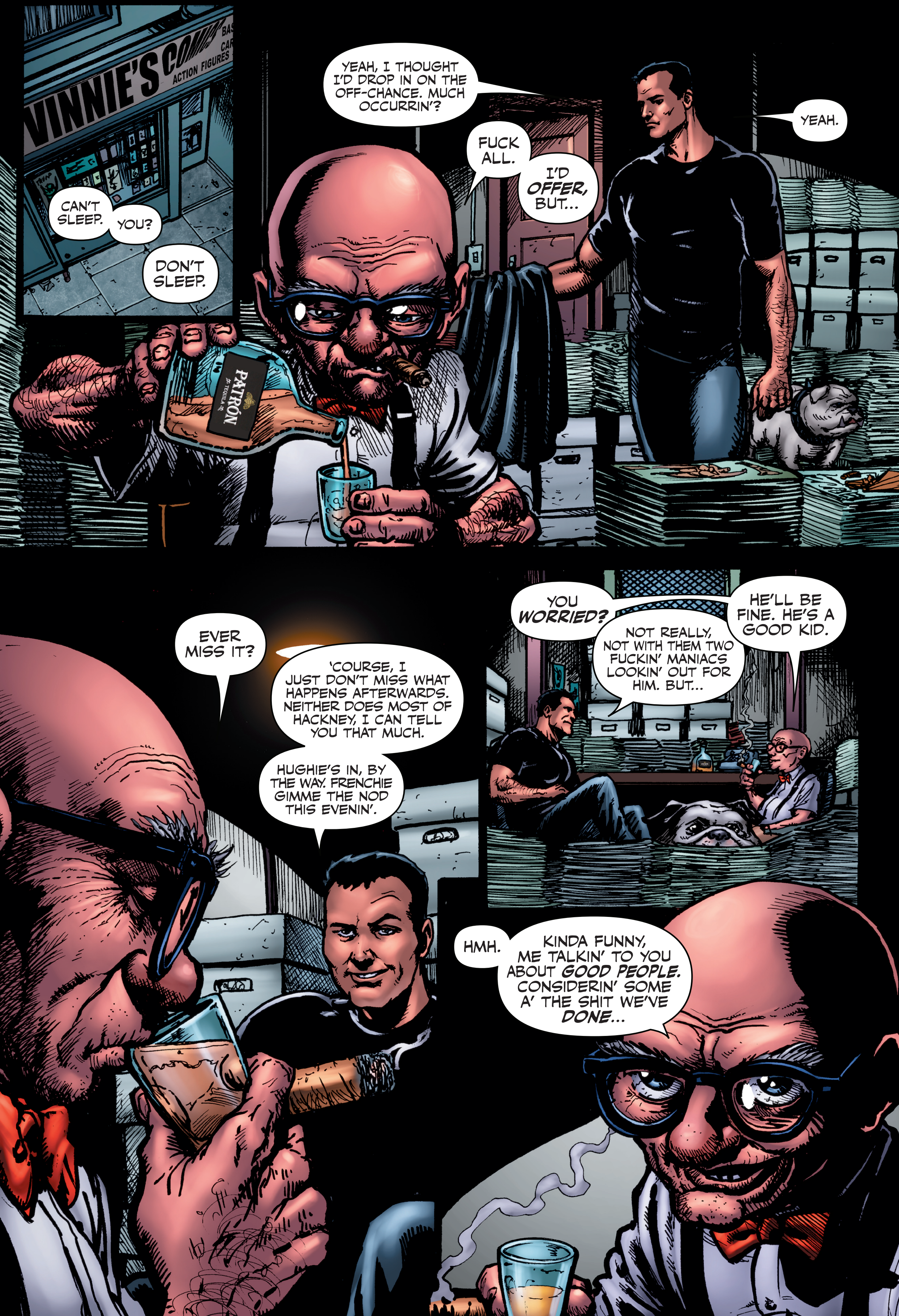

RIGHT THERE. I GUESS YOU HEARD ALL ABOUT IT.
READ THE REPORT.
YOU DAVENPORT?
THAT'S ME, SIR. SAW THE WHOLE THING FROM START TO FINISH.
SIR, I HATE LIKE HELL TO ASK, BUT YOU MIND IF I SEE YOUR IDENTIFICATION AGAIN AND CALL IN THE BADGE NUMBER? ONLY WE HAD KIND OF AN INCIDENT HERE AFTER THE THING HAPPENED...AND...
I HEARD.
YEAH, WELL, I'M THE DAMN FOOL IT HAPPENED TO.
I APPRECIATE IT, SIR. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
TAKE YOUR TIME.
SO SHE WAS STANDIN' HERE...FACIN' THE WAY I'M FACIN'...AN' ALL SHE SAID WAS ***WHERE'S UNCLE PAUL?***
THAT'S EXACTLY IT, SIR. JUST STARING INTO SPACE.
HUH.

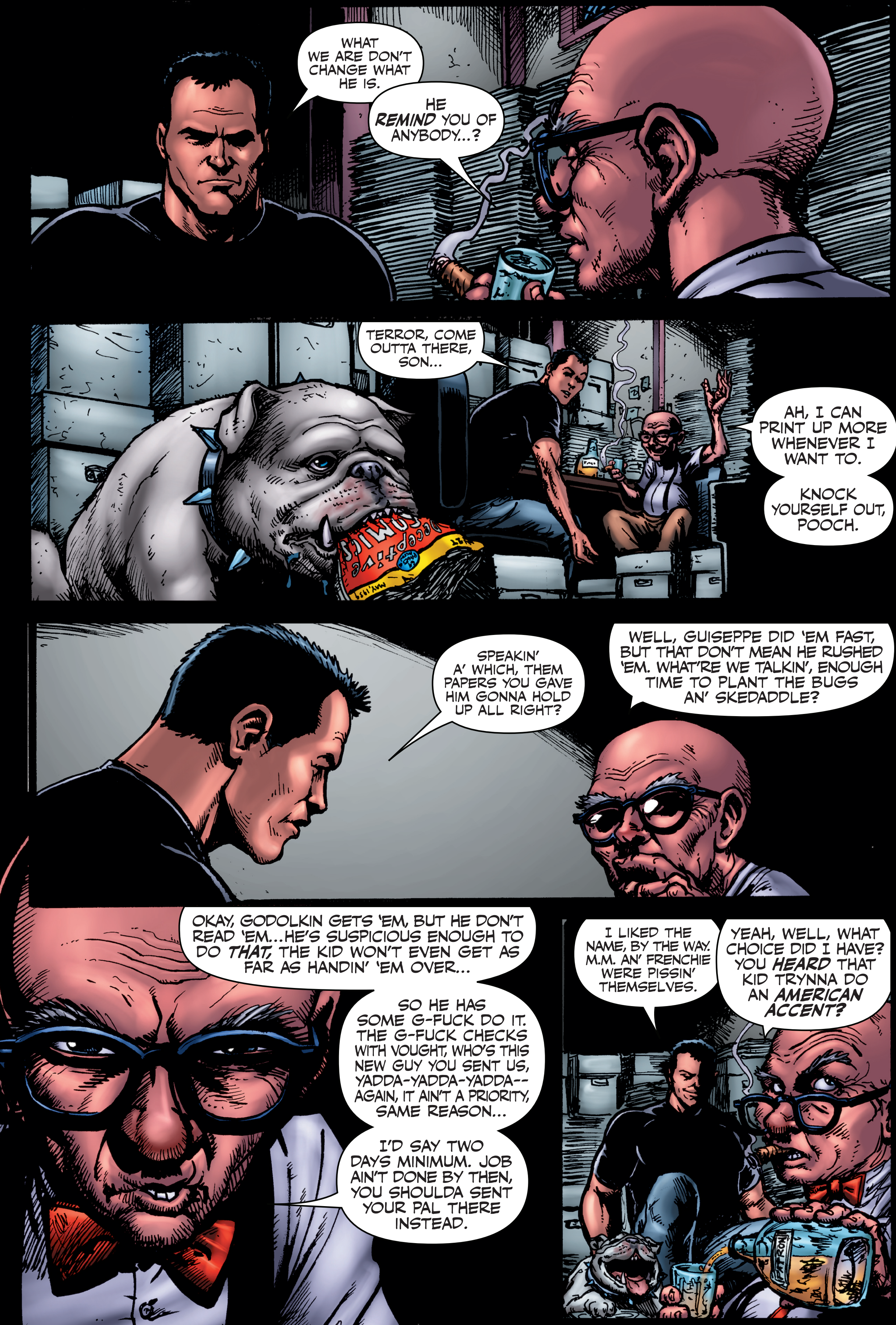

YOU COOL, DUDE? YOU GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED?
OH, FUCK THAT SHIT!
AYE, THANKS, BUZZ CUT! AYE!
RANDALL, DUDE! WE SAVE THE FAGGY CODENAMES FOR WHEN WE'RE WITH THE G-MEN!
I MEAN FUCK, HUGHIE, YOU THINK WE'RE GONNA CALL YOU BAGPIPE ALL THE TIME...?
GLAD TO HEAR IT! I DIDN'T EXACTLY GET TO CHOOSE IT MYSELF!
FUCKIN' VOUGHT AMERICAN SUPE BULLSHIT! AROUND HERE PINWHEEL AIN'T PINWHEEL, HE'S CORY! DIME-BAG IS JAMAL!
AND JETLAG AND AIRBURST? FUCK! SUGAR AND THE WEEZER, DUDE!
YO! BLOWCHOWSKI! YOU BLOWCHOWSKI OR DISCHARGE TONIGHT?
BLLRRRCHSKKRRR--!
LANDIS
109 BX
512 401F
556

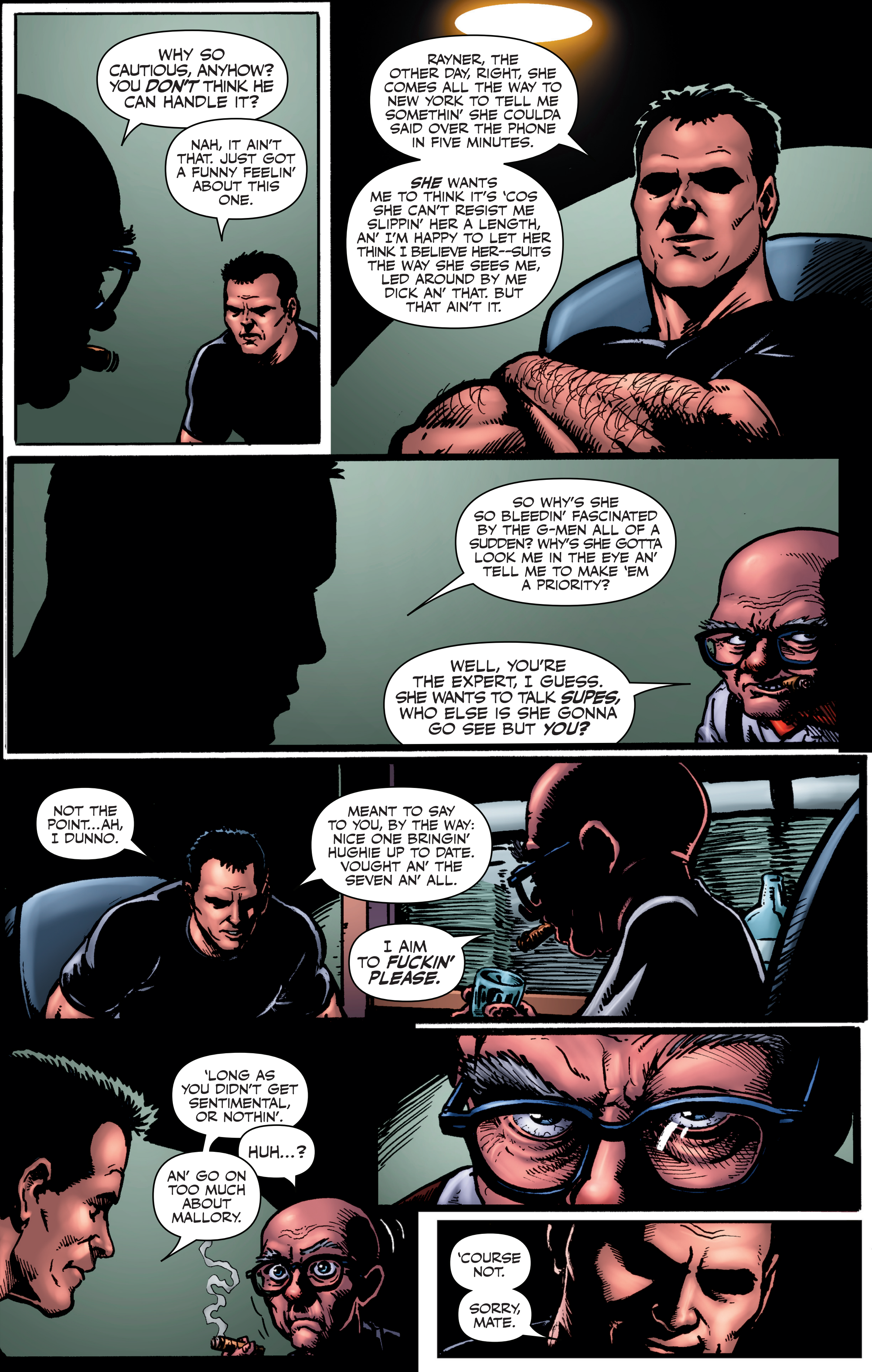

BLOWCHOWSKIIIIII!!!
BLOWSHOWSHKI, DUDE--!
RIGHT, NO SUPE NAMES, THAT SUITS ME DOWN TO THE GROUND. WHO'S THIS?
OOHHHH, HE'S A MOTHERFUCKIN' *HERO,* DUDE!
HE'S THE *DUDE WITH NO NAME...!*
HE GOES WAY, *WAY* BACK BEFORE US, LIKE I DUNNO *WHO* WAS IN G-WIZ WHEN HE WAS COMIN' UP. BUT HIS INITIATION, OKAY, THEY TOLD HIM HE HAD TO LIKE *SHAVE THE SNOW LEOPARDS AT THE BRONX ZOO*--AN' HE LIKE *BELIEVED THEM,* DUDE...!
HE'S BEEN HERE EVER SINCE, HE'LL BE HERE LONG AFTER WE'RE GONE. EVERY GENERATION, WE ALL LOOK AFTER HIM. HE'S...
HE'S AN *INSPIRATION,* DUDE.

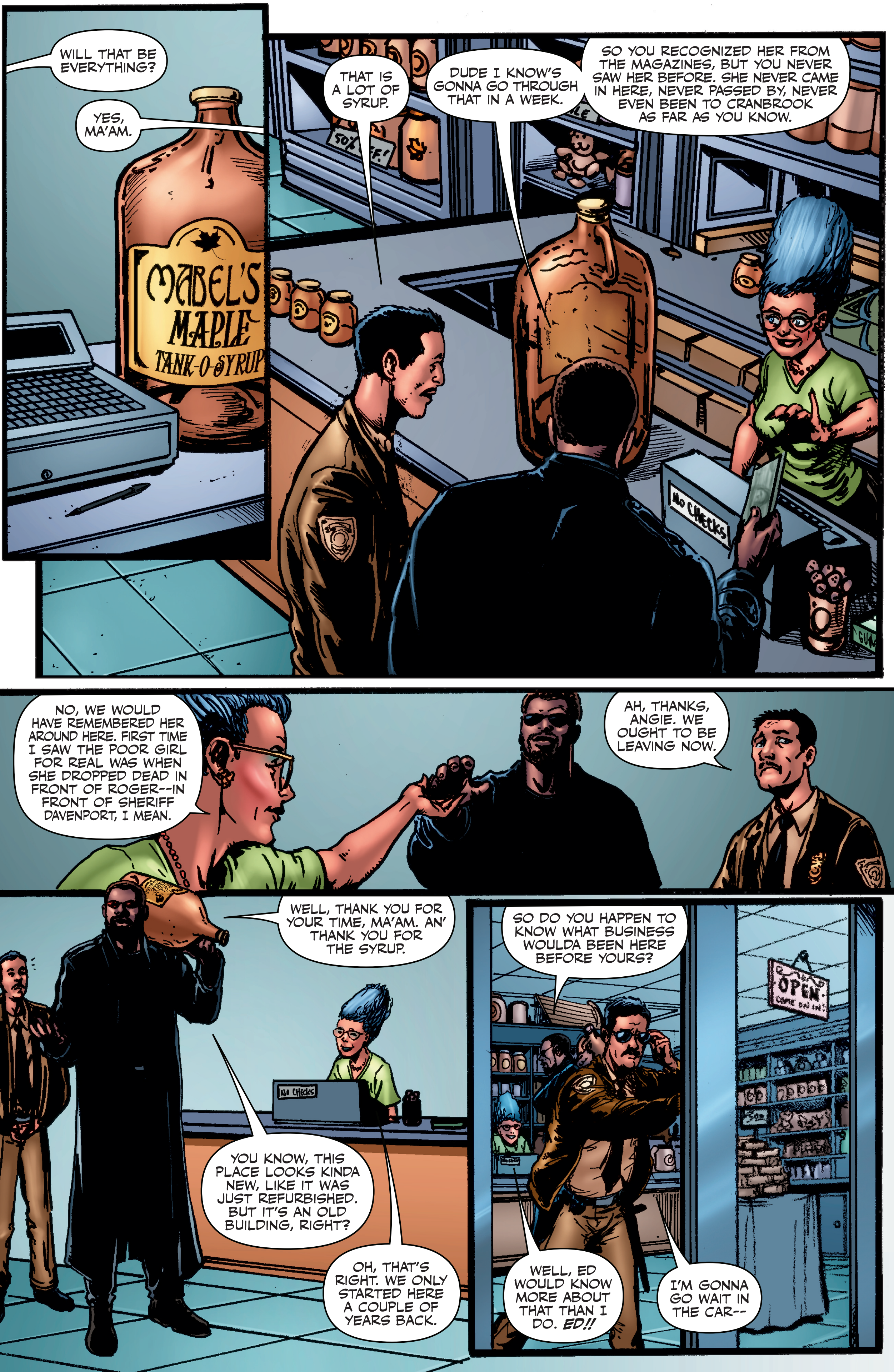

OH, OKAY...
C'MON, DUDE, I'LL GIVE YOU THE REST OF THE TOUR!
AYE, COOL. COOL.
P13DLK
BRILLIANT...
SO ONE THING I WAS WONDERIN' WAS, HOW COME YOU--HOW COME WE DON'T LIVE UP AT THE BIG HOUSE, WI' JOHN GODOLKIN AN' THE REST O' THEM?
WHY ARE WE AWAY OFF DOWN THE ROAD HERE?
YOU MEAN LIKE THE FRAT? IT'S TO, YOU KNOW, IT'S TO GET US USED TO THE COMMUNITY. LIKE WE ALL GREW UP AT GODOLKIN'S, WE GOTTA LEARN HOW REGULAR PEOPLE LIVE.
HEY, YOU WANNA SEE THE PORNO ROOM?
RULES
FUCK THE SEVEN
WHAT? FUCK.
FEAST YOUR EYES.
ME SO HORNY!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT'S NOT BUTTER!
SEMEN EXPLOSION 5
THIS FIST FOR HIRE
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY'S PUSSY
finger TRILOGY

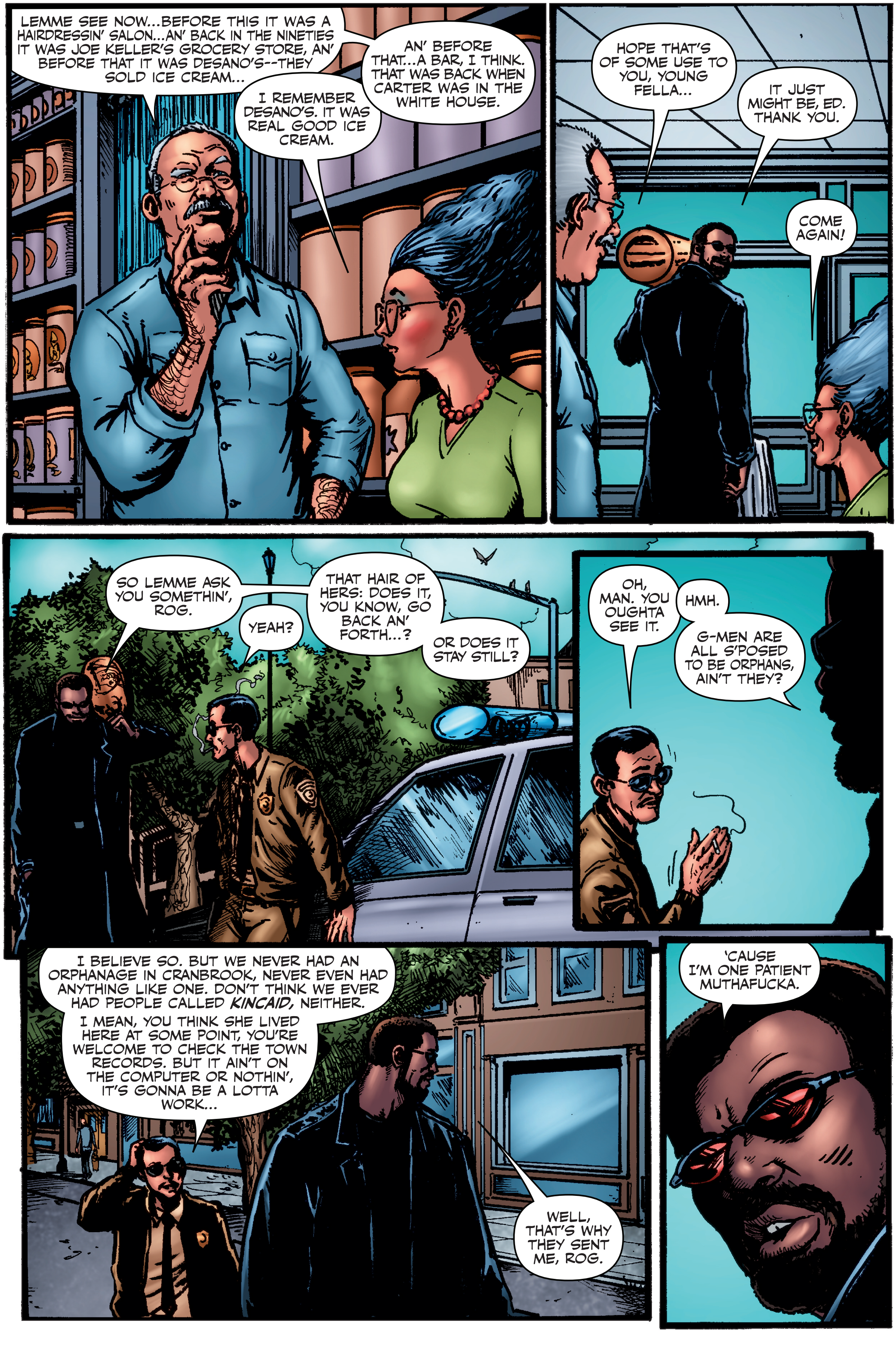

WE GOT LIKE *TWENTY THOUSAND TITLES,* DUDE. WE GOT EVERYTHING, FUCKIN' A.T.M., INTERRACIAL, ANIMALS...I MEAN WE GOT SLUTS DOIN' SHIT YOU WON'T BELIEVE, STRAP-ONS AN' FISTIN' AN' SHIT...
OH RIGHT, YEAH. VERY NICE.
SO...
AYE, SO YOU WERE SAYIN', MISTER GODOLKIN TOOK YOUS BOYS IN WHEN YOU WERE WEE?
AH, I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT IT, DUDE. I MEAN NEARLY ALL THE G-MEN STARTED OUT LIKE THAT, THERE'S ONLY A COUPLE LIKE YOU FROM OUTSIDE.
BUT YOU LIKE IT HERE BETTER, AYE? NO CODENAMES AN' SUPE SHITE?
FUCK *YEAH,* DUDE. I MEAN I KNOW WE ALL GOTTA GROW UP AN' BE G-MEN ONE DAY, BUT...MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES, YOU KNOW?
SO YOU WANNA JERK OFF NOW?
...WHAT?
UH...
I...
I MEAN--
NOT RIGHT NOW, SURE! C'MON, DUDE!
LET'S GO SEE WHAT KINDA SHIT *BLOWCHOWSKI'S* DOIN'...!

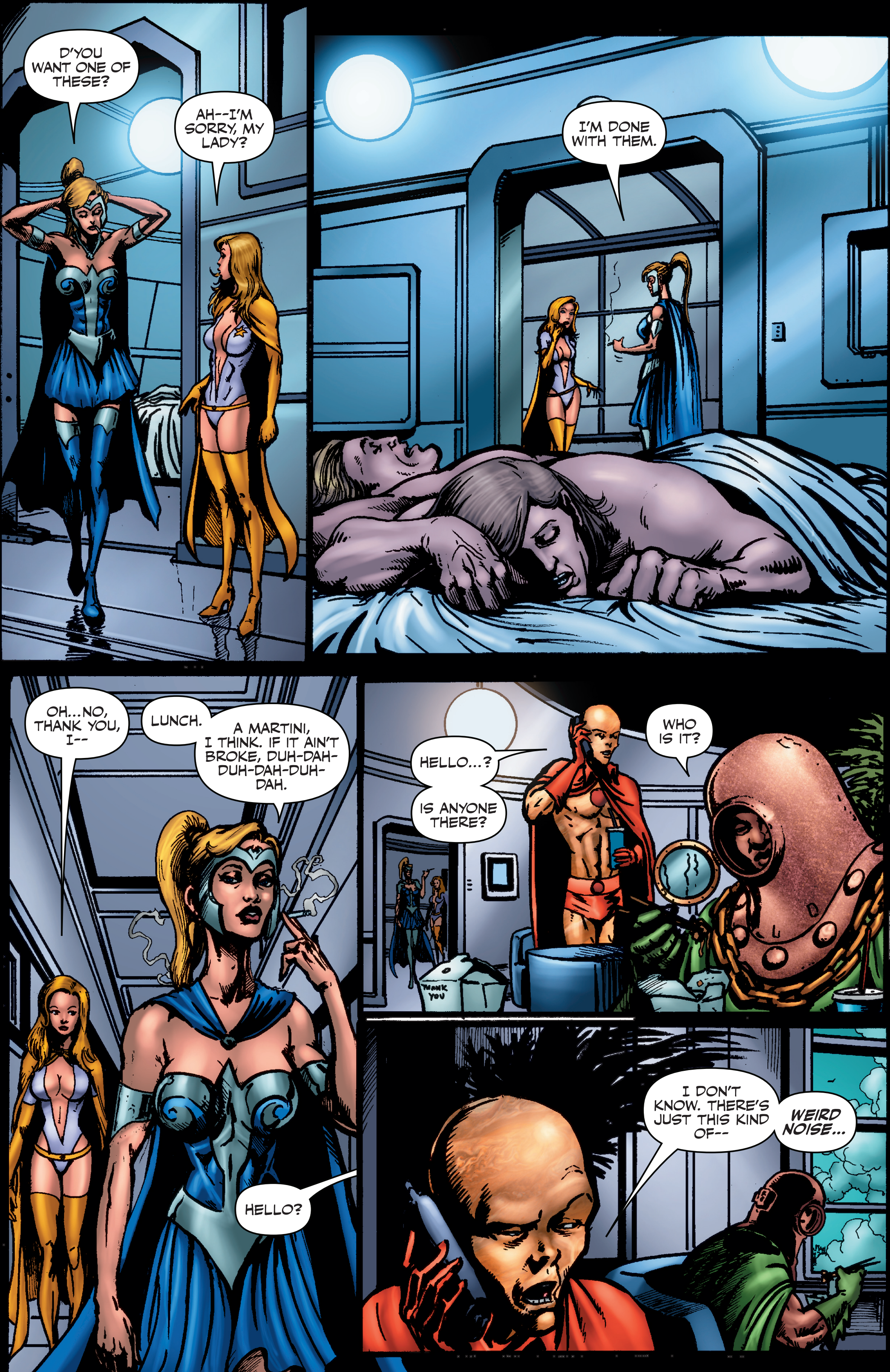

VINNIE'S COMI
ACTION FIGURES
CAN'T SLEEP.
YOU?
DON'T SLEEP.
YEAH, I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ON THE OFF-CHANCE. MUCH OCCURRIN'?
FUCK ALL.
I'D *OFFER,* BUT...
YEAH.
PATRÓN TEQUILA
EVER MISS IT?
'COURSE, I JUST DON'T MISS WHAT HAPPENS AFTERWARDS. NEITHER DOES MOST OF HACKNEY, I CAN TELL YOU THAT MUCH.
HUGHIE'S IN, BY THE WAY. FRENCHIE GIMME THE NOD THIS EVENIN'.
YOU *WORRIED?*
HE'LL BE FINE. HE'S A GOOD KID.
NOT REALLY, NOT WITH THEM TWO FUCKIN' MANIACS LOOKIN' OUT FOR HIM. BUT...
HMH.
KINDA FUNNY, ME TALKIN' TO YOU ABOUT *GOOD PEOPLE.* CONSIDERIN' SOME A' THE SHIT WE'VE *DONE...*

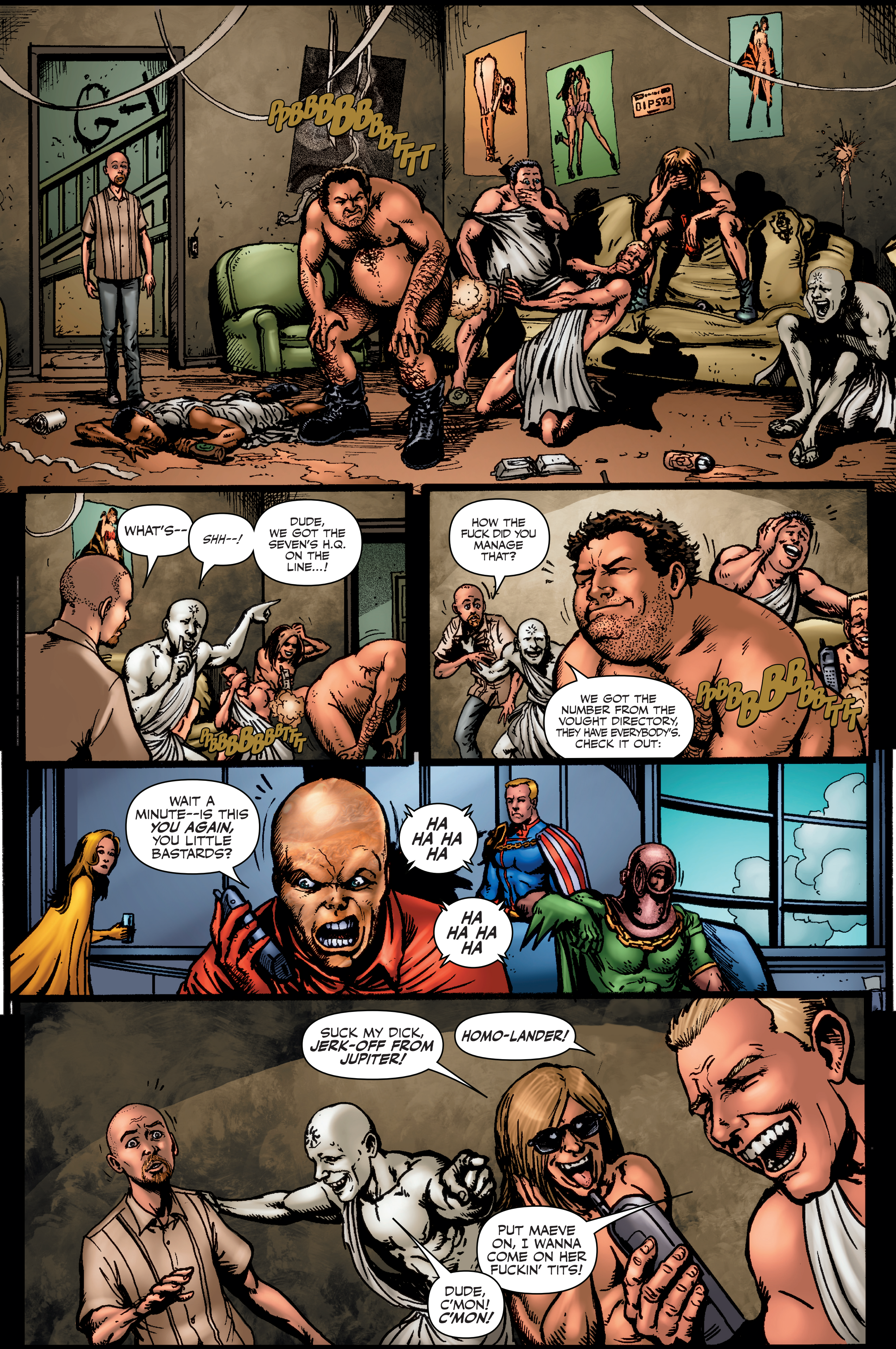

WHAT WE ARE DON'T CHANGE WHAT HE IS.
HE *REMIND* YOU OF ANYBODY...?
TERROR, COME OUTTA THERE, SON...
AH, I CAN PRINT UP MORE WHENEVER I WANT TO.
KNOCK YOURSELF OUT, POOCH.
SPEAKIN' A' WHICH, THEM PAPERS YOU GAVE HIM GONNA HOLD UP ALL RIGHT?
WELL, GUISEPPE DID 'EM FAST, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN HE RUSHED 'EM. WHAT'RE WE TALKIN', ENOUGH TIME TO PLANT THE BUGS AN' SKEDADDLE?
OKAY, GODOLKIN GETS 'EM, BUT HE DON'T READ 'EM...HE'S SUSPICIOUS ENOUGH TO DO *THAT,* THE KID WON'T EVEN GET AS FAR AS HANDIN' 'EM OVER...
SO HE HAS SOME G-FUCK DO IT. THE G-FUCK CHECKS WITH VOUGHT, WHO'S THIS NEW GUY YOU SENT US, YADDA-YADDA-YADDA--AGAIN, IT AIN'T A PRIORITY, SAME REASON...
I'D SAY TWO DAYS MINIMUM. JOB AIN'T DONE BY THEN, YOU SHOULDA SENT YOUR PAL THERE INSTEAD.
I LIKED THE NAME, BY THE WAY. M.M. AN' FRENCHIE WERE PISSIN' THEMSELVES.
YEAH, WELL, WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE? YOU *HEARD* THAT KID TRYNNA DO AN *AMERICAN ACCENT?*

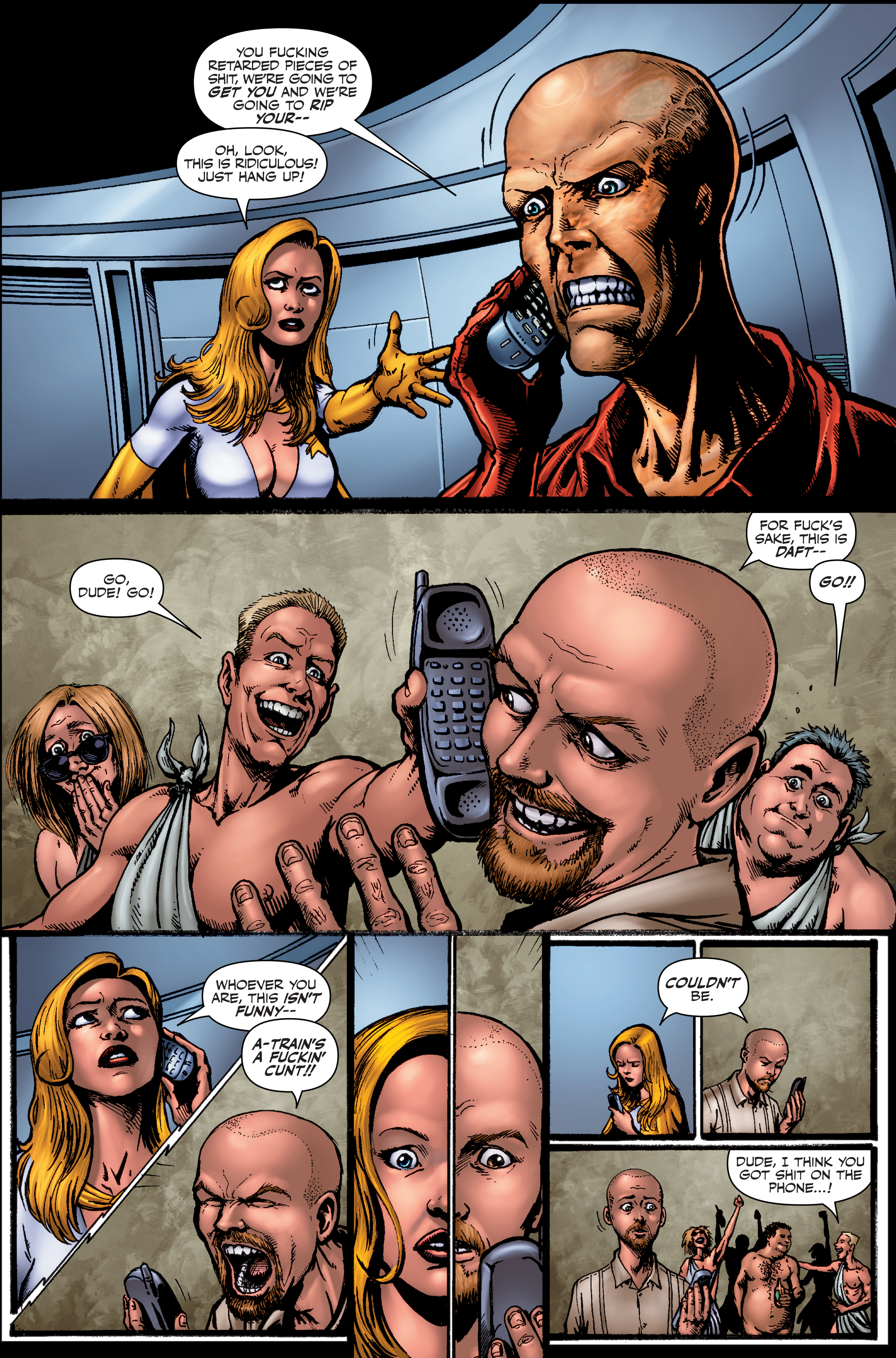

WHY SO CAUTIOUS, ANYHOW? YOU DON'T THINK HE CAN HANDLE IT?
NAH, IT AIN'T THAT. JUST GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' ABOUT THIS ONE.
RAYNER, THE OTHER DAY, RIGHT, SHE COMES ALL THE WAY TO NEW YORK TO TELL ME SOMETHIN' SHE COULDA SAID OVER THE PHONE IN FIVE MINUTES.
SHE WANTS ME TO THINK IT'S 'COS SHE CAN'T RESIST ME SLIPPIN' HER A LENGTH, AN' I'M HAPPY TO LET HER THINK I BELIEVE HER--SUITS THE WAY SHE SEES ME, LED AROUND BY ME DICK AN' THAT. BUT THAT AIN'T IT.
SO WHY'S SHE SO BLEEDIN' FASCINATED BY THE G-MEN ALL OF A SUDDEN? WHY'S SHE GOTTA LOOK ME IN THE EYE AN' TELL ME TO MAKE 'EM A PRIORITY?
WELL, YOU'RE THE EXPERT, I GUESS. SHE WANTS TO TALK SUPES, WHO ELSE IS SHE GONNA GO SEE BUT YOU?
NOT THE POINT...AH, I DUNNO.
MEANT TO SAY TO YOU, BY THE WAY: NICE ONE BRINGIN' HUGHIE UP TO DATE. VOUGHT AN' THE SEVEN AN' ALL.
I AIM TO FUCKIN' PLEASE.
'LONG AS YOU DIDN'T GET SENTIMENTAL, OR NOTHIN'.
HUH...?
AN' GO ON TOO MUCH ABOUT MALLORY.
'COURSE NOT.
SORRY, MATE.

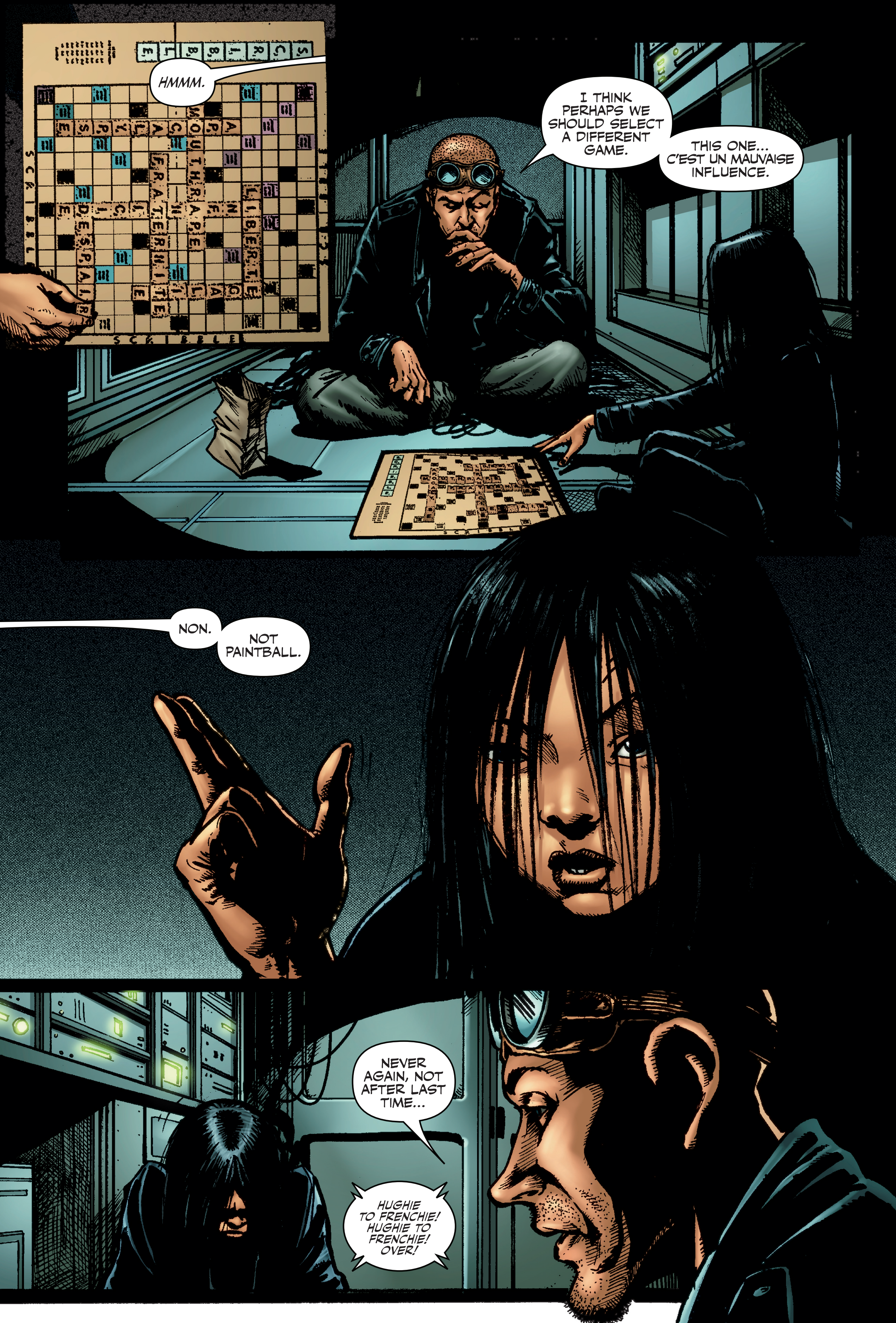

WILL THAT BE EVERYTHING?
YES, MA'AM.
MABEL'S MAPLE TANK-O-SYRUP
50% OFF!
THAT IS A LOT OF SYRUP.
DUDE I KNOW'S GONNA GO THROUGH THAT IN A WEEK.
SO YOU RECOGNIZED HER FROM THE MAGAZINES, BUT YOU NEVER SAW HER BEFORE. SHE NEVER CAME IN HERE, NEVER PASSED BY, NEVER EVEN BEEN TO CRANBROOK AS FAR AS YOU KNOW.
NO CHECKS
NO, WE WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED HER AROUND HERE. FIRST TIME I SAW THE POOR GIRL FOR REAL WAS WHEN SHE DROPPED DEAD IN FRONT OF ROGER--IN FRONT OF SHERIFF DAVENPORT, I MEAN.
AH, THANKS, ANGIE. WE OUGHT TO BE LEAVING NOW.
WELL, THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME, MA'AM. AN' THANK YOU FOR THE SYRUP.
NO CHECKS
YOU KNOW, THIS PLACE LOOKS KINDA NEW, LIKE IT WAS JUST REFURBISHED. BUT IT'S AN OLD BUILDING, RIGHT?
OH, THAT'S RIGHT. WE ONLY STARTED HERE A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK.
SO DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT BUSINESS WOULDA BEEN HERE BEFORE YOURS?
OPEN COME ON IN!
WELL, ED WOULD KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT THAN I DO. *ED!!*
I'M GONNA GO WAIT IN THE CAR--

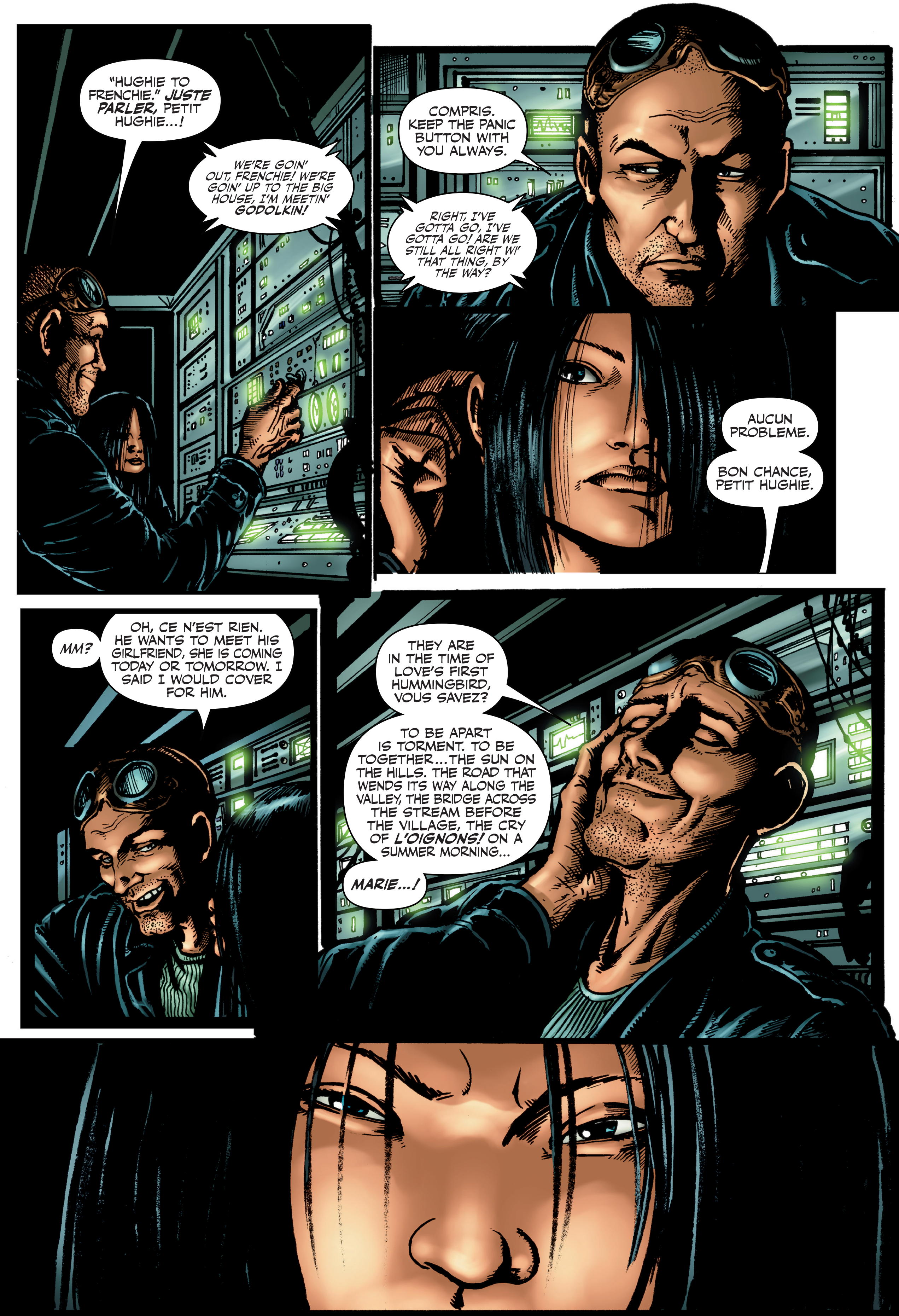

LEMME SEE NOW...BEFORE THIS IT WAS A HAIRDRESSIN' SALON...AN' BACK IN THE NINETIES IT WAS JOE KELLER'S GROCERY STORE, AN' BEFORE THAT IT WAS DESANO'S--THEY SOLD ICE CREAM...
AN' BEFORE THAT...A BAR, I THINK. THAT WAS BACK WHEN CARTER WAS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
I REMEMBER DESANO'S. IT WAS REAL GOOD ICE CREAM.
HOPE THAT'S OF SOME USE TO YOU, YOUNG FELLA...
IT JUST MIGHT BE, ED. THANK YOU.
COME AGAIN!
SO LEMME ASK YOU SOMETHIN', ROG.
YEAH?
THAT HAIR OF HERS: DOES IT, YOU KNOW, GO BACK AN' FORTH...?
OR DOES IT STAY STILL?
OH, MAN. YOU OUGHTA SEE IT.
HMH.
G-MEN ARE ALL S'POSED TO BE ORPHANS, AIN'T THEY?
I BELIEVE SO. BUT WE NEVER HAD AN ORPHANAGE IN CRANBROOK, NEVER EVEN HAD ANYTHING LIKE ONE. DON'T THINK WE EVER HAD PEOPLE CALLED *KINCAID,* NEITHER.
I MEAN, YOU THINK SHE LIVED HERE AT SOME POINT, YOU'RE WELCOME TO CHECK THE TOWN RECORDS. BUT IT AIN'T ON THE COMPUTER OR NOTHIN', IT'S GONNA BE A LOTTA WORK...
WELL, THAT'S WHY THEY SENT ME, ROG.
'CAUSE I'M ONE PATIENT MUTHAFUCKA.

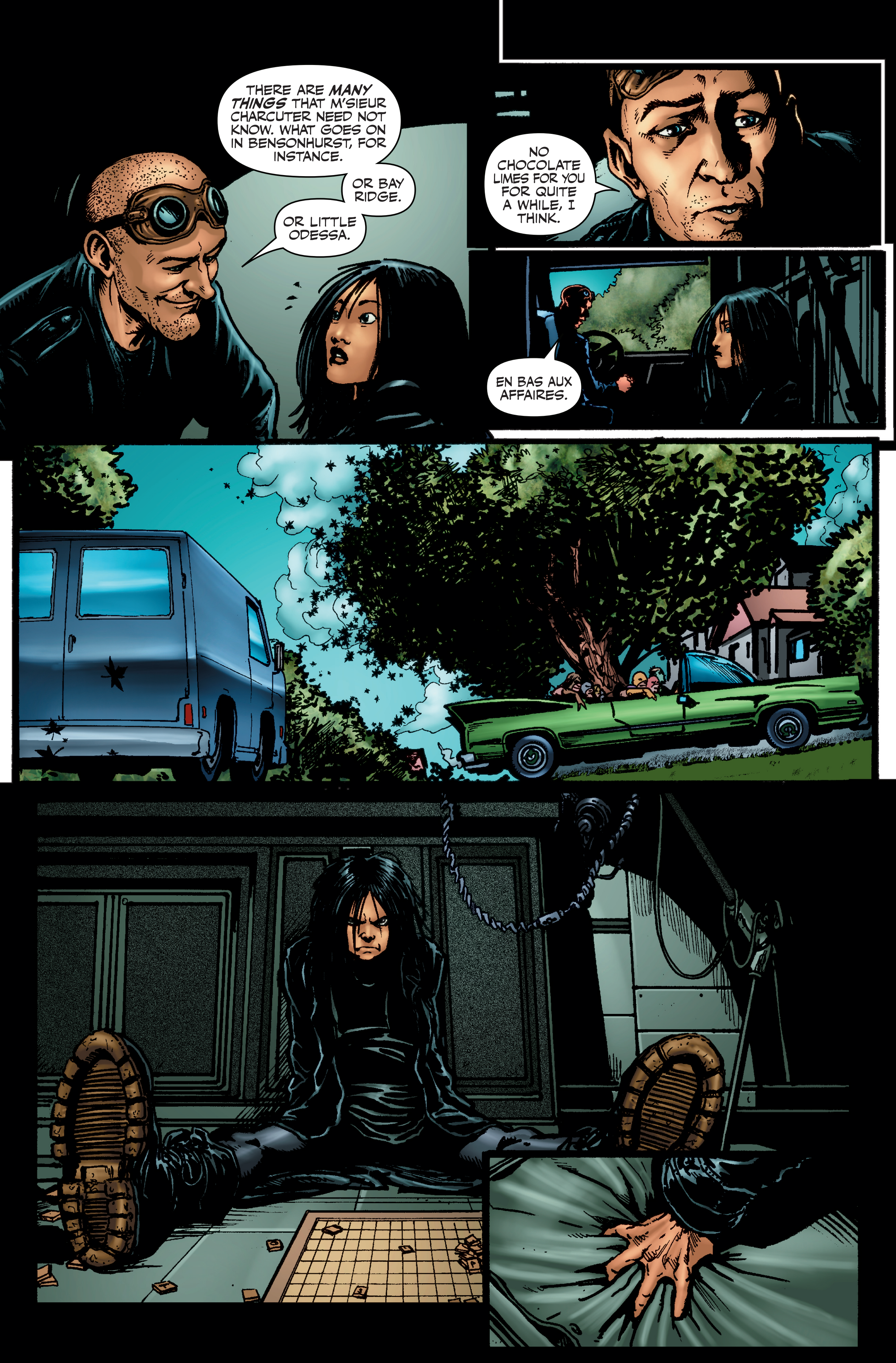

D'YOU WANT ONE OF THESE?
AH--I'M SORRY, MY LADY?
I'M DONE WITH THEM.
OH...NO, THANK YOU, I--
LUNCH.
A MARTINI, I THINK. IF IT AIN'T BROKE, DUH-DAH-DUH-DAH-DUH-DAH.
HELLO?
HELLO...?
IS ANYONE THERE?
WHO IS IT?
THANK YOU
I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S JUST THIS KIND OF--
WEIRD NOISE...

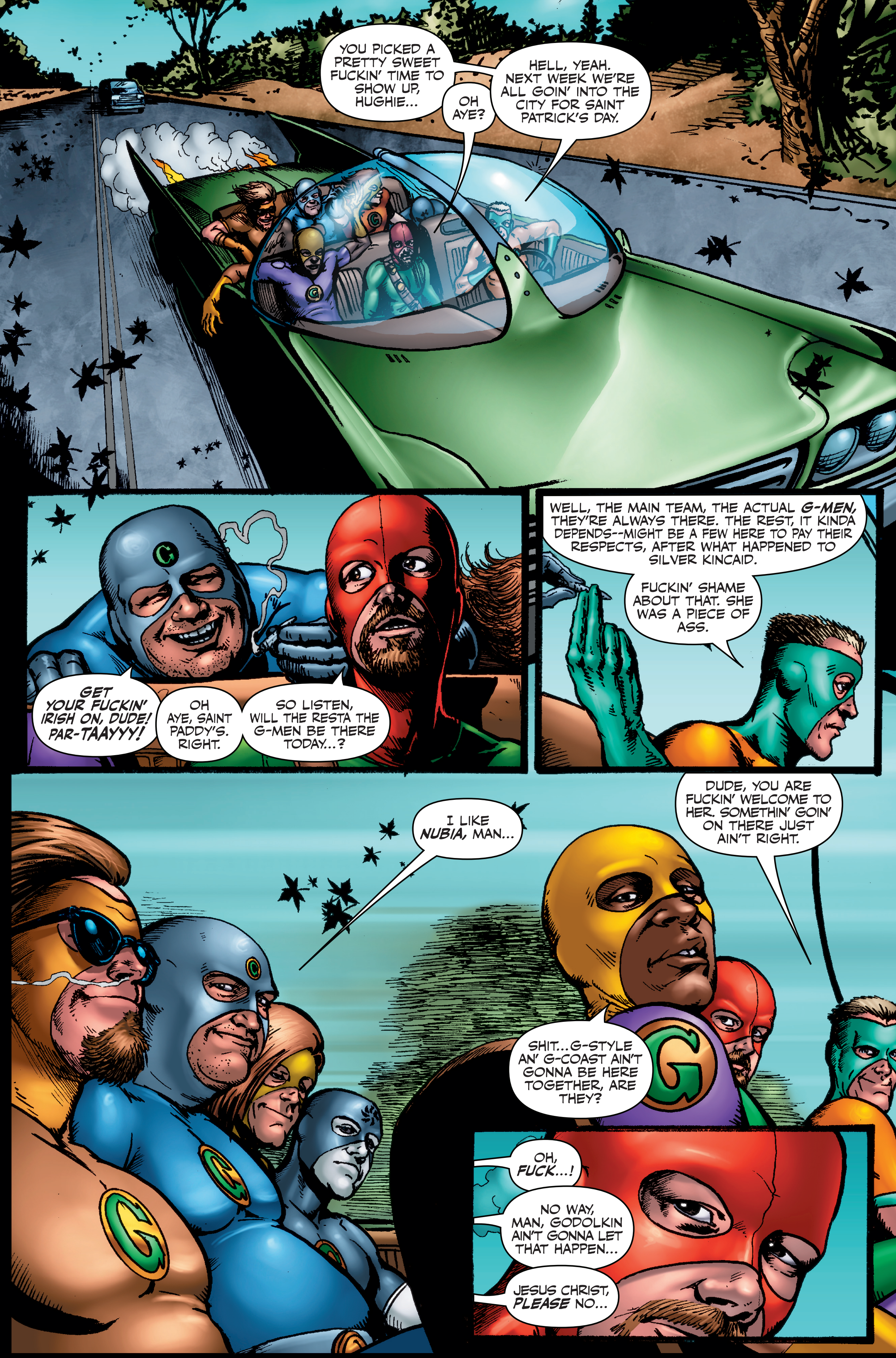

PPBBBBBBBBTTTT
WHAT'S--
SHH--!
DUDE, WE GOT THE SEVEN'S H.Q. ON THE LINE...!
PPBBBBBBBTTTT
HOW THE FUCK DID YOU MANAGE THAT?
WE GOT THE NUMBER FROM THE VOUGHT DIRECTORY, THEY HAVE EVERYBODY'S. CHECK IT OUT:
PPBBBBBBBTTTT
WAIT A MINUTE--IS THIS *YOU AGAIN,* YOU LITTLE BASTARDS?
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
SUCK MY DICK, *JERK-OFF FROM JUPITER!*
HOMO-LANDER!
PUT MAEVE ON, I WANNA COME ON HER FUCKIN' TITS!
DUDE, C'MON! *C'MON!*

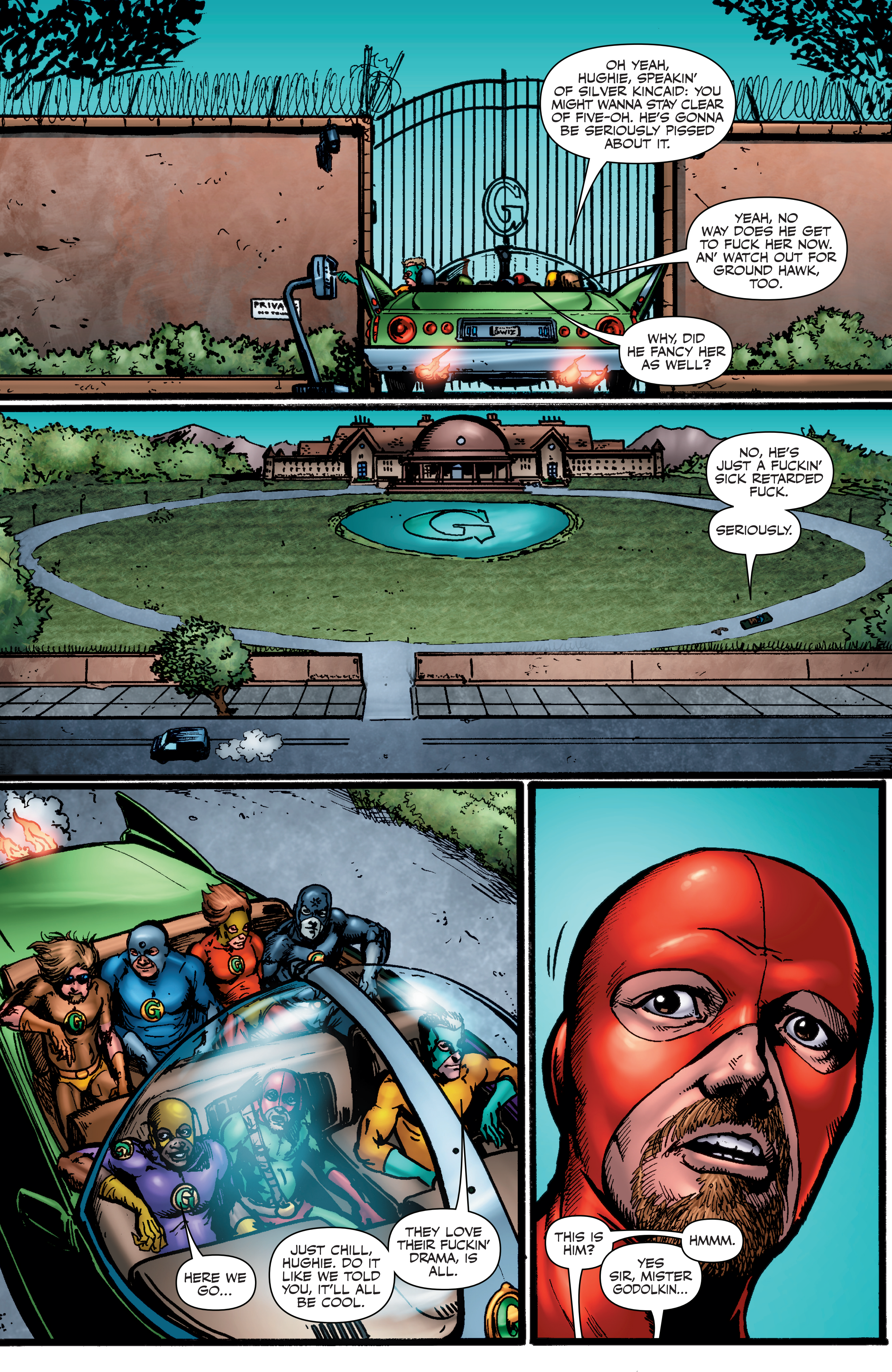

YOU FUCKING RETARDED PIECES OF SHIT, WE'RE GOING TO *GET YOU* AND WE'RE GOING TO *RIP YOUR--*
OH, LOOK, THIS IS RIDICULOUS! JUST HANG UP!
GO, DUDE! GO!
FOR FUCK'S SAKE, THIS IS *DAFT--*
GO!!
WHOEVER YOU ARE, THIS *ISN'T FUNNY--*
A-TRAIN'S A FUCKIN' CUNT!!
COULDN'T BE.
DUDE, I THINK YOU GOT SHIT ON THE PHONE...!

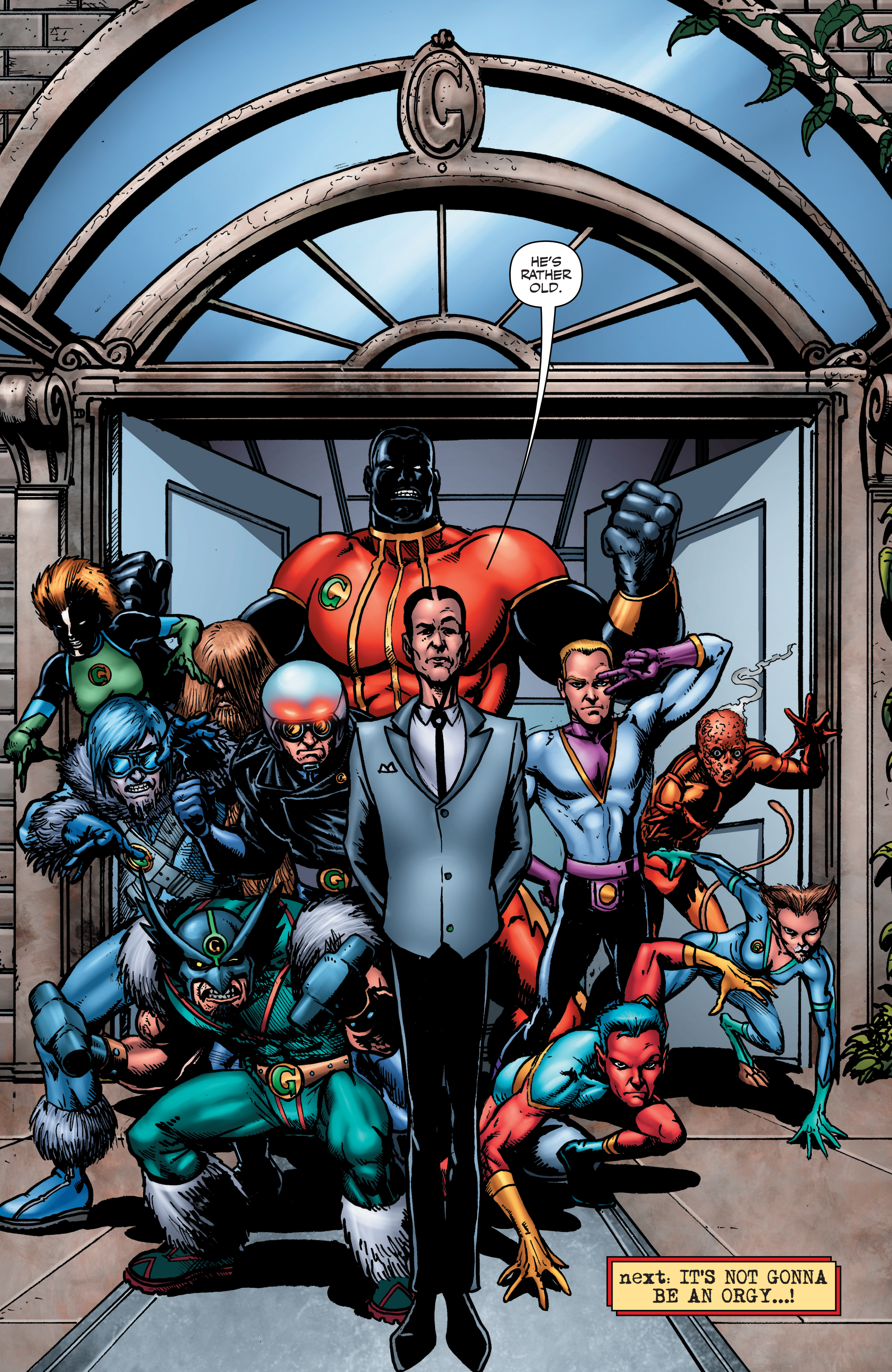

SCRIBBLE
HMMM.
I THINK PERHAPS WE SHOULD SELECT A DIFFERENT GAME.
THIS ONE... C'EST UN MAUVAISE INFLUENCE.
NON.
NOT PAINTBALL.
NEVER AGAIN, NOT AFTER LAST TIME...
HUGHIE TO FRENCHIE! HUGHIE TO FRENCHIE! OVER!


"HUGHIE TO FRENCHIE." *JUSTE PARLER,* PETIT HUGHIE...!
WE'RE GOIN' OUT, FRENCHIE! WE'RE GOIN' UP TO THE BIG HOUSE, I'M MEETIN' ***GODOLKIN!***
COMPRIS. KEEP THE PANIC BUTTON WITH YOU ALWAYS.
RIGHT, I'VE GOTTA GO, I'VE GOTTA GO! ARE WE STILL ALL RIGHT WI' THAT THING, BY THE WAY?
AUCUN PROBLEME.
BON CHANCE, PETIT HUGHIE.
MM?
OH, CE N'EST RIEN. HE WANTS TO MEET HIS GIRLFRIEND, SHE IS COMING TODAY OR TOMORROW. I SAID I WOULD COVER FOR HIM.
THEY ARE IN THE TIME OF LOVE'S FIRST HUMMINGBIRD, VOUS SAVEZ?
TO BE APART IS TORMENT. TO BE TOGETHER...THE SUN ON THE HILLS. THE ROAD THAT WENDS ITS WAY ALONG THE VALLEY, THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE STREAM BEFORE THE VILLAGE, THE CRY OF ***L'OIGNONS!*** ON A SUMMER MORNING...
MARIE...!


THERE ARE *MANY THINGS* THAT M'SIEUR CHARCUTER NEED NOT KNOW. WHAT GOES ON IN BENSONHURST, FOR INSTANCE.
OR BAY RIDGE.
OR LITTLE ODESSA.
NO CHOCOLATE LIMES FOR YOU FOR QUITE A WHILE, I THINK.
EN BAS AUX AFFAIRES.

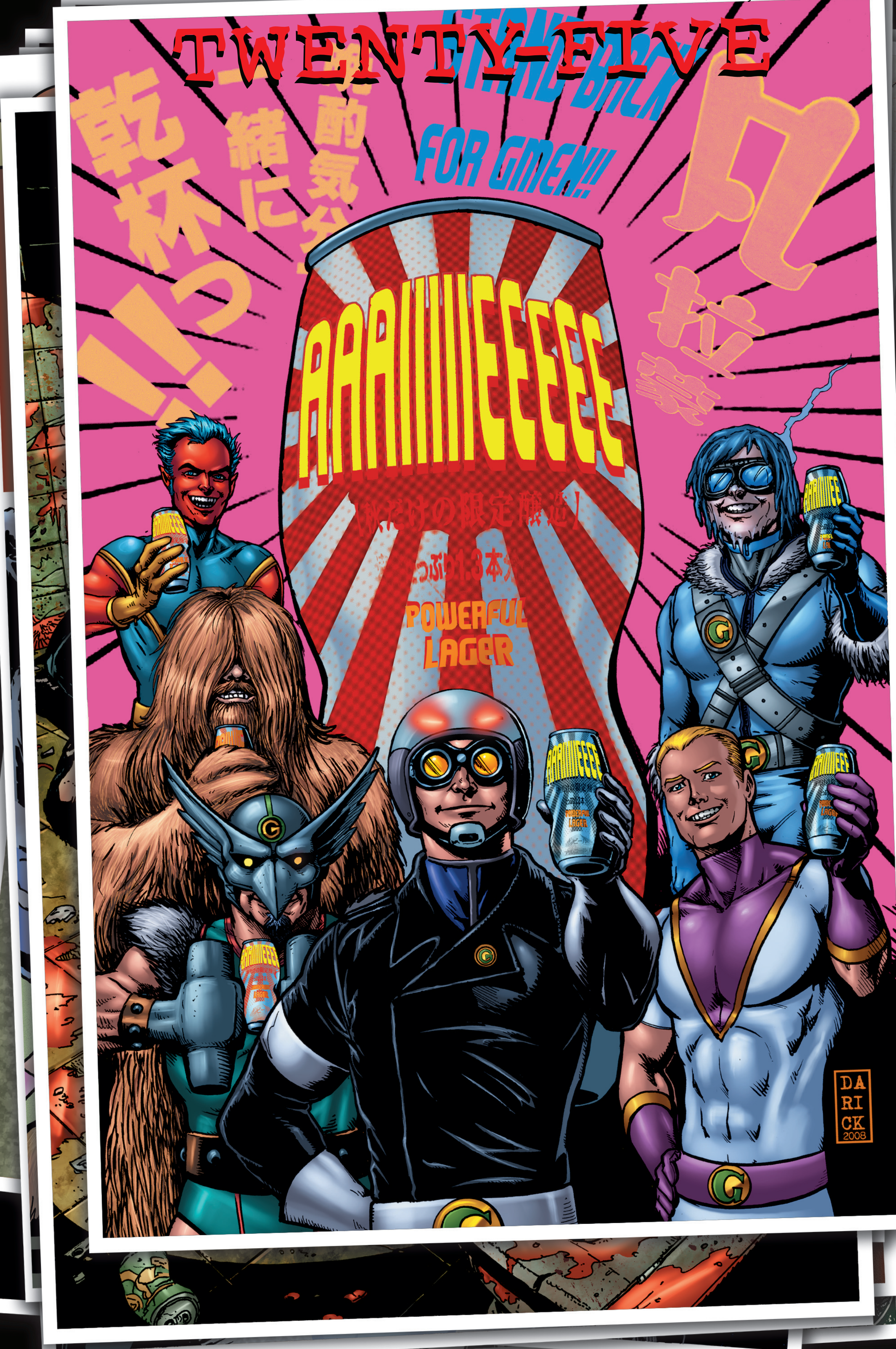

YOU PICKED A PRETTY SWEET FUCKIN' TIME TO SHOW UP, HUGHIE...
OH AYE?
HELL, YEAH. NEXT WEEK WE'RE ALL GOIN' INTO THE CITY FOR SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.
GET YOUR FUCKIN' IRISH ON, DUDE! PAR-TAAYYY!
OH AYE, SAINT PADDY'S. RIGHT.
SO LISTEN, WILL THE RESTA THE G-MEN BE THERE TODAY...?
WELL, THE MAIN TEAM, THE ACTUAL *G-MEN,* THEY'RE ALWAYS THERE. THE REST, IT KINDA DEPENDS--MIGHT BE A FEW HERE TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO SILVER KINCAID.
FUCKIN' SHAME ABOUT THAT. SHE WAS A PIECE OF ASS.
I LIKE *NUBIA,* MAN...
DUDE, YOU ARE FUCKIN' WELCOME TO HER. SOMETHIN' GOIN' ON THERE JUST AIN'T RIGHT.
SHIT...G-STYLE AN' G-COAST AIN'T GONNA BE HERE TOGETHER, ARE THEY?
OH, *FUCK...!*
NO WAY, MAN, GODOLKIN AIN'T GONNA LET THAT HAPPEN...
JESUS CHRIST, *PLEASE* NO...


OH YEAH, HUGHIE, SPEAKIN' OF SILVER KINCAID: YOU MIGHT WANNA STAY CLEAR OF FIVE-OH. HE'S GONNA BE SERIOUSLY PISSED ABOUT IT.
YEAH, NO WAY DOES HE GET TO FUCK HER NOW. AN' WATCH OUT FOR GROUND HAWK, TOO.
WHY, DID HE FANCY HER AS WELL?
GWIZ
NO, HE'S JUST A FUCKIN' SICK RETARDED FUCK.
SERIOUSLY.
HERE WE GO...
JUST CHILL, HUGHIE. DO IT LIKE WE TOLD YOU, IT'LL ALL BE COOL.
THEY LOVE THEIR FUCKIN' DRAMA, IS ALL.
THIS IS HIM?
HMMM.
YES SIR, MISTER GODOLKIN...

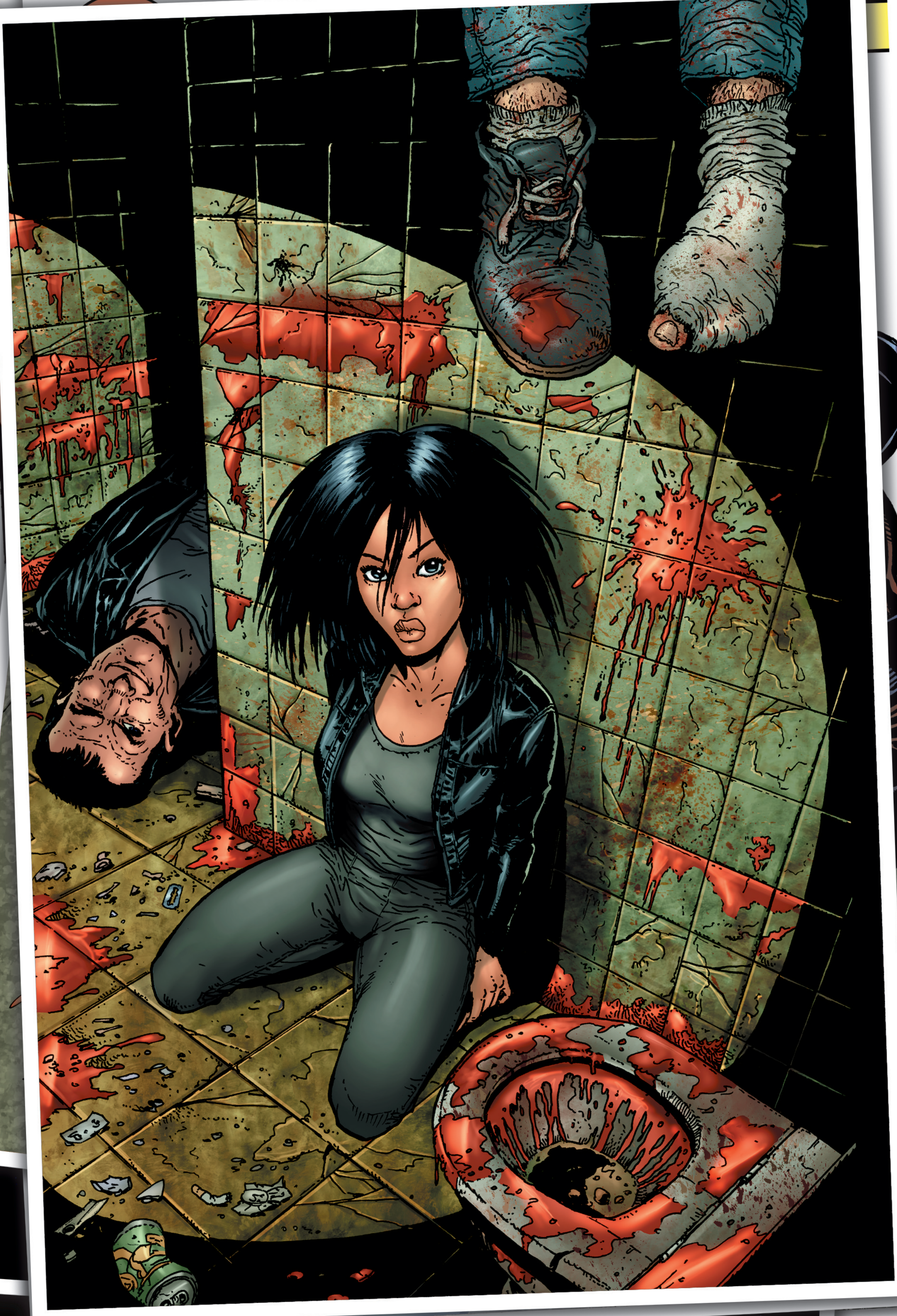

HE'S RATHER OLD.
next: IT'S NOT GONNA BE AN ORGY...!

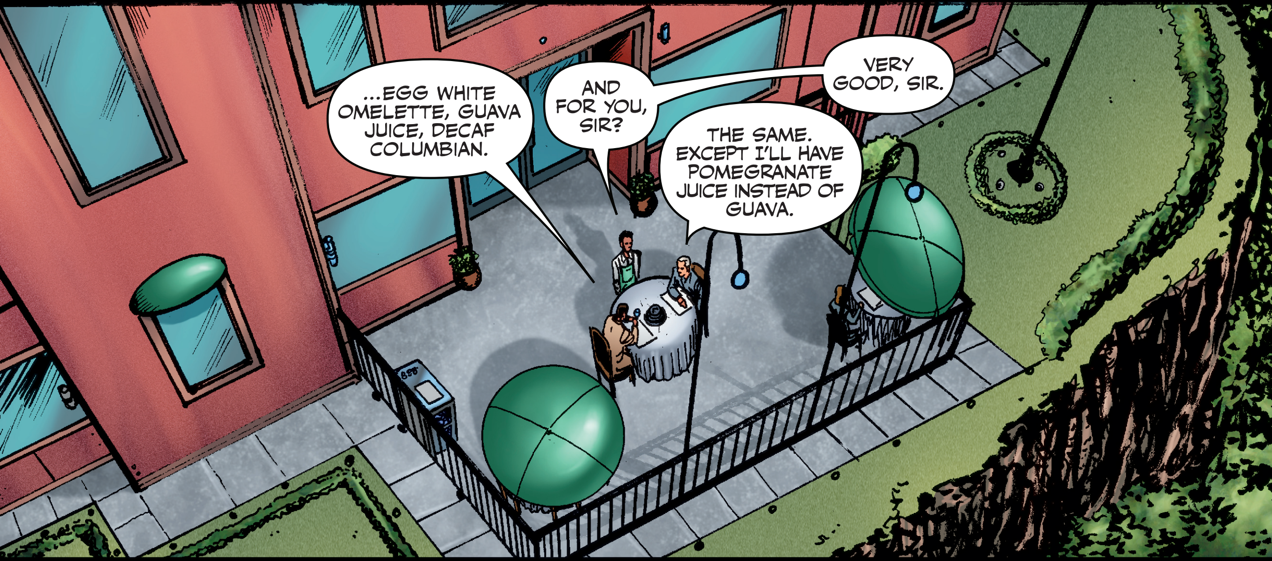
cover by Darick Robertson

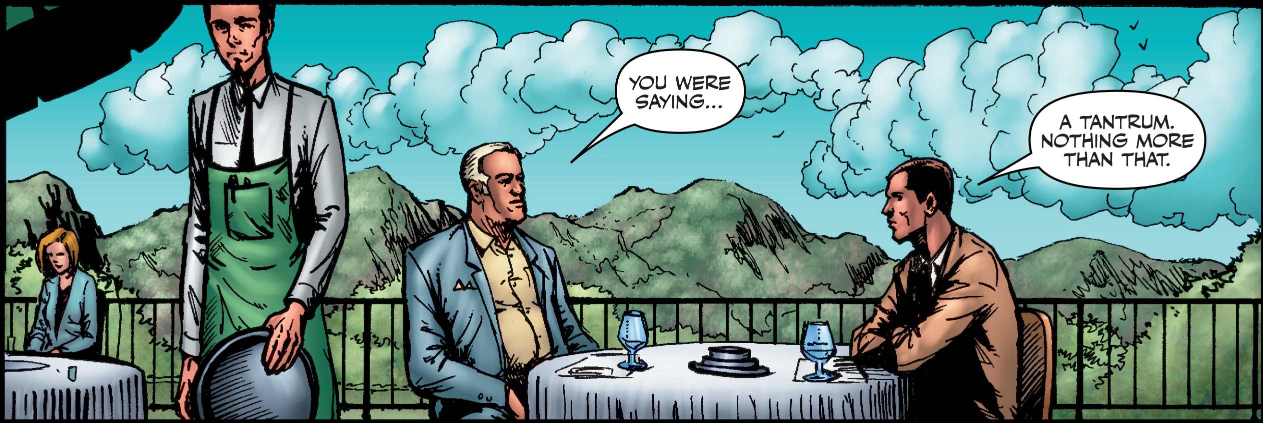
TWENTY-FIVE

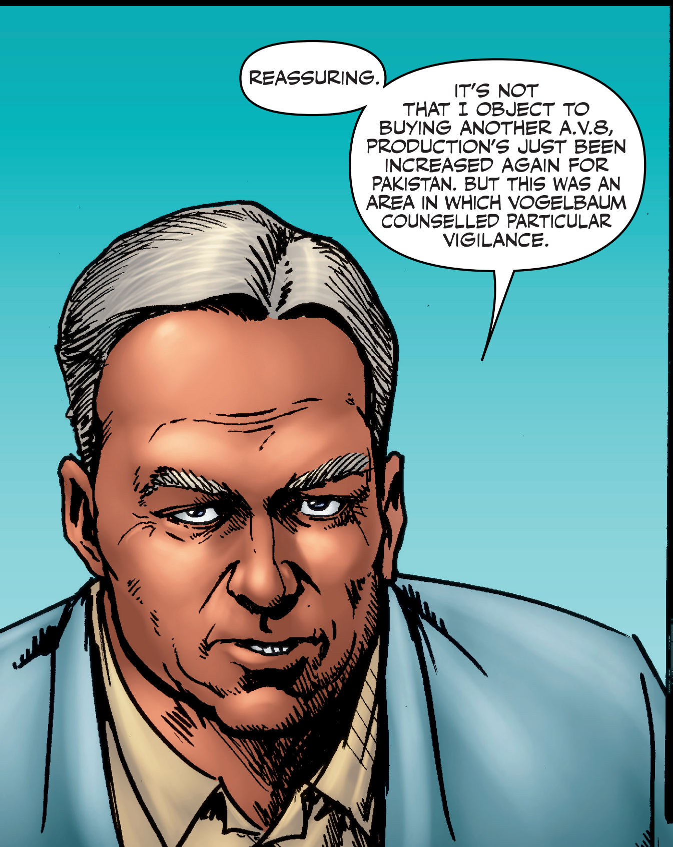

STAND BACK FOR GMEN!!
乾杯っ!!!
一緒に
酔気分
AAAIIIIIEEEEE
【秋だけの限定醸造】
たっぷり1.3本分
POWERFUL LAGER
DARICK 2008

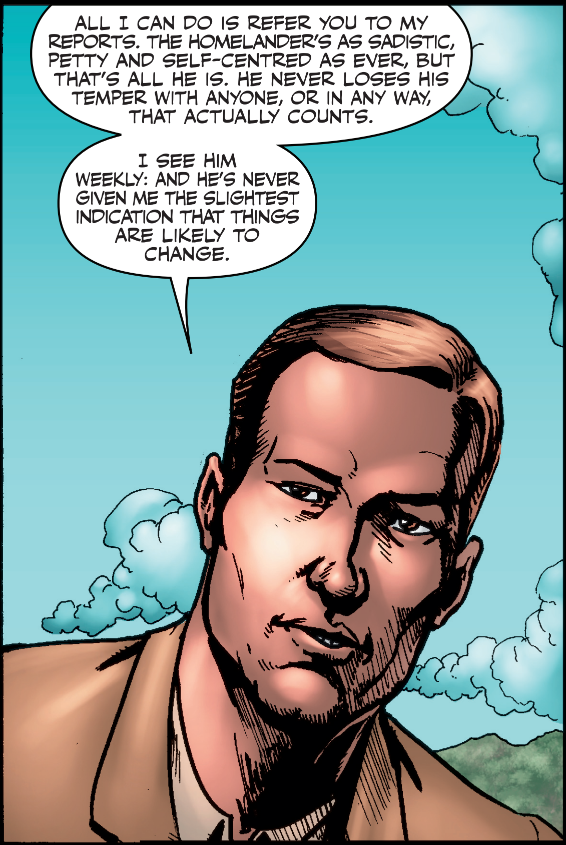
alternate cover by Carlos Ezquerra

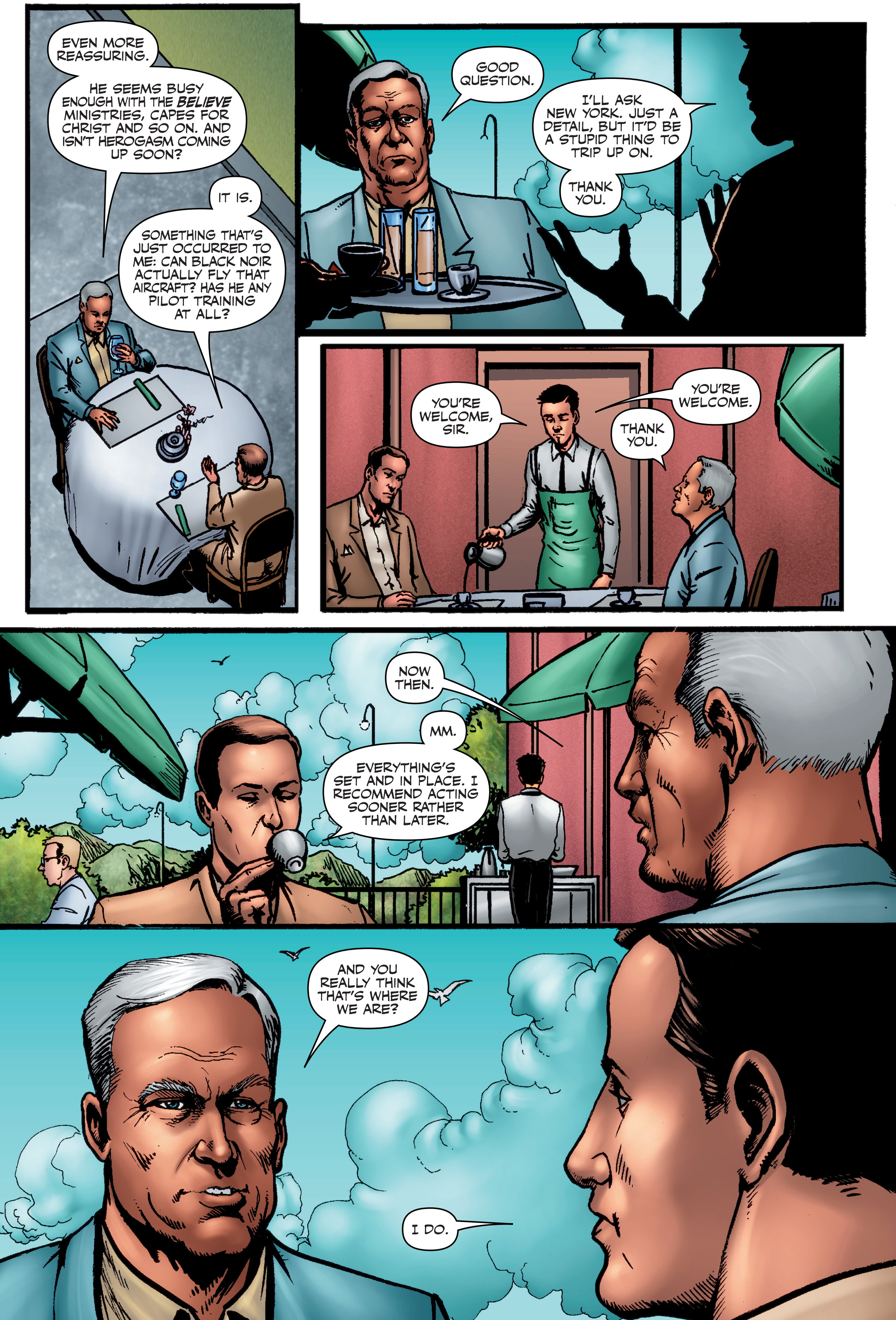


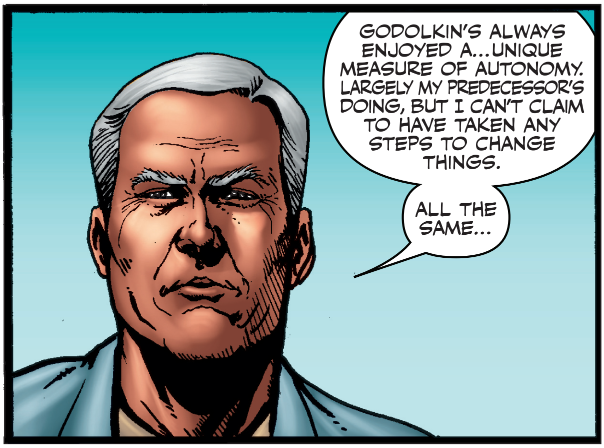

...EGG WHITE OMELETTE, GUAVA JUICE, DECAF COLUMBIAN.
AND FOR YOU, SIR?
THE SAME. EXCEPT I'LL HAVE POMEGRANATE JUICE INSTEAD OF GUAVA.
VERY GOOD, SIR.

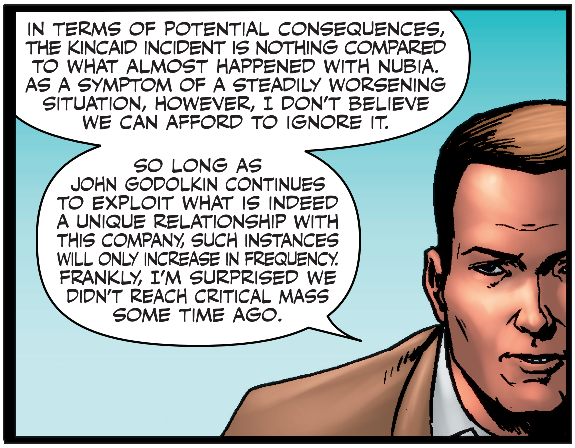

YOU WERE SAYING...
A TANTRUM. NOTHING MORE THAN THAT.

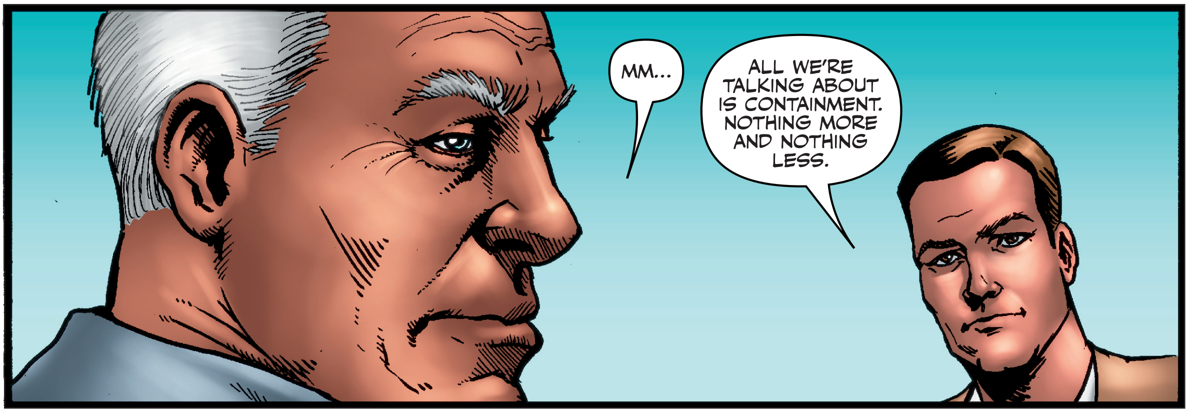

REASSURING.
IT'S NOT THAT I OBJECT TO BUYING ANOTHER A.V.8, PRODUCTION'S JUST BEEN INCREASED AGAIN FOR PAKISTAN. BUT THIS WAS AN AREA IN WHICH VOGELBAUM COUNSELLED PARTICULAR VIGILANCE.

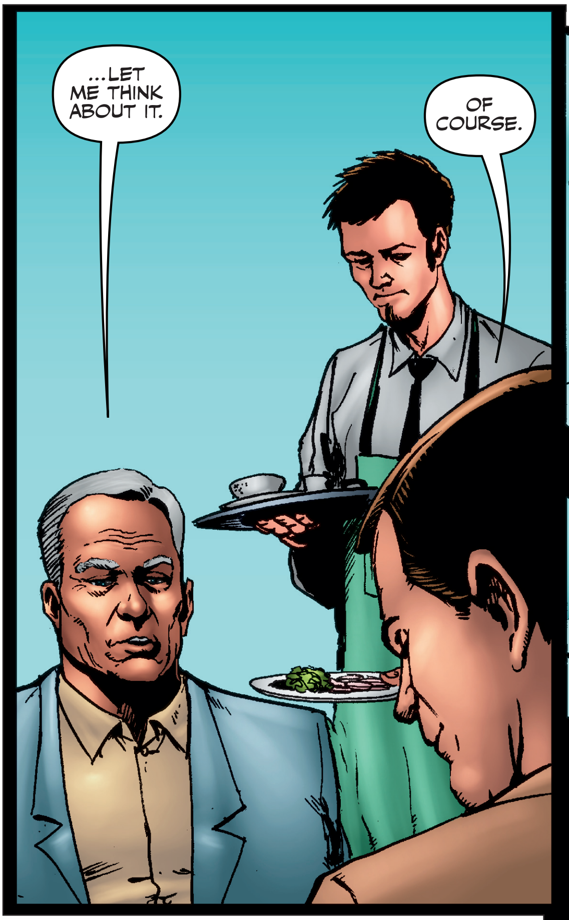

ALL I CAN DO IS REFER YOU TO MY REPORTS. THE HOMELANDER'S AS SADISTIC, PETTY AND SELF-CENTRED AS EVER, BUT THAT'S ALL HE IS. HE NEVER LOSES HIS TEMPER WITH ANYONE, OR IN ANY WAY, THAT ACTUALLY COUNTS.
I SEE HIM WEEKLY: AND HE'S NEVER GIVEN ME THE SLIGHTEST INDICATION THAT THINGS ARE LIKELY TO CHANGE.

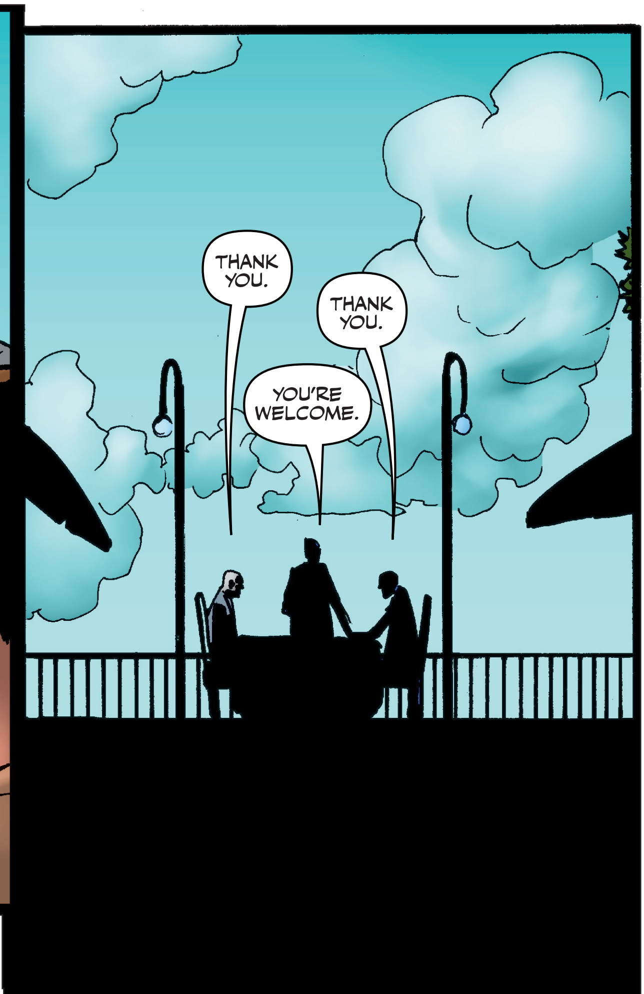

EVEN MORE REASSURING.
HE SEEMS BUSY ENOUGH WITH THE ***BELIEVE*** MINISTRIES, CAPES FOR CHRIST AND SO ON. AND ISN'T HEROGASM COMING UP SOON?
IT IS.
SOMETHING THAT'S JUST OCCURRED TO ME: CAN BLACK NOIR ACTUALLY FLY THAT AIRCRAFT? HAS HE ANY PILOT TRAINING AT ALL?
GOOD QUESTION.
I'LL ASK NEW YORK. JUST A DETAIL, BUT IT'D BE A STUPID THING TO TRIP UP ON.
THANK YOU.
YOU'RE WELCOME, SIR.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
THANK YOU.
NOW THEN.
MM.
EVERYTHING'S SET AND IN PLACE. I RECOMMEND ACTING SOONER RATHER THAN LATER.
AND YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S WHERE WE ARE?
I DO.

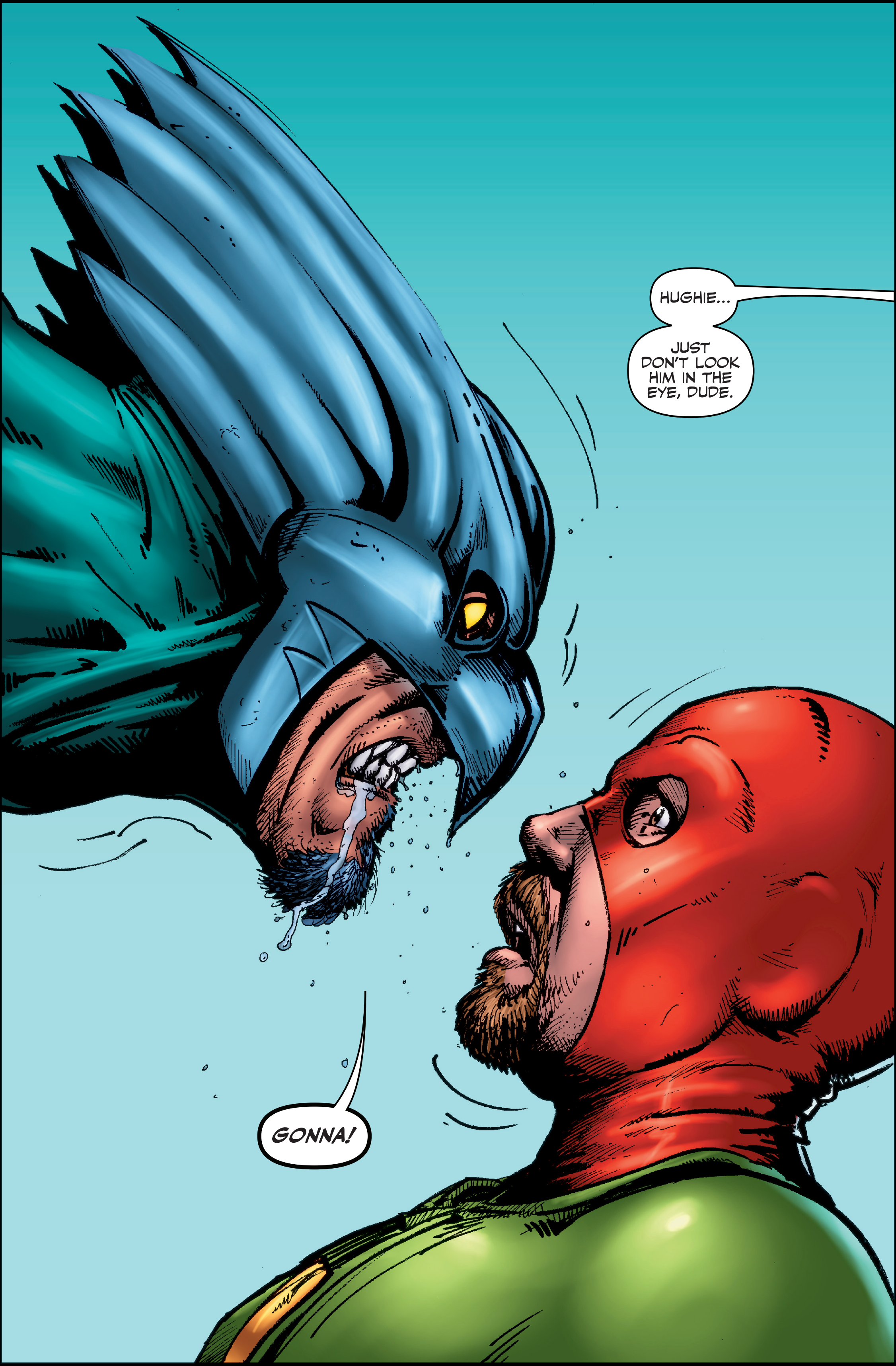

GODOLKIN'S ALWAYS ENJOYED A...UNIQUE MEASURE OF AUTONOMY. LARGELY MY PREDECESSOR'S DOING, BUT I CAN'T CLAIM TO HAVE TAKEN ANY STEPS TO CHANGE THINGS.
ALL THE SAME...


IN TERMS OF POTENTIAL CONSEQUENCES, THE KINCAID INCIDENT IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED WITH NUBIA. AS A SYMPTOM OF A STEADILY WORSENING SITUATION, HOWEVER, I DON'T BELIEVE WE CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE IT.
SO LONG AS JOHN GODOLKIN CONTINUES TO EXPLOIT WHAT IS INDEED A UNIQUE RELATIONSHIP WITH THIS COMPANY, SUCH INSTANCES WILL ONLY INCREASE IN FREQUENCY. FRANKLY, I'M SURPRISED WE DIDN'T REACH CRITICAL MASS SOME TIME AGO.


MM...
ALL WE'RE TALKING ABOUT IS CONTAINMENT. NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS.

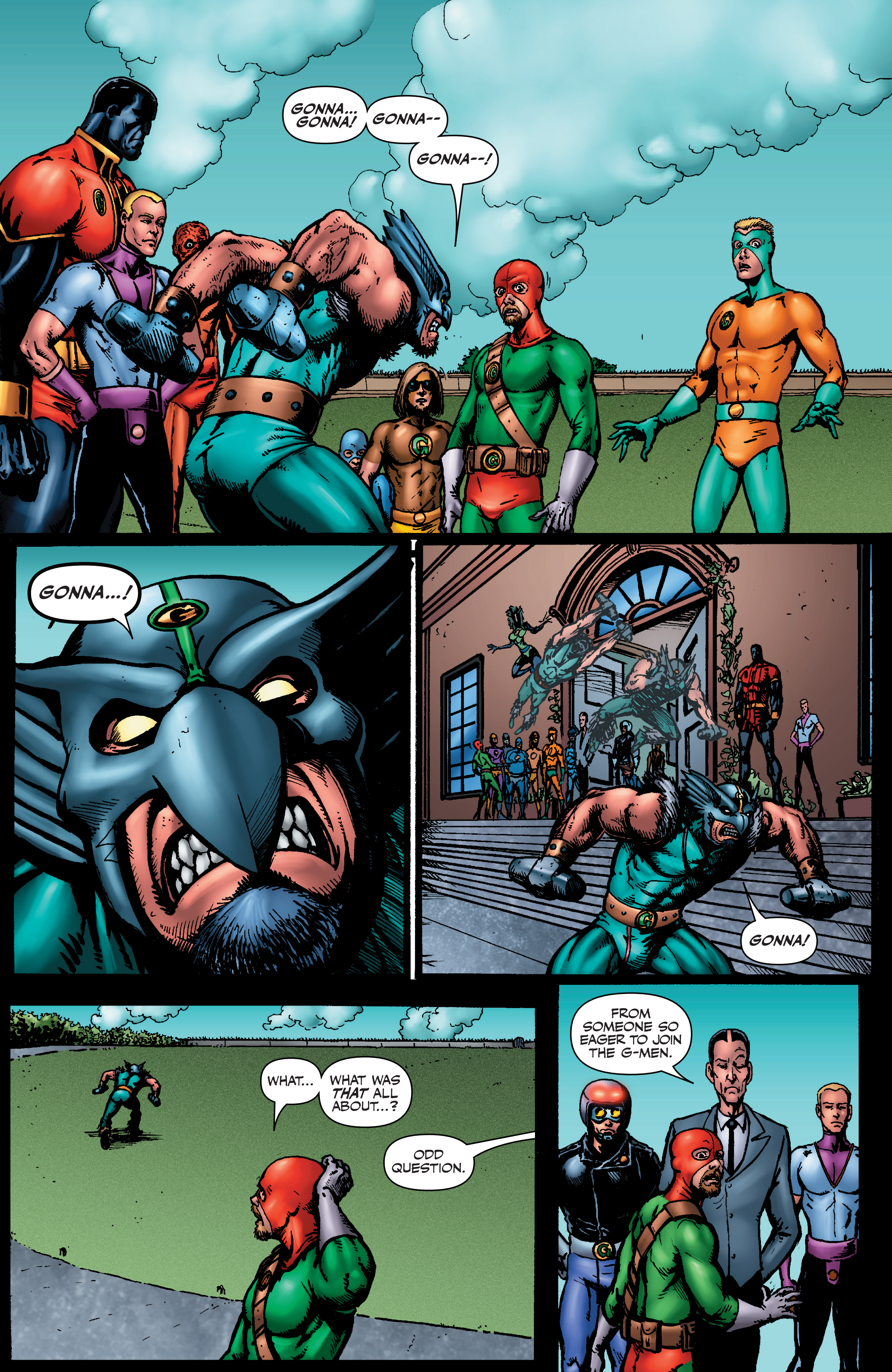

...LET ME THINK ABOUT IT.
OF COURSE.

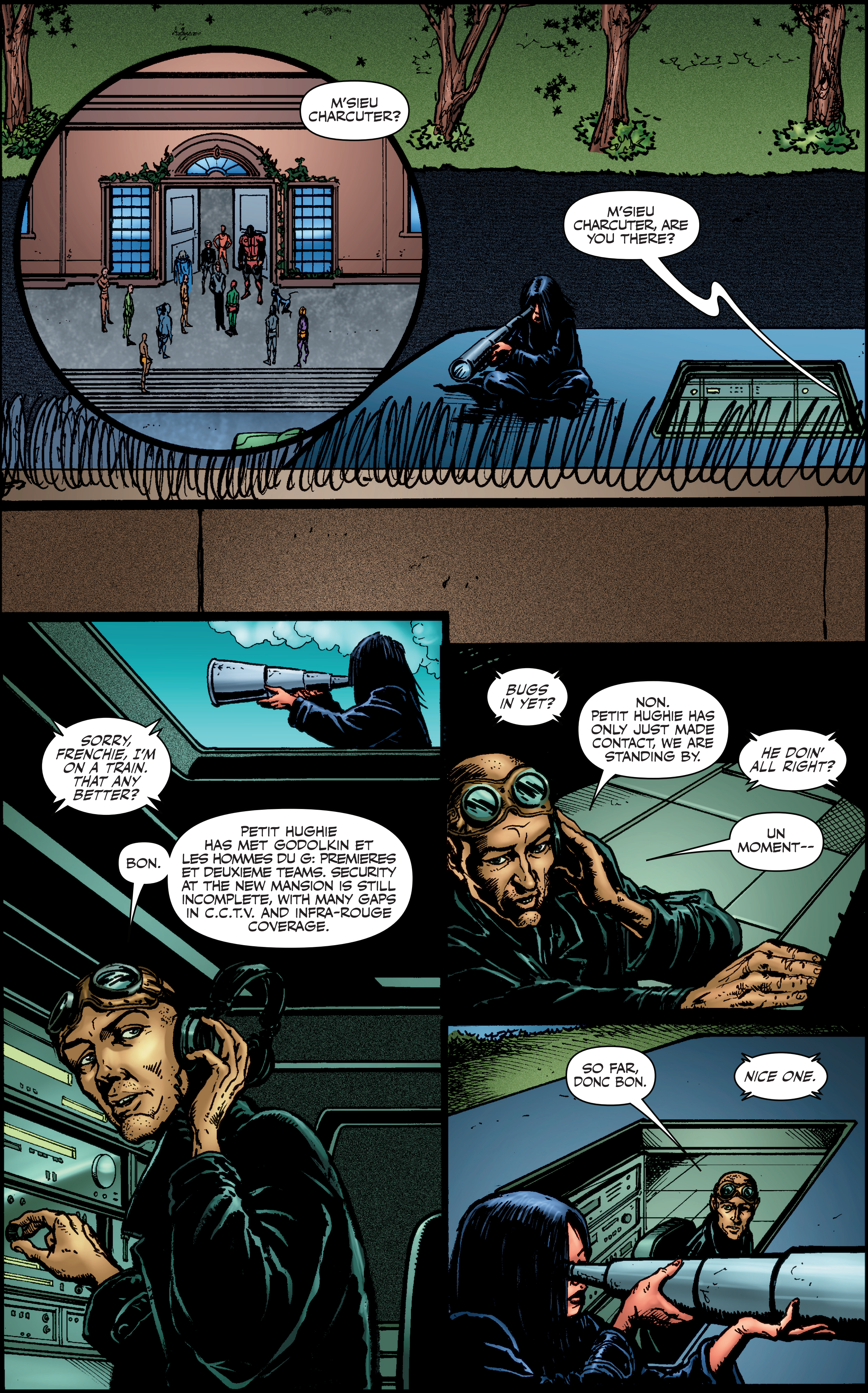

THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.
YOU'RE WELCOME.

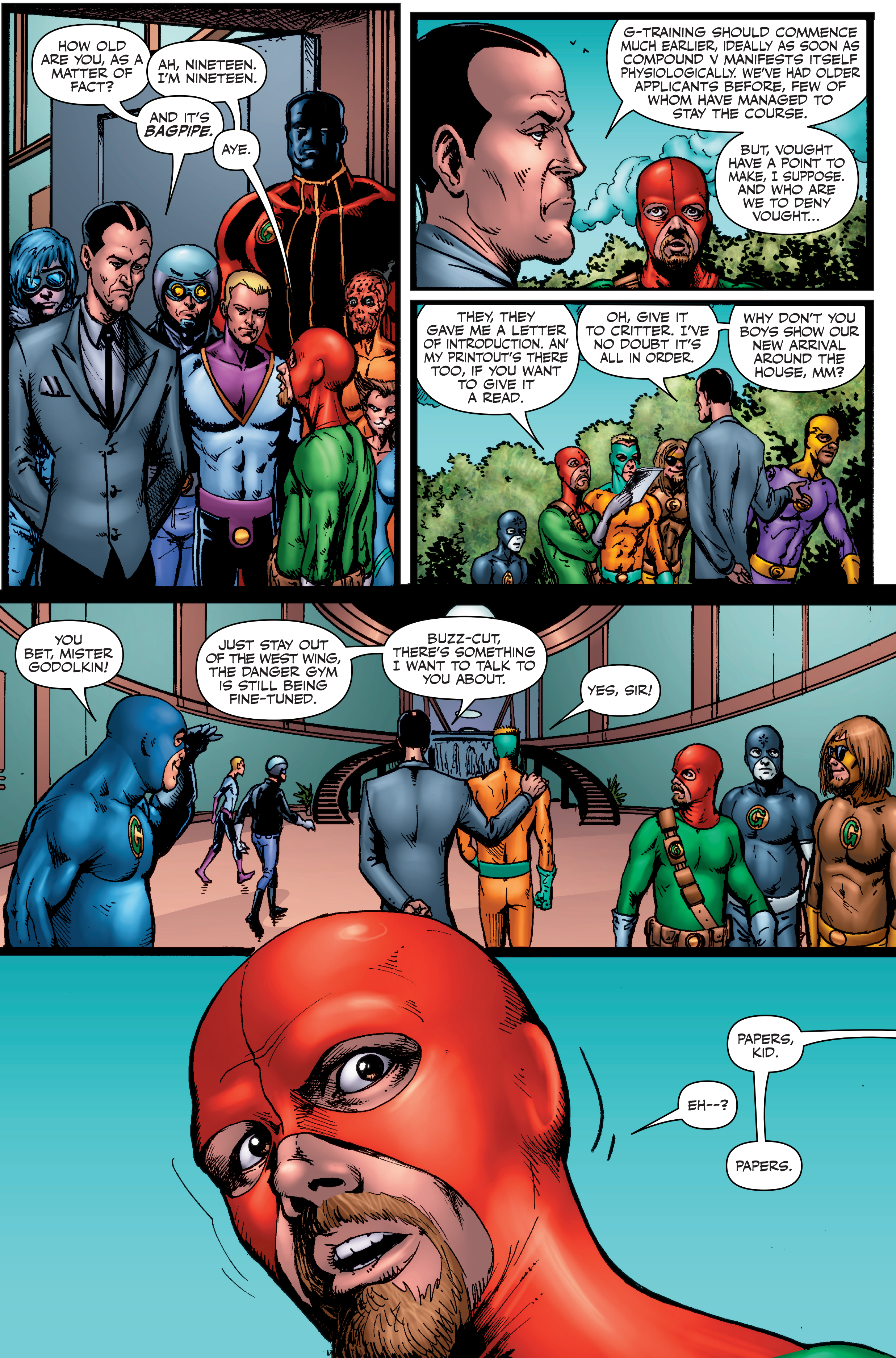

HUGHIE...
JUST DON'T LOOK HIM IN THE EYE, DUDE.
GONNA!

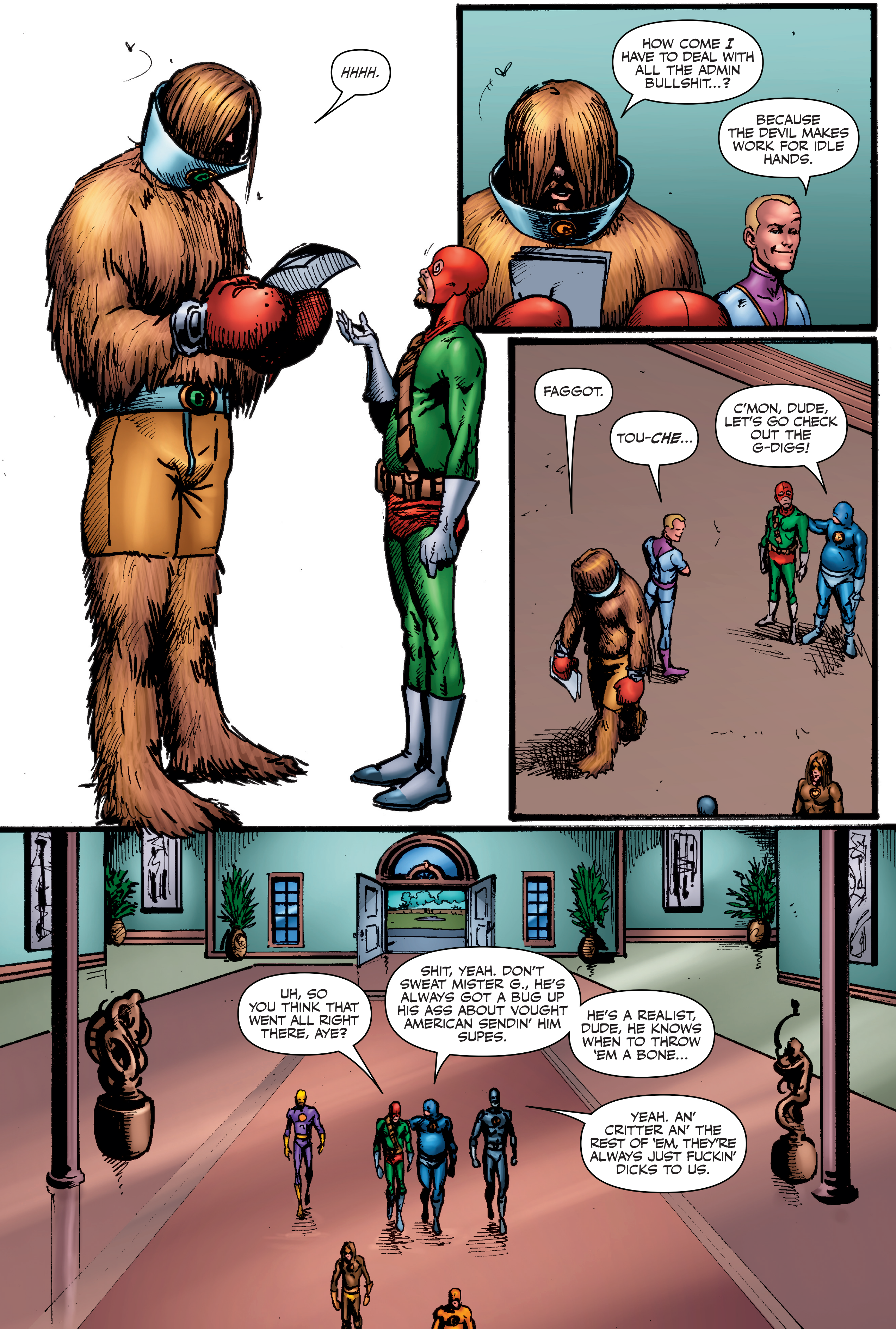
WE GOTTA GO NOW

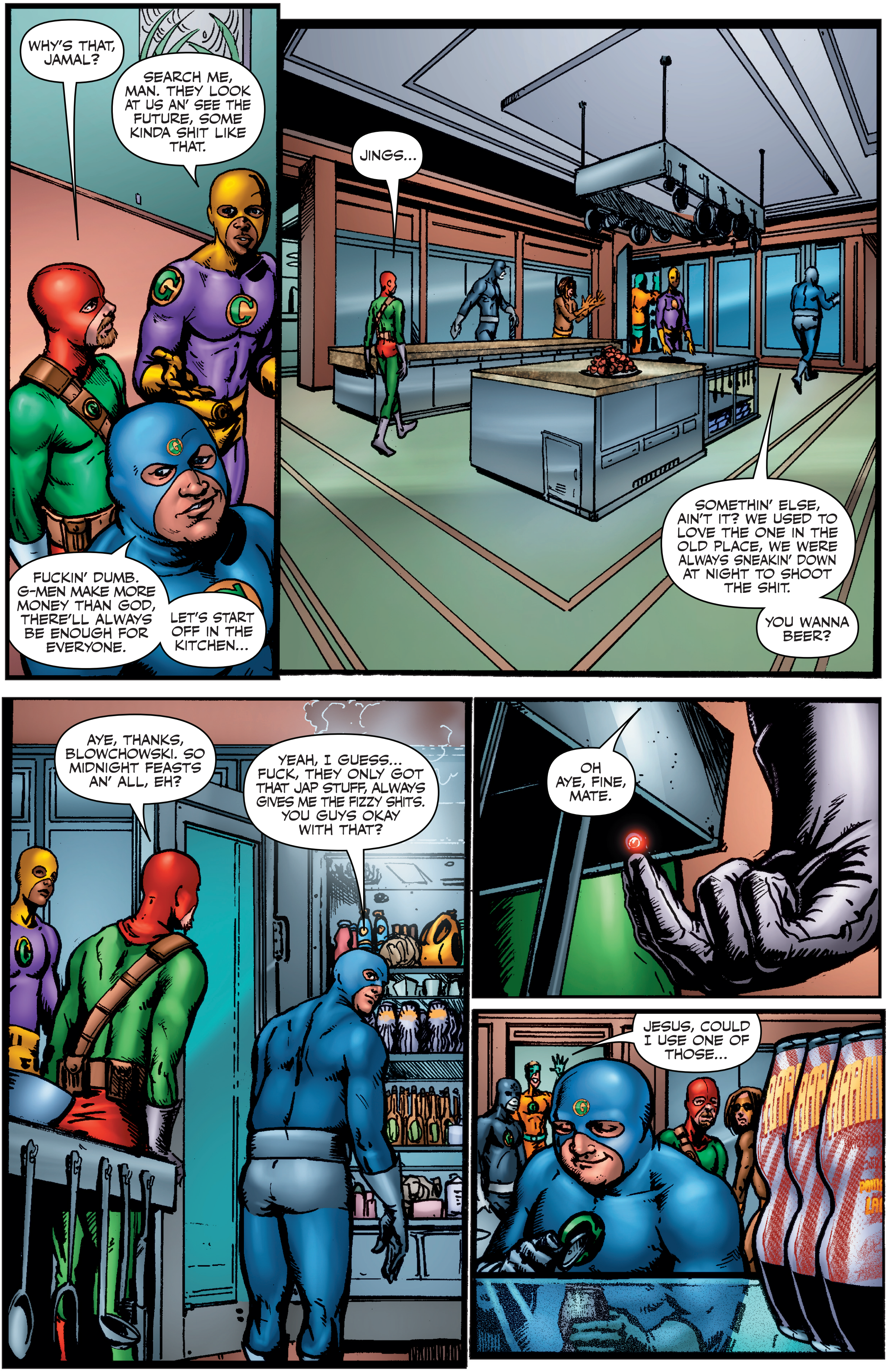
part three

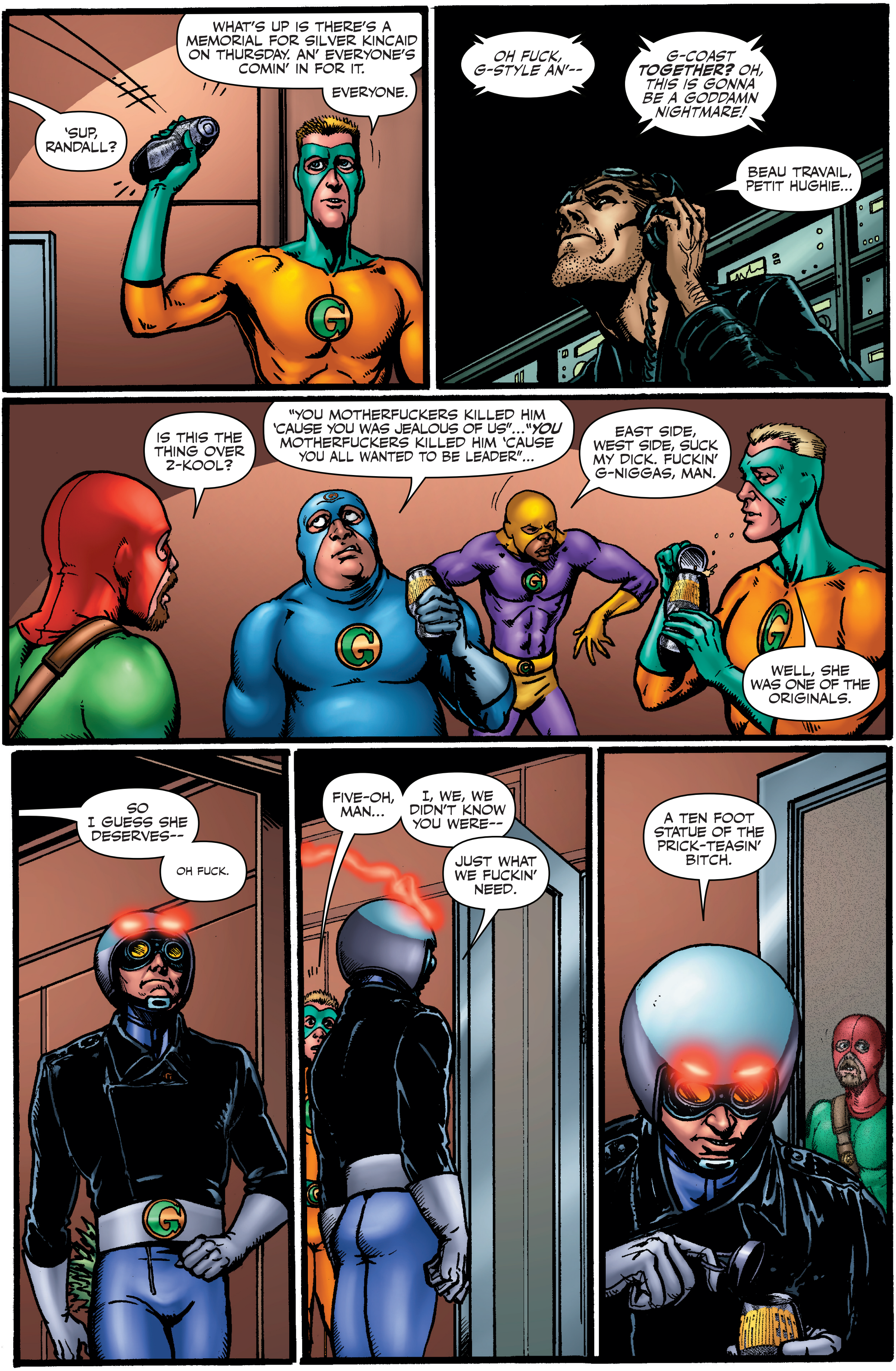

GONNA... GONNA!
GONNA--
GONNA--!
GONNA...!
GONNA!
WHAT...
WHAT WAS *THAT* ALL ABOUT...?
ODD QUESTION.
FROM SOMEONE SO EAGER TO JOIN THE G-MEN.

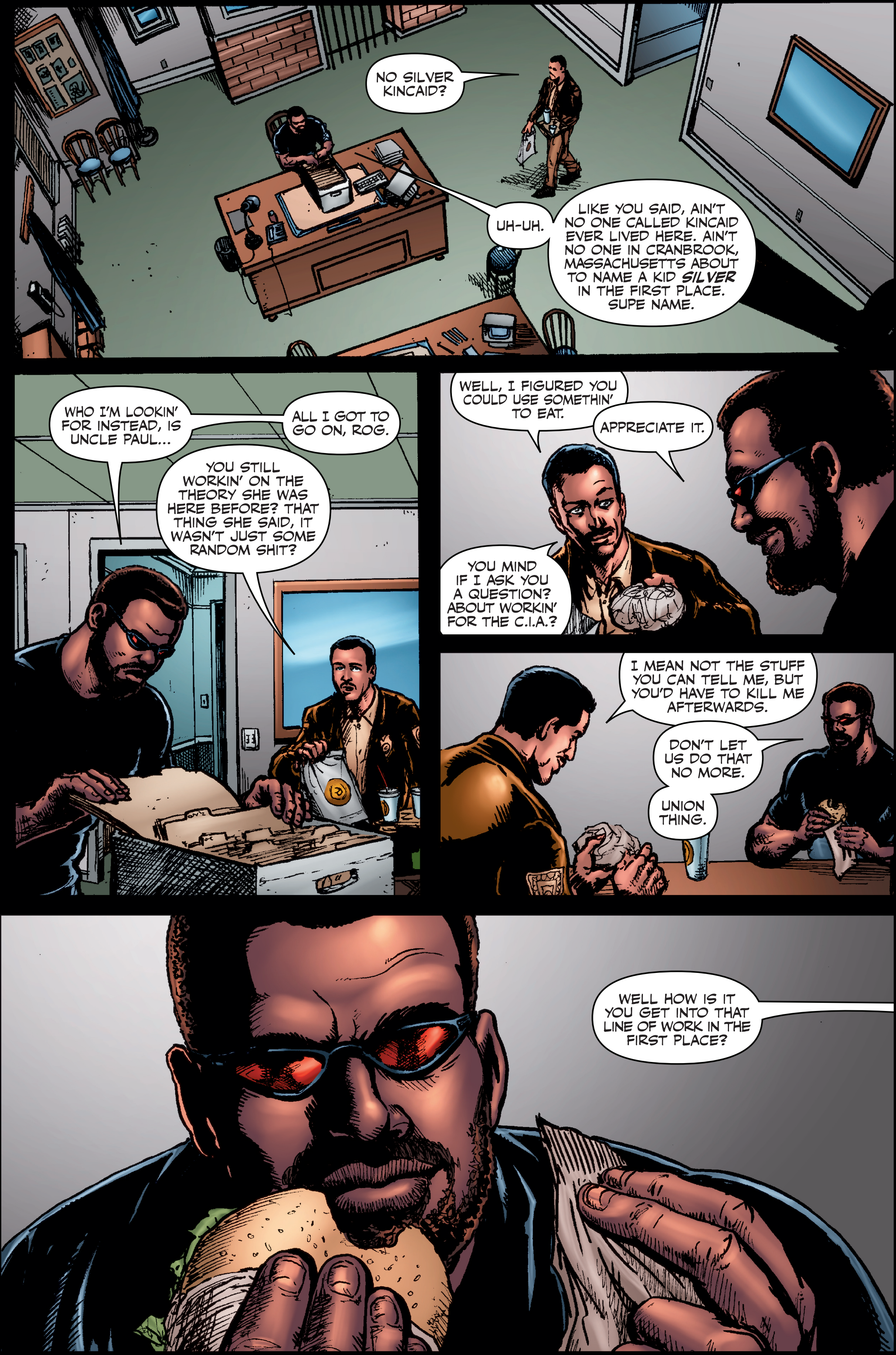

M'SIEU CHARCUTER?
M'SIEU CHARCUTER, ARE YOU THERE?
SORRY, FRENCHIE, I'M ON A TRAIN. THAT ANY BETTER?
BON.
PETIT HUGHIE HAS MET GODOLKIN ET LES HOMMES DU G: PREMIERES ET DEUXIEME TEAMS. SECURITY AT THE NEW MANSION IS STILL INCOMPLETE, WITH MANY GAPS IN C.C.T.V. AND INFRA-ROUGE COVERAGE.
BUGS IN YET?
NON. PETIT HUGHIE HAS ONLY JUST MADE CONTACT, WE ARE STANDING BY.
HE DOIN' ALL RIGHT?
UN MOMENT--
SO FAR, DONC BON.
NICE ONE.

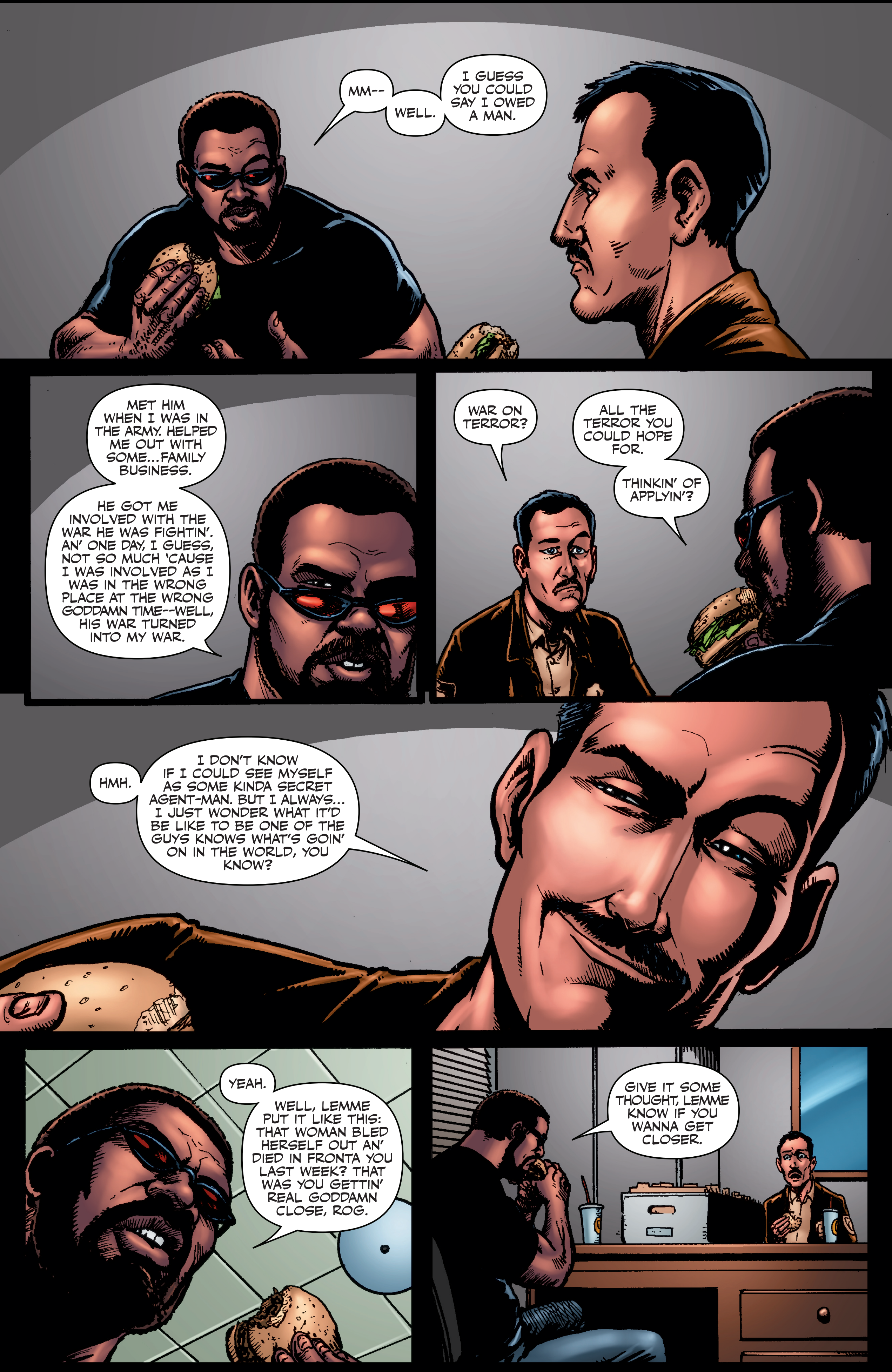

HOW OLD ARE YOU, AS A MATTER OF FACT?
AH, NINETEEN. I'M NINETEEN.
AND IT'S *BAGPIPE.*
AYE.
G-TRAINING SHOULD COMMENCE MUCH EARLIER, IDEALLY AS SOON AS COMPOUND V MANIFESTS ITSELF PHYSIOLOGICALLY. WE'VE HAD OLDER APPLICANTS BEFORE, FEW OF WHOM HAVE MANAGED TO STAY THE COURSE.
BUT, VOUGHT HAVE A POINT TO MAKE, I SUPPOSE. AND WHO ARE WE TO DENY VOUGHT...
THEY, THEY GAVE ME A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION. AN' MY PRINTOUT'S THERE TOO, IF YOU WANT TO GIVE IT A READ.
OH, GIVE IT TO CRITTER. I'VE NO DOUBT IT'S ALL IN ORDER.
WHY DON'T YOU BOYS SHOW OUR NEW ARRIVAL AROUND THE HOUSE, MM?
YOU BET, MISTER GODOLKIN!
JUST STAY OUT OF THE WEST WING, THE DANGER GYM IS STILL BEING FINE-TUNED.
BUZZ-CUT, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.
YES, SIR!
PAPERS, KID.
EH--?
PAPERS.

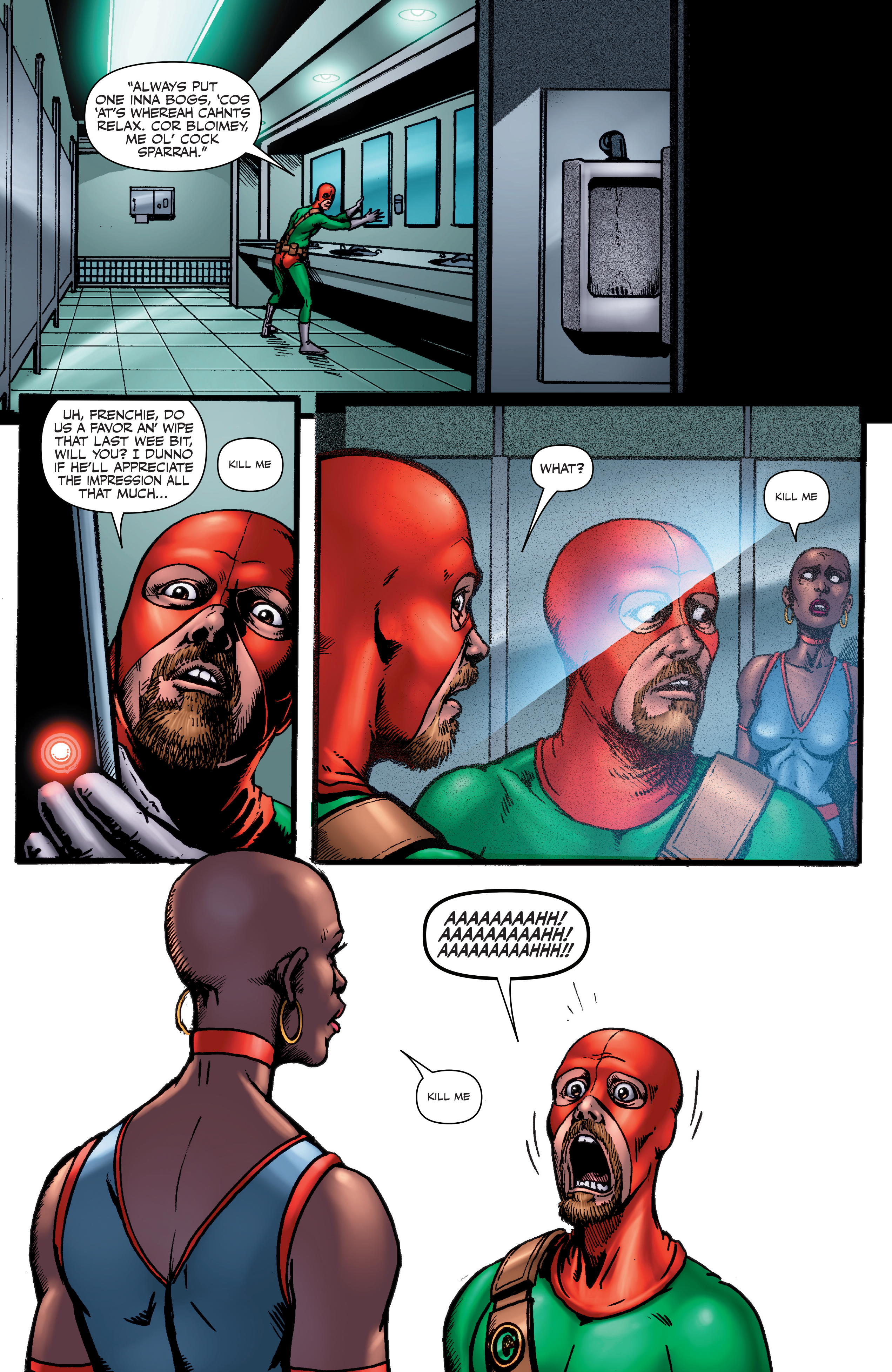

HHHH.
HOW COME *I* HAVE TO DEAL WITH ALL THE ADMIN BULLSHIT...?
BECAUSE THE DEVIL MAKES WORK FOR IDLE HANDS.
FAGGOT.
TOU-*CHE*...
C'MON, DUDE, LET'S GO CHECK OUT THE G-DIGS!
UH, SO YOU THINK THAT WENT ALL RIGHT THERE, AYE?
SHIT, YEAH. DON'T SWEAT MISTER G., HE'S ALWAYS GOT A BUG UP HIS ASS ABOUT VOUGHT AMERICAN SENDIN' HIM SUPES.
HE'S A REALIST, DUDE, HE KNOWS WHEN TO THROW 'EM A BONE...
YEAH. AN' CRITTER AN' THE REST OF 'EM, THEY'RE ALWAYS JUST FUCKIN' DICKS TO US.

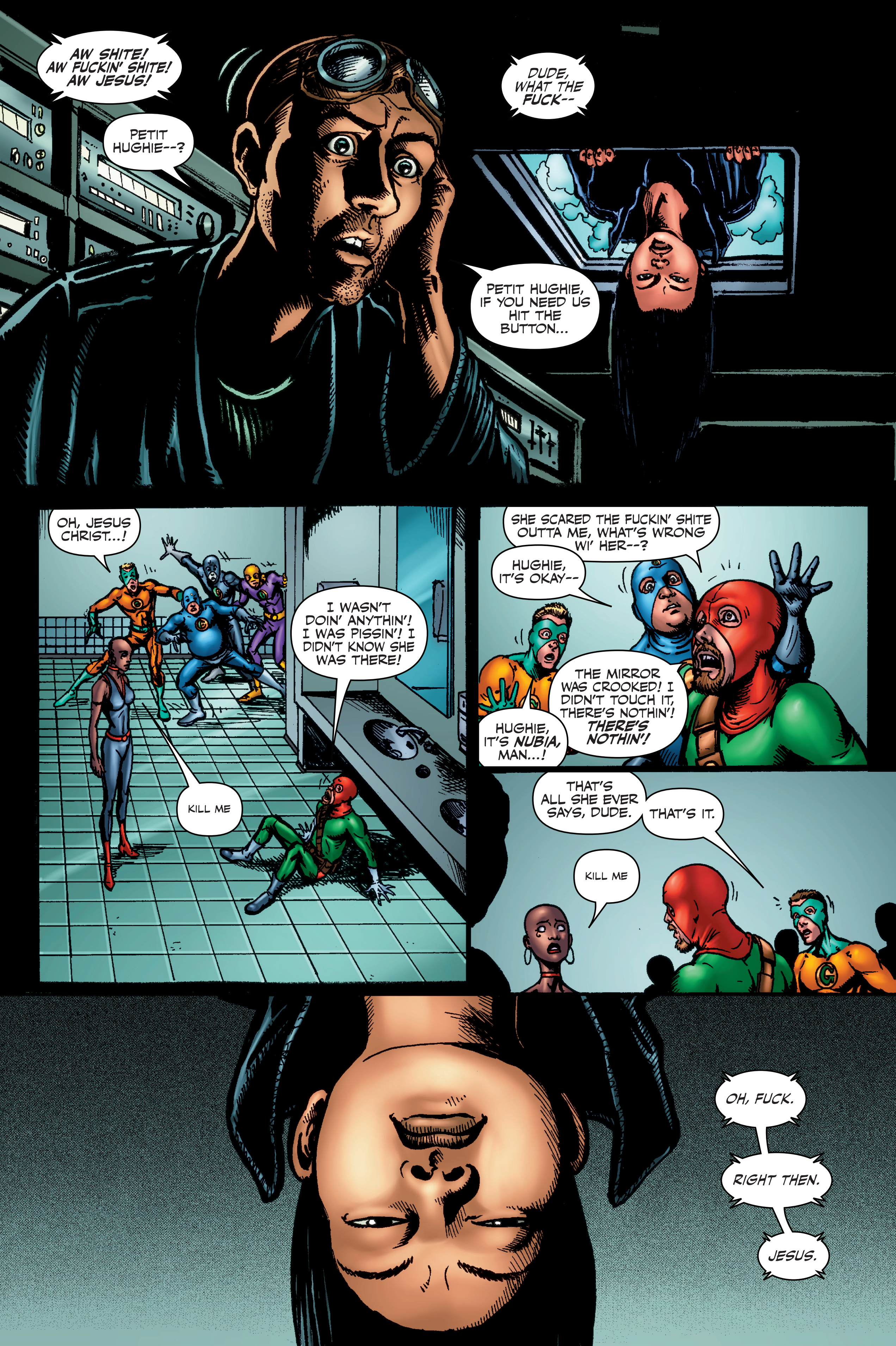

WHY'S THAT, JAMAL?
SEARCH ME, MAN. THEY LOOK AT US AN' SEE THE FUTURE, SOME KINDA SHIT LIKE THAT.
FUCKIN' DUMB. G-MEN MAKE MORE MONEY THAN GOD, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE.
LET'S START OFF IN THE KITCHEN...
JINGS...
SOMETHIN' ELSE, AIN'T IT? WE USED TO LOVE THE ONE IN THE OLD PLACE, WE WERE ALWAYS SNEAKIN' DOWN AT NIGHT TO SHOOT THE SHIT.
YOU WANNA BEER?
AYE, THANKS, BLOWCHOWSKI. SO MIDNIGHT FEASTS AN' ALL, EH?
YEAH, I GUESS... FUCK, THEY ONLY GOT THAT JAP STUFF, ALWAYS GIVES ME THE FIZZY SHITS. YOU GUYS OKAY WITH THAT?
OH AYE, FINE, MATE.
JESUS, COULD I USE ONE OF THOSE...

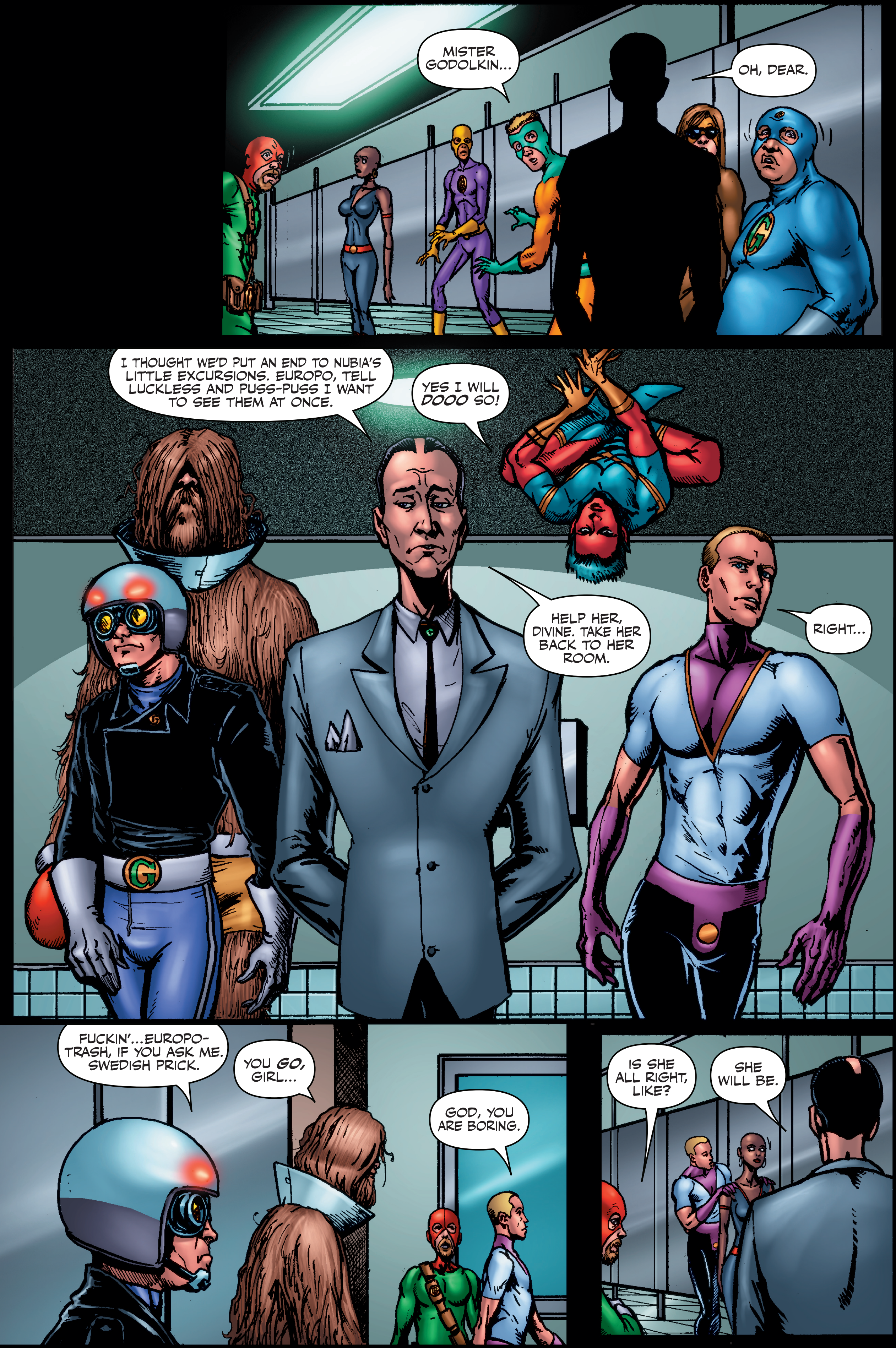

'SUP, RANDALL?
WHAT'S UP IS THERE'S A MEMORIAL FOR SILVER KINCAID ON THURSDAY. AN' EVERYONE'S COMIN' IN FOR IT.
EVERYONE.
OH FUCK, G-STYLE AN'--
G-COAST TOGETHER? OH, THIS IS GONNA BE A GODDAMN NIGHTMARE!
BEAU TRAVAIL, PETIT HUGHIE...
IS THIS THE THING OVER 2-KOOL?
"YOU MOTHERFUCKERS KILLED HIM 'CAUSE YOU WAS JEALOUS OF US"..."YOU MOTHERFUCKERS KILLED HIM 'CAUSE YOU ALL WANTED TO BE LEADER"...
EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, SUCK MY DICK. FUCKIN' G-NIGGAS, MAN.
WELL, SHE WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINALS.
SO I GUESS SHE DESERVES--
OH FUCK.
FIVE-OH, MAN...
I, WE, WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE--
JUST WHAT WE FUCKIN' NEED.
A TEN FOOT STATUE OF THE PRICK-TEASIN' BITCH.

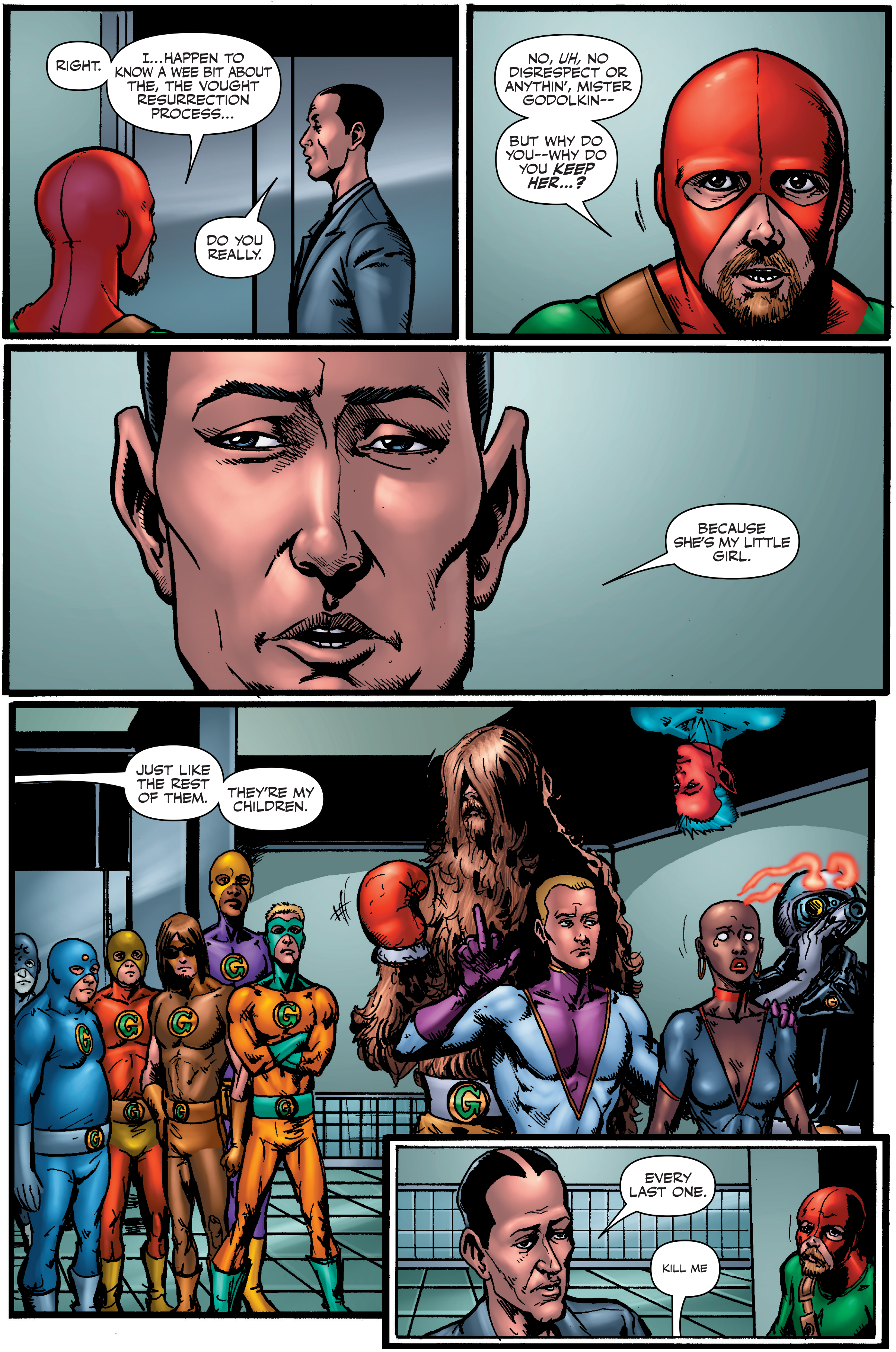

NO SILVER KINCAID?
UH-UH.
LIKE YOU SAID, AIN'T NO ONE CALLED KINCAID EVER LIVED HERE. AIN'T NO ONE IN CRANBROOK, MASSACHUSETTS ABOUT TO NAME A KID *SILVER* IN THE FIRST PLACE. SUPE NAME.
WHO I'M LOOKIN' FOR INSTEAD, IS UNCLE PAUL...
ALL I GOT TO GO ON, ROG.
YOU STILL WORKIN' ON THE THEORY SHE WAS HERE BEFORE? THAT THING SHE SAID, IT WASN'T JUST SOME RANDOM SHIT?
WELL, I FIGURED YOU COULD USE SOMETHIN' TO EAT.
APPRECIATE IT.
YOU MIND IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION? ABOUT WORKIN' FOR THE C.I.A.?
I MEAN NOT THE STUFF YOU CAN TELL ME, BUT YOU'D HAVE TO KILL ME AFTERWARDS.
DON'T LET US DO THAT NO MORE.
UNION THING.
WELL HOW IS IT YOU GET INTO THAT LINE OF WORK IN THE FIRST PLACE?

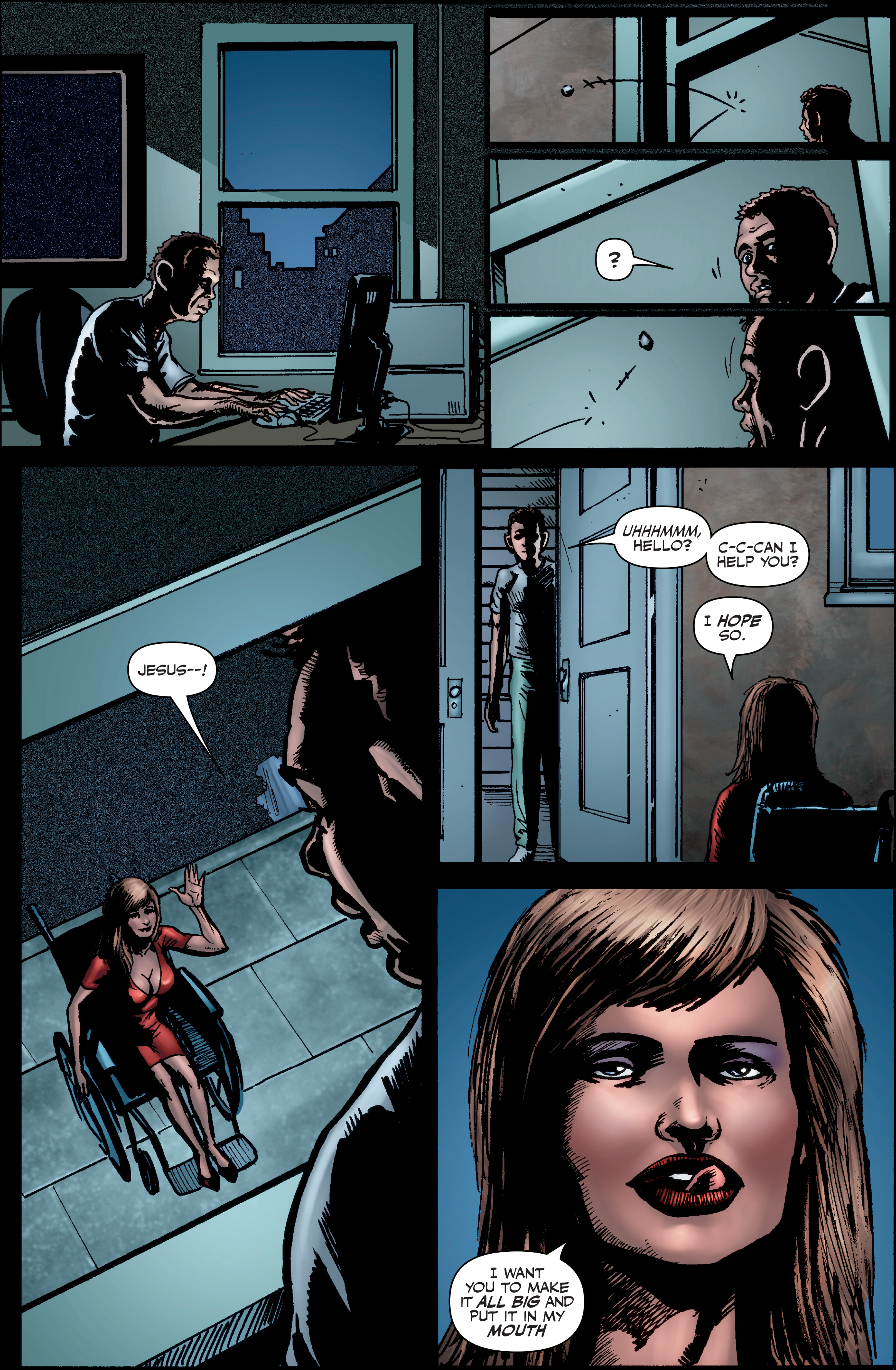

MM--
WELL.
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I OWED A MAN.
MET HIM WHEN I WAS IN THE ARMY. HELPED ME OUT WITH SOME...FAMILY BUSINESS.
HE GOT ME INVOLVED WITH THE WAR HE WAS FIGHTIN'. AN' ONE DAY, I GUESS, NOT SO MUCH 'CAUSE I WAS INVOLVED AS I WAS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG GODDAMN TIME--WELL, HIS WAR TURNED INTO MY WAR.
WAR ON TERROR?
ALL THE TERROR YOU COULD HOPE FOR.
THINKIN' OF APPLYIN'?
HMH.
I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD SEE MYSELF AS SOME KINDA SECRET AGENT-MAN. BUT I ALWAYS... I JUST WONDER WHAT IT'D BE LIKE TO BE ONE OF THE GUYS KNOWS WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THE WORLD, YOU KNOW?
YEAH.
WELL, LEMME PUT IT LIKE THIS: THAT WOMAN BLED HERSELF OUT AN' DIED IN FRONTA YOU LAST WEEK? THAT WAS YOU GETTIN' REAL GODDAMN CLOSE, ROG.
GIVE IT SOME THOUGHT, LEMME KNOW IF YOU WANNA GET CLOSER.

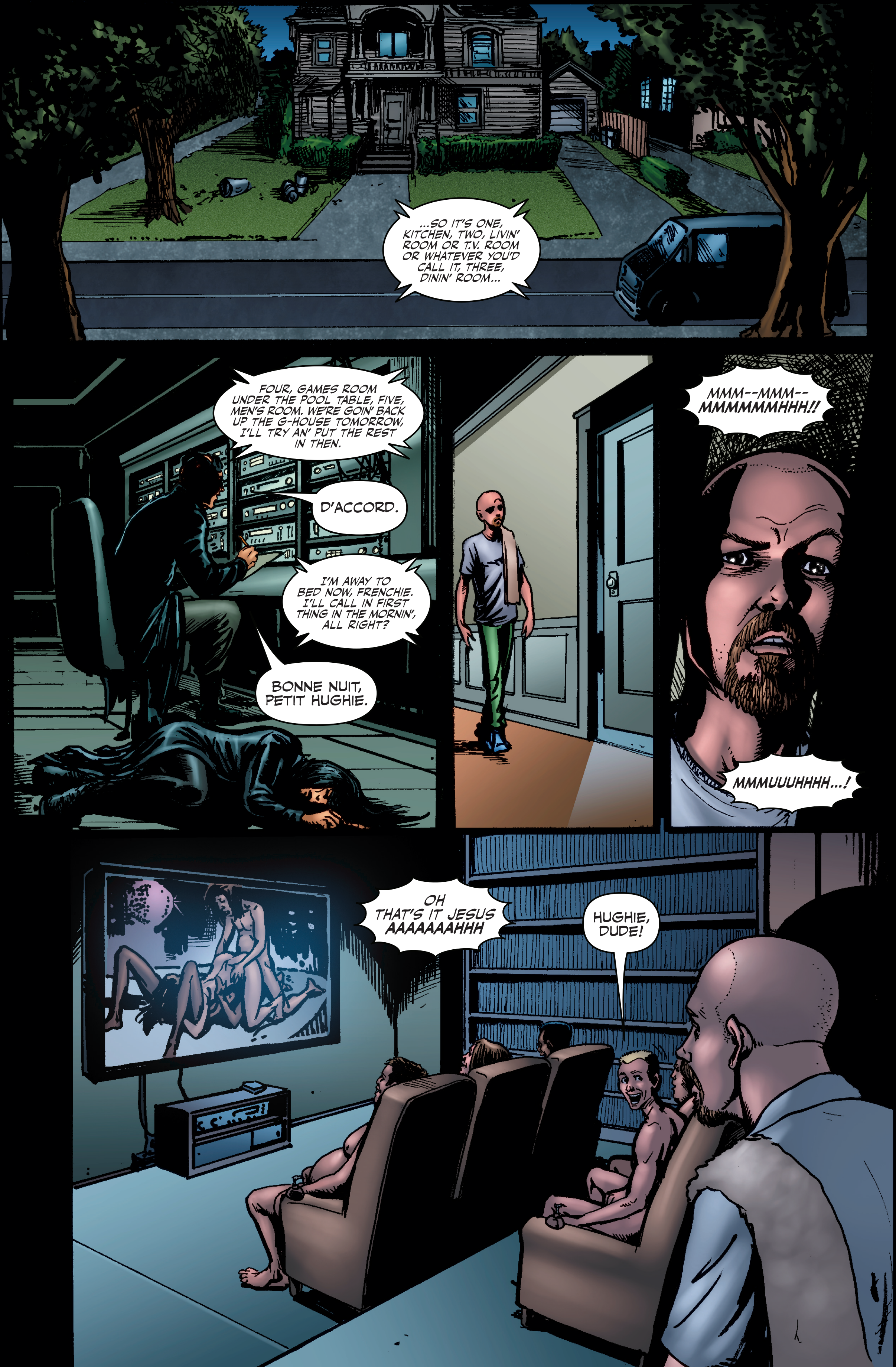

"ALWAYS PUT ONE INNA BOGS, 'COS 'AT'S WHEREAH CAHNTS RELAX. COR BLOIMEY, ME OL' COCK SPARRAH."
UH, FRENCHIE, DO US A FAVOR AN' WIPE THAT LAST WEE BIT, WILL YOU? I DUNNO IF HE'LL APPRECIATE THE IMPRESSION ALL THAT MUCH...
KILL ME
WHAT?
KILL ME
AAAAAAAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!
KILL ME

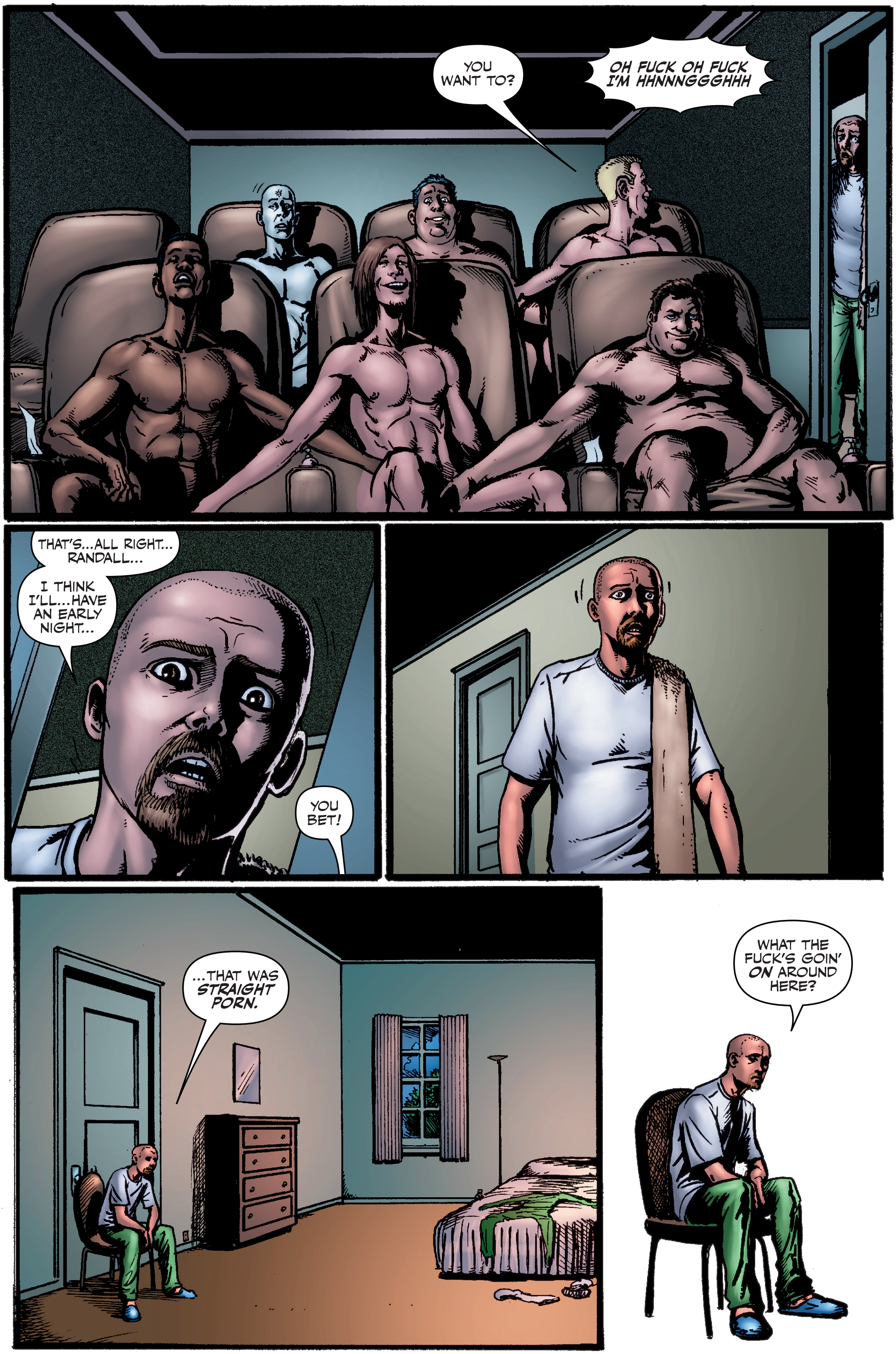

AW SHITE! AW FUCKIN' SHITE! AW JESUS!
PETIT HUGHIE--?
DUDE, WHAT THE FUCK--
PETIT HUGHIE, IF YOU NEED US HIT THE BUTTON...
OH, JESUS CHRIST...!
I WASN'T DOIN' ANYTHIN'! I WAS PISSIN'! I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS THERE!
KILL ME
SHE SCARED THE FUCKIN' SHITE OUTTA ME, WHAT'S WRONG WI' HER--?
HUGHIE, IT'S OKAY--
THE MIRROR WAS CROOKED! I DIDN'T TOUCH IT, THERE'S NOTHIN'! *THERE'S NOTHIN'!*
HUGHIE, IT'S *NUBIA,* MAN...!
THAT'S ALL SHE EVER SAYS, DUDE.
THAT'S IT.
KILL ME
OH, FUCK.
RIGHT THEN.
JESUS.

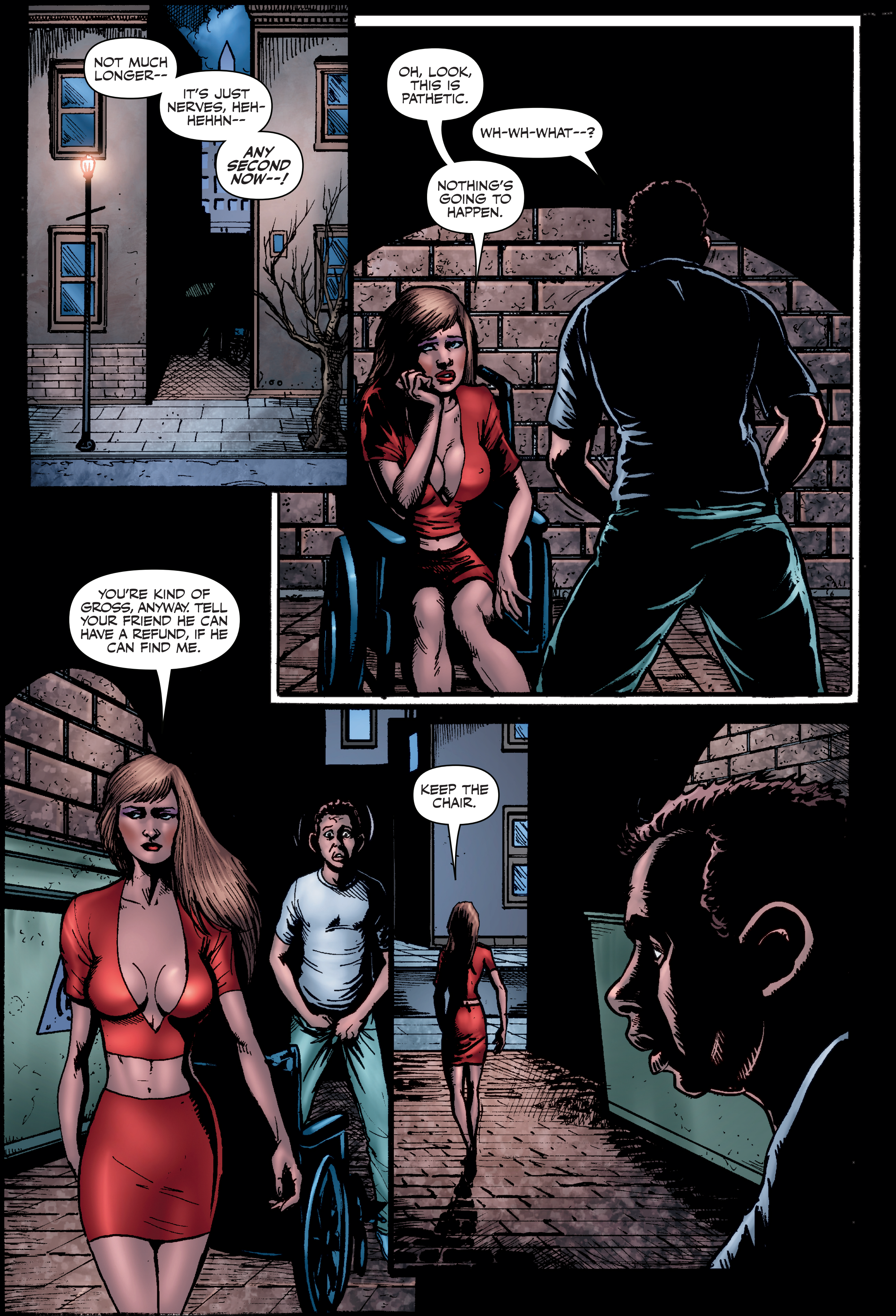

MISTER GODOLKIN...
OH, DEAR.
I THOUGHT WE'D PUT AN END TO NUBIA'S LITTLE EXCURSIONS. EUROPO, TELL LUCKLESS AND PUSS-PUSS I WANT TO SEE THEM AT ONCE.
YES I WILL *DOOO* SO!
HELP HER, DIVINE. TAKE HER BACK TO HER ROOM.
RIGHT...
FUCKIN'...EUROPO-TRASH, IF YOU ASK ME. SWEDISH PRICK.
YOU *GO*, GIRL...
GOD, YOU ARE BORING.
IS SHE ALL RIGHT, LIKE?
SHE WILL BE.

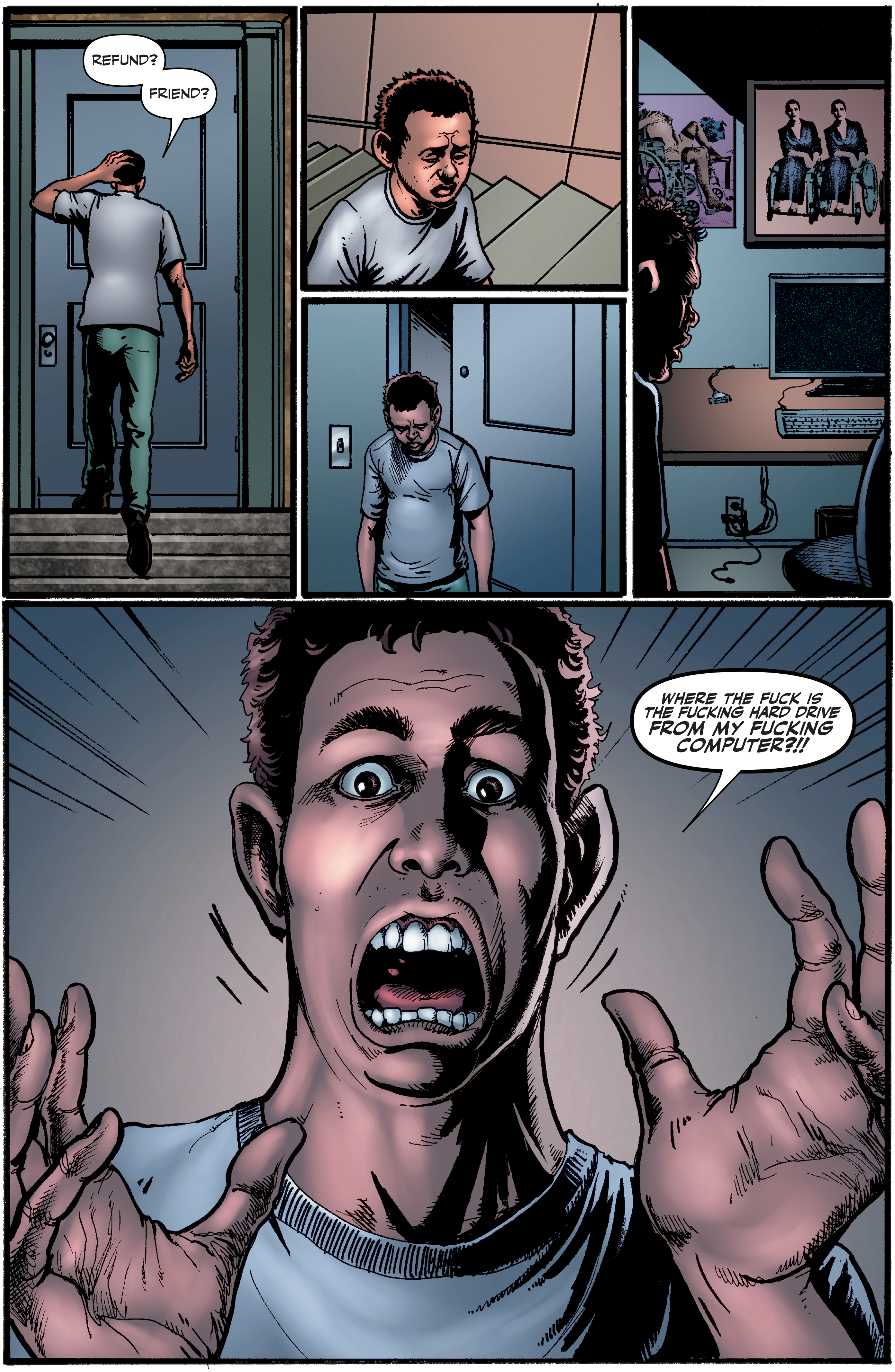

RIGHT.
I...HAPPEN TO KNOW A WEE BIT ABOUT THE, THE VOUGHT RESURRECTION PROCESS...
DO YOU REALLY.
NO, *UH,* NO DISRESPECT OR ANYTHIN', MISTER GODOLKIN--
BUT WHY DO YOU--WHY DO YOU ***KEEP HER...?***
BECAUSE SHE'S MY LITTLE GIRL.
JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM.
THEY'RE MY CHILDREN.
EVERY LAST ONE.
KILL ME

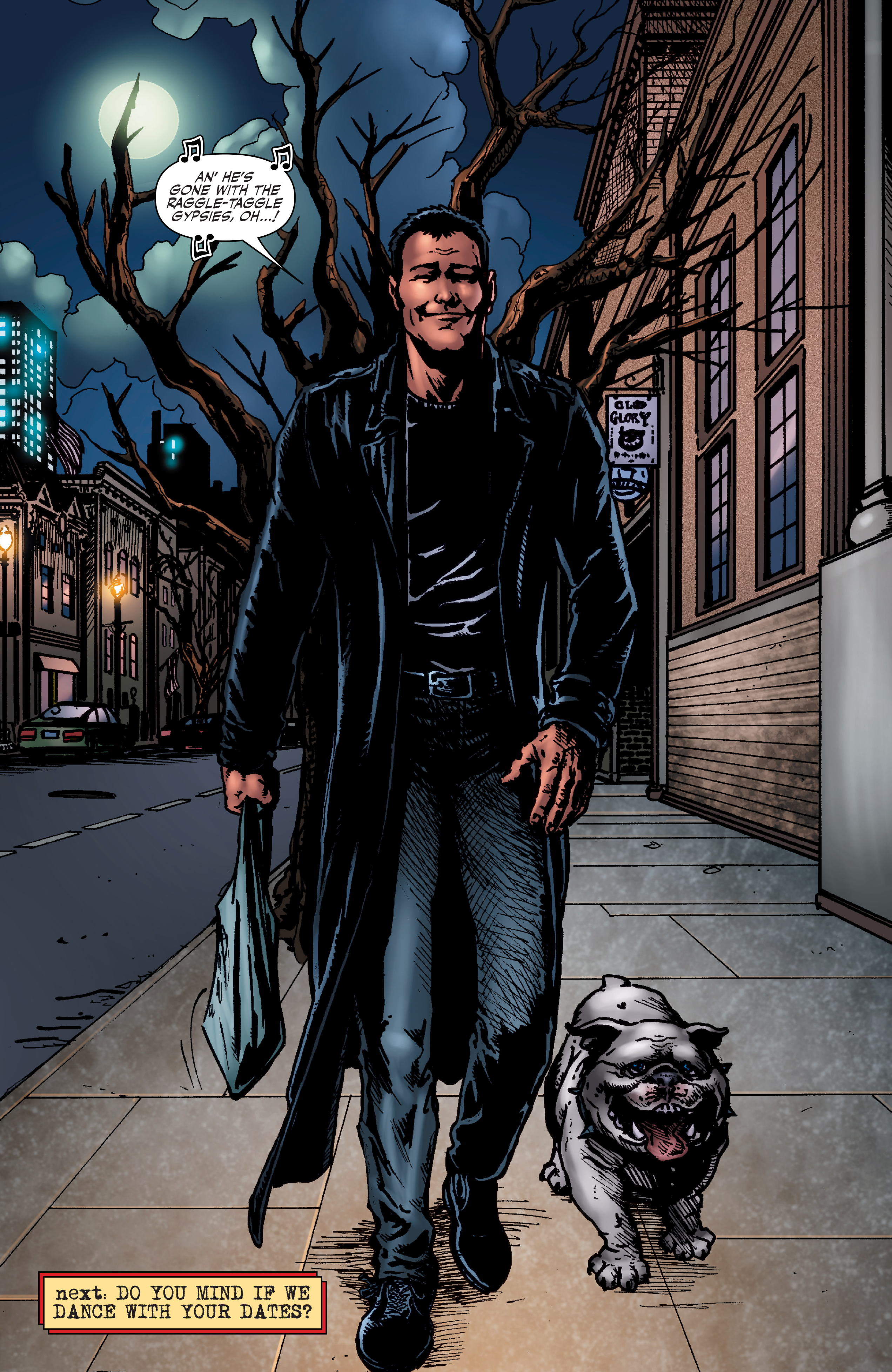

?
JESUS--!
UHHHMMM, HELLO?
C-C-CAN I HELP YOU?
I HOPE SO.
I WANT YOU TO MAKE IT ALL BIG AND PUT IT IN MY MOUTH

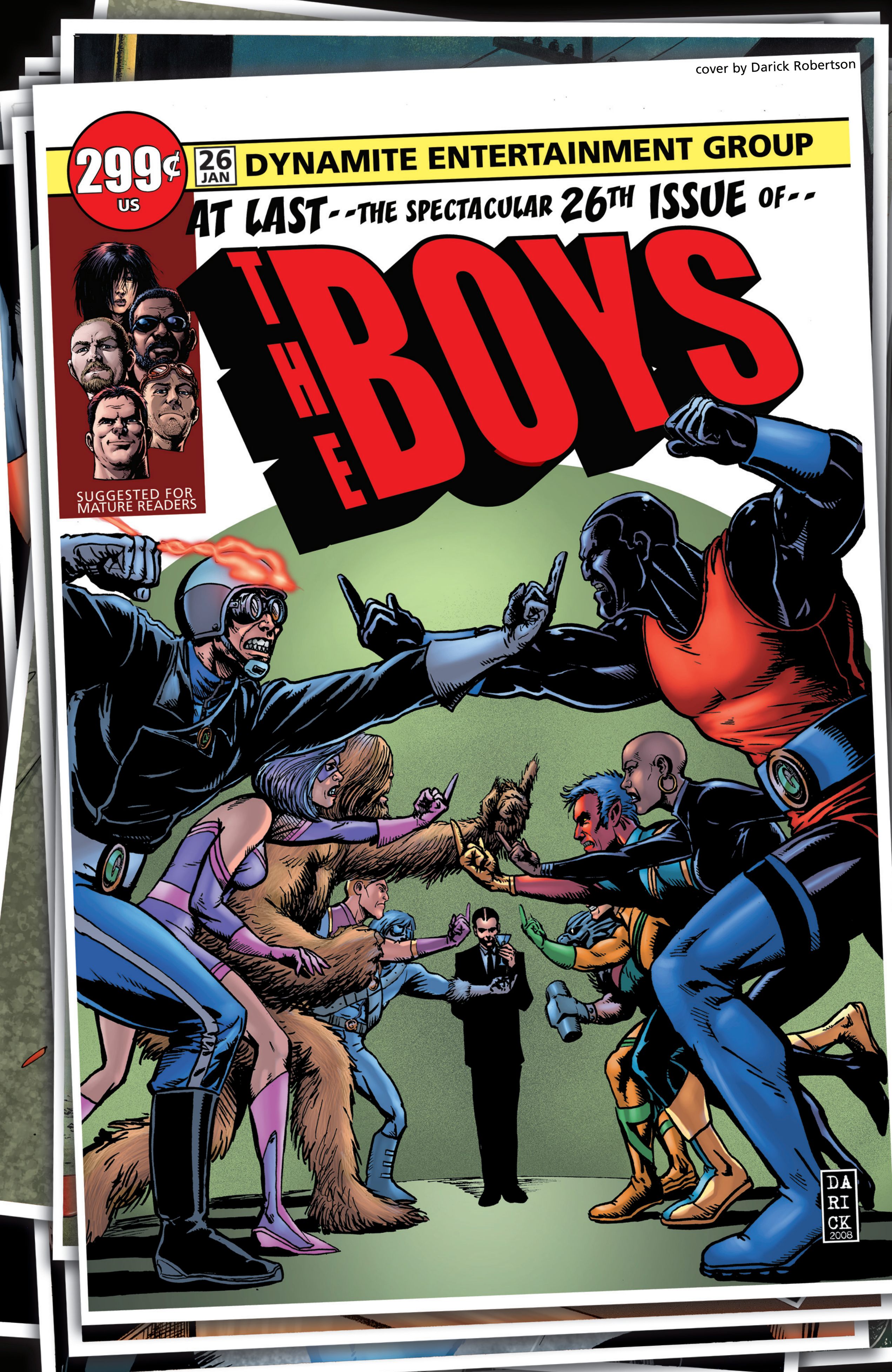

...SO IT'S ONE, KITCHEN, TWO, LIVIN' ROOM OR T.V. ROOM OR WHATEVER YOU'D CALL IT, THREE, DININ' ROOM...
FOUR, GAMES ROOM UNDER THE POOL TABLE, FIVE, MEN'S ROOM. WE'RE GOIN' BACK UP THE G-HOUSE TOMORROW, I'LL TRY AN' PUT THE REST IN THEN.
D'ACCORD.
I'M AWAY TO BED NOW, FRENCHIE. I'LL CALL IN FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN', ALL RIGHT?
BONNE NUIT, PETIT HUGHIE.
MMM--MMM--MMMMMMMHH!!
MMMUUUHHHH...!
OH THAT'S IT JESUS AAAAAAAHHH
HUGHIE, DUDE!


YOU WANT TO?
OH FUCK OH FUCK I'M HHNNNGGGHHH
THAT'S...ALL RIGHT... RANDALL...
I THINK I'LL...HAVE AN EARLY NIGHT...
YOU BET!
...THAT WAS *STRAIGHT* PORN.
WHAT THE FUCK'S GOIN' *ON* AROUND HERE?


NOT MUCH LONGER--
IT'S JUST NERVES, HEH-HEHHN--
ANY SECOND NOW--!
OH, LOOK, THIS IS PATHETIC.
WH-WH-WHAT--?
NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN.
YOU'RE KIND OF GROSS, ANYWAY. TELL YOUR FRIEND HE CAN HAVE A REFUND, IF HE CAN FIND ME.
KEEP THE CHAIR.


REFUND?
FRIEND?
WHERE THE FUCK IS THE FUCKING HARD DRIVE FROM MY FUCKING COMPUTER?!!


AN' HE'S GONE WITH THE RAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES, OH...!
OLD GLORY
next: DO YOU MIND IF WE DANCE WITH YOUR DATES?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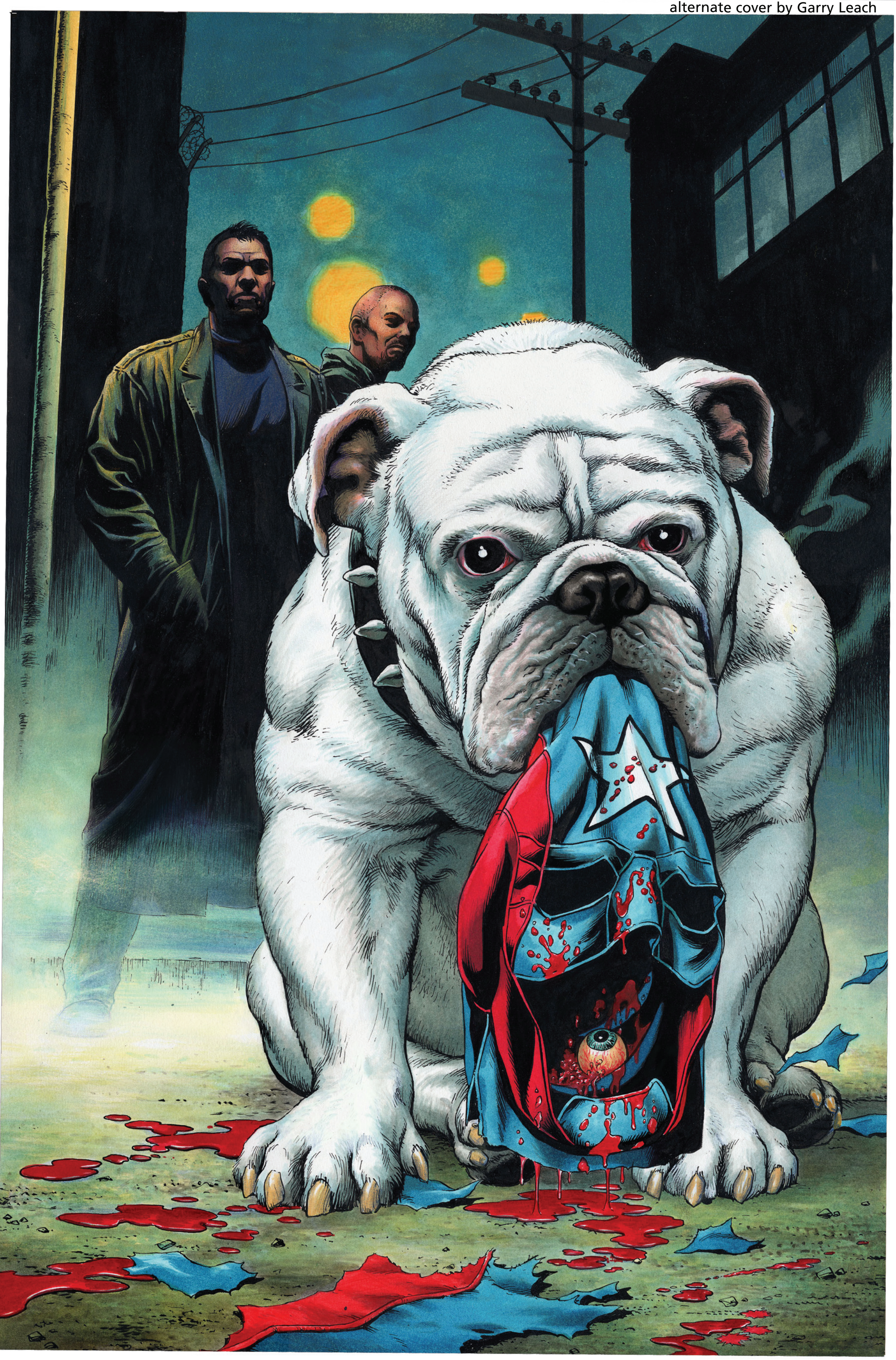
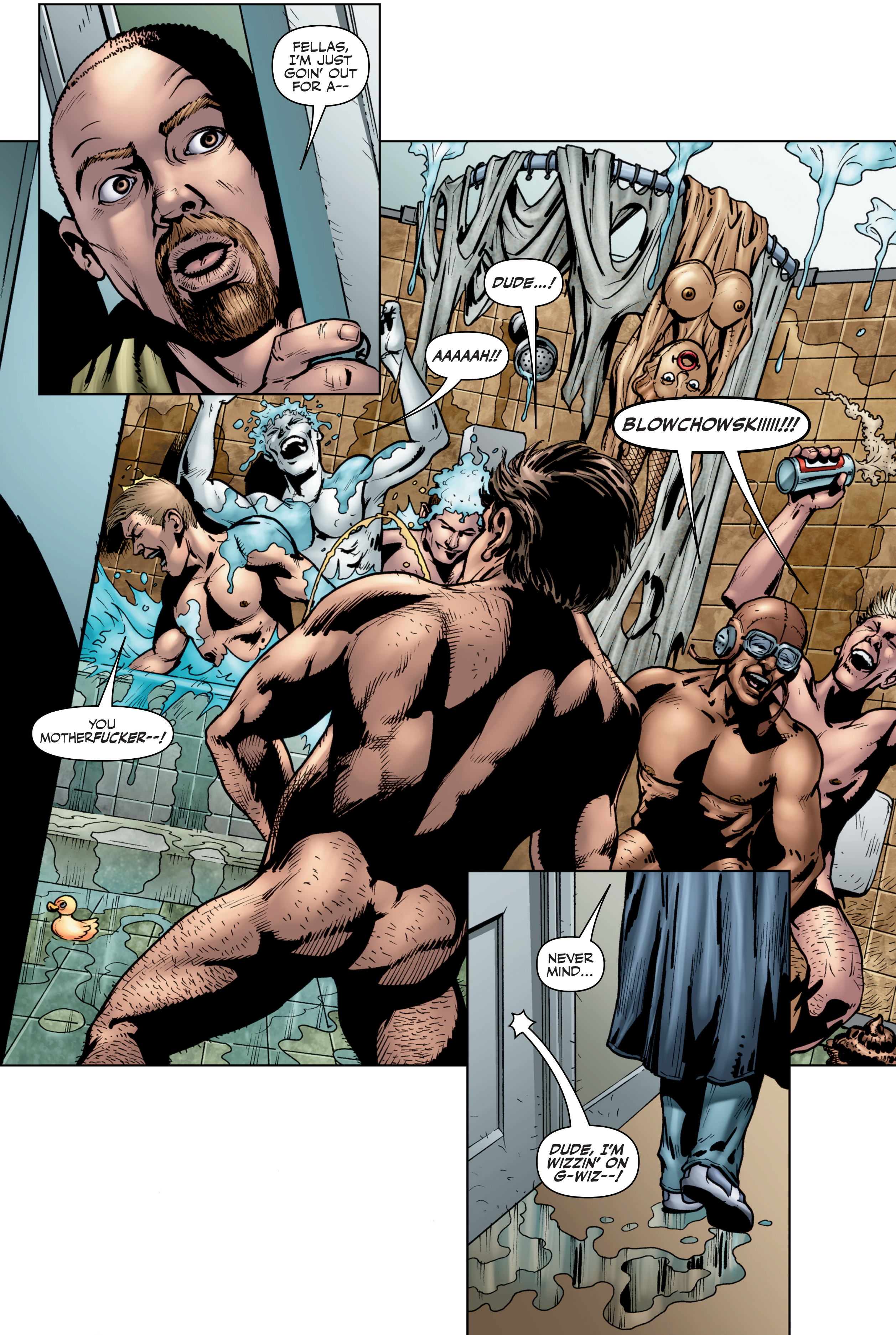
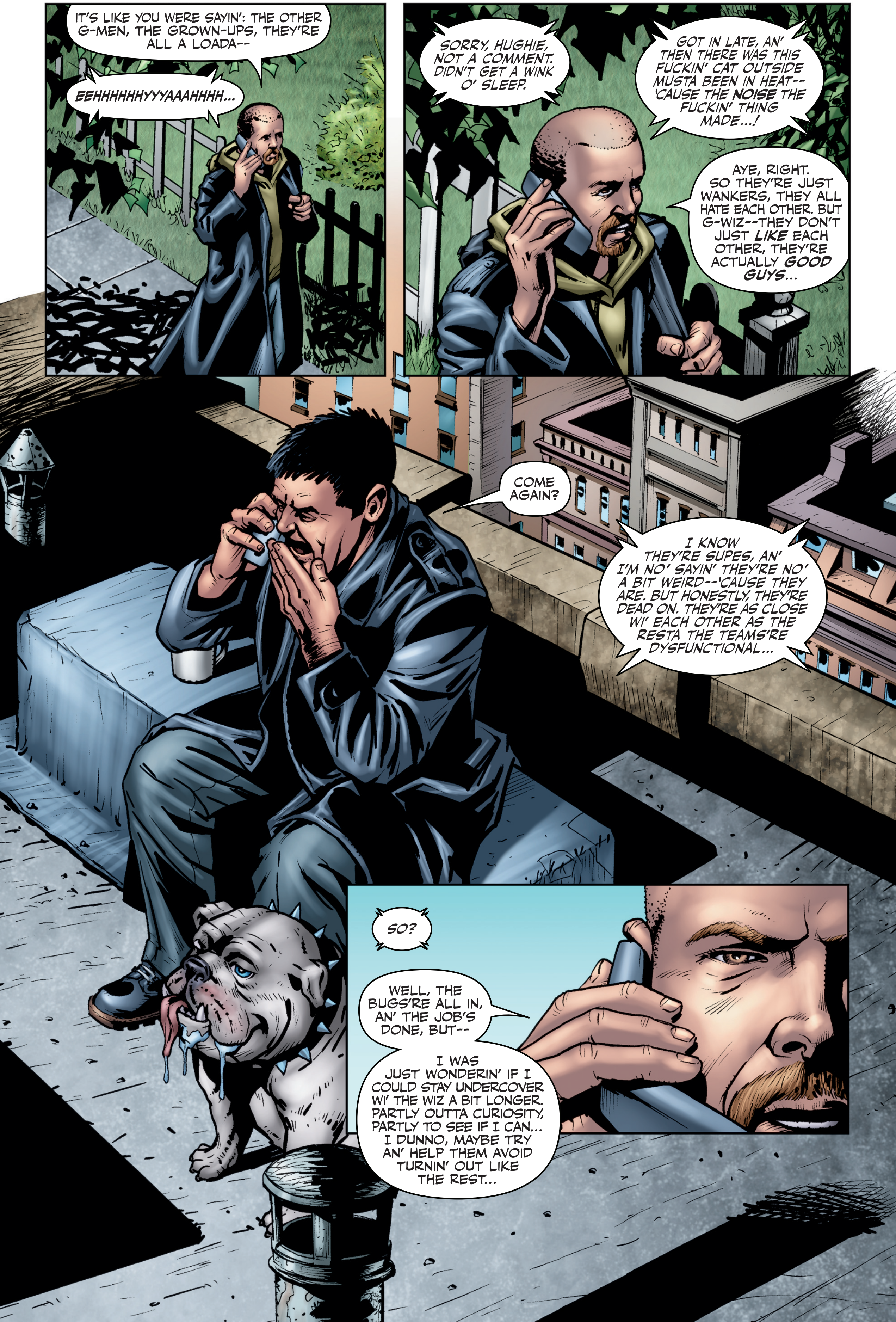
JAN
DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT GROUP
AT LAST--THE SPECTACULAR 26TH ISSUE OF--
THE BOYS
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
DARICK 2008

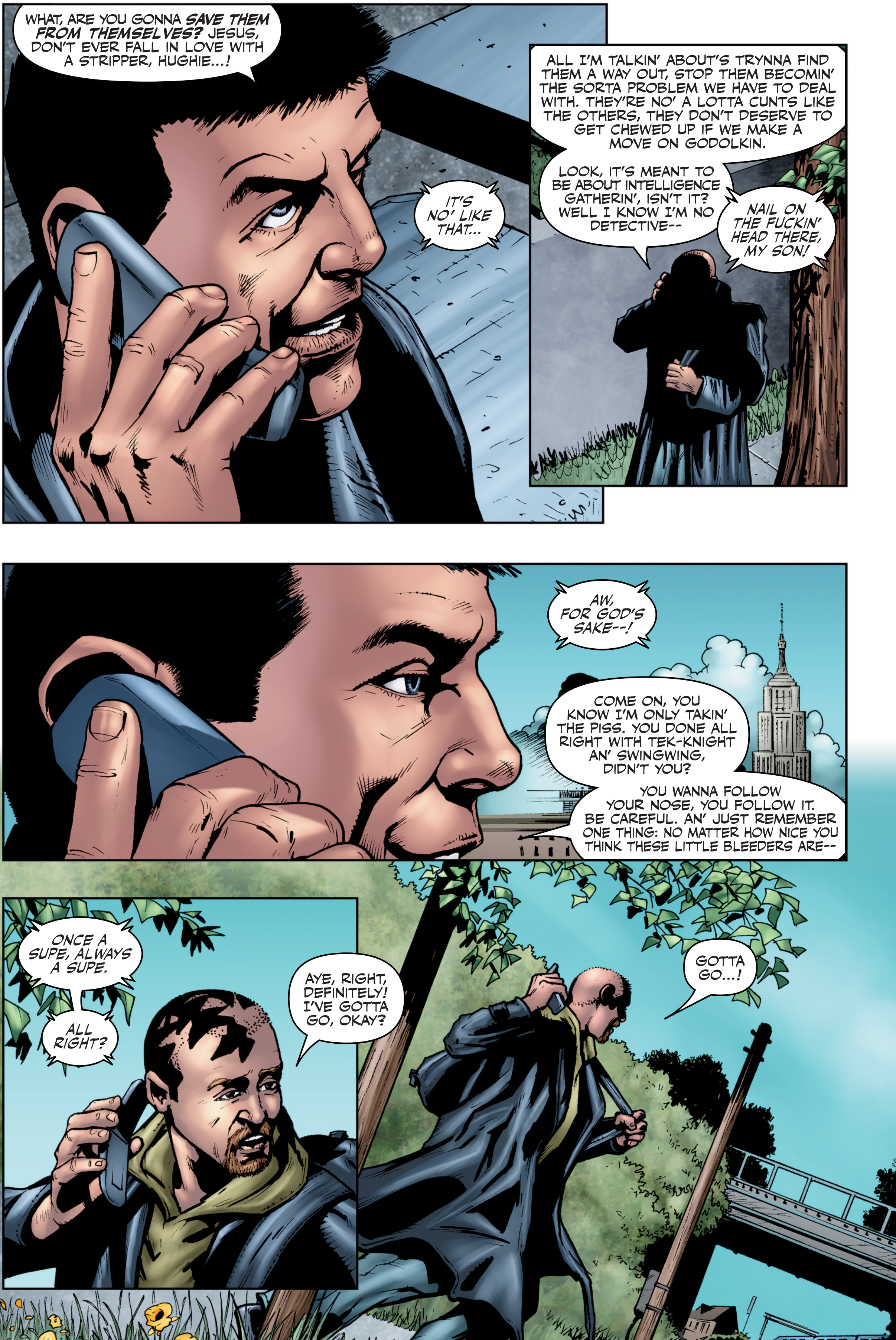
cover by Darick Robertson

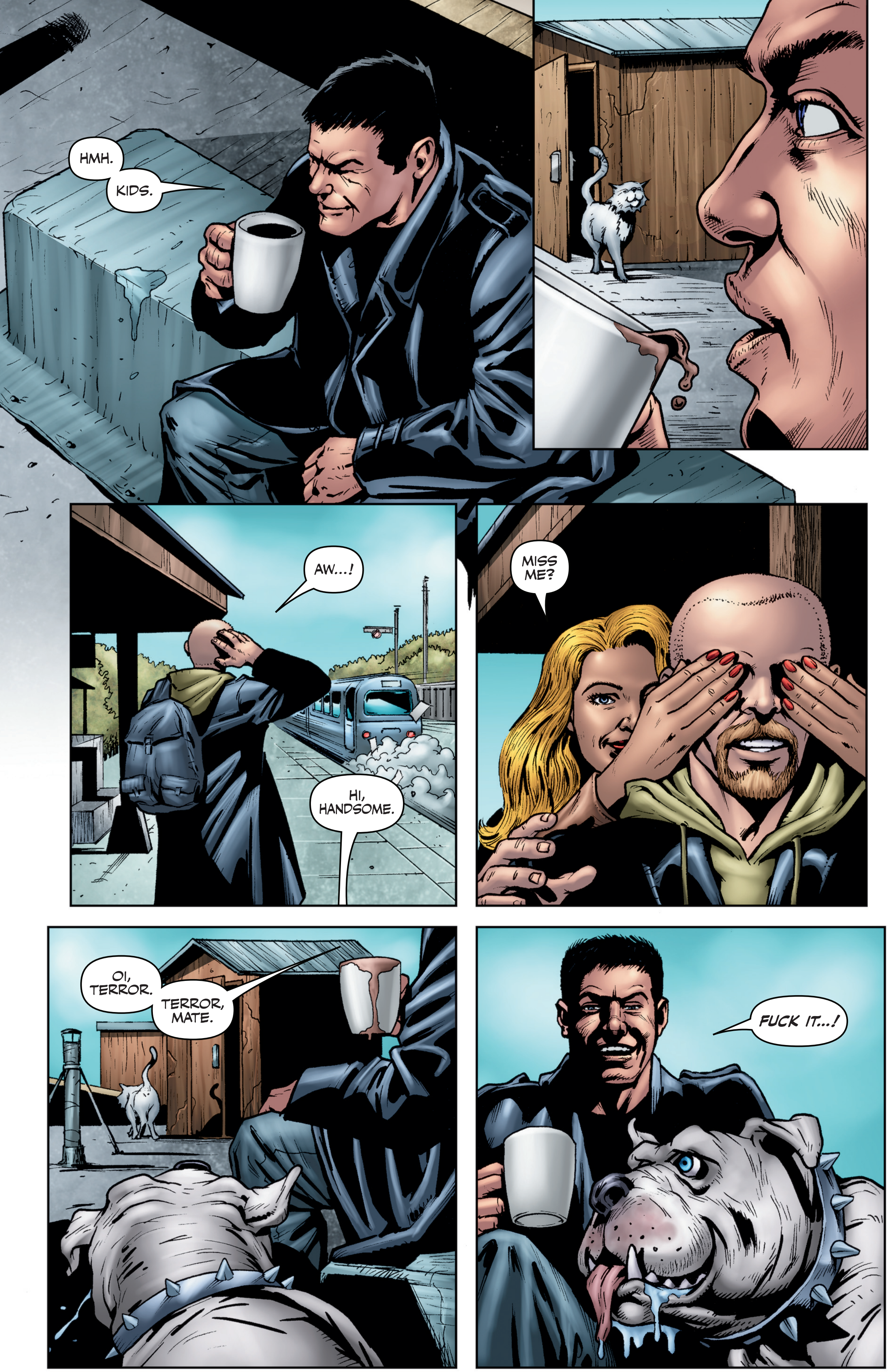
alternate cover by Garry Leach

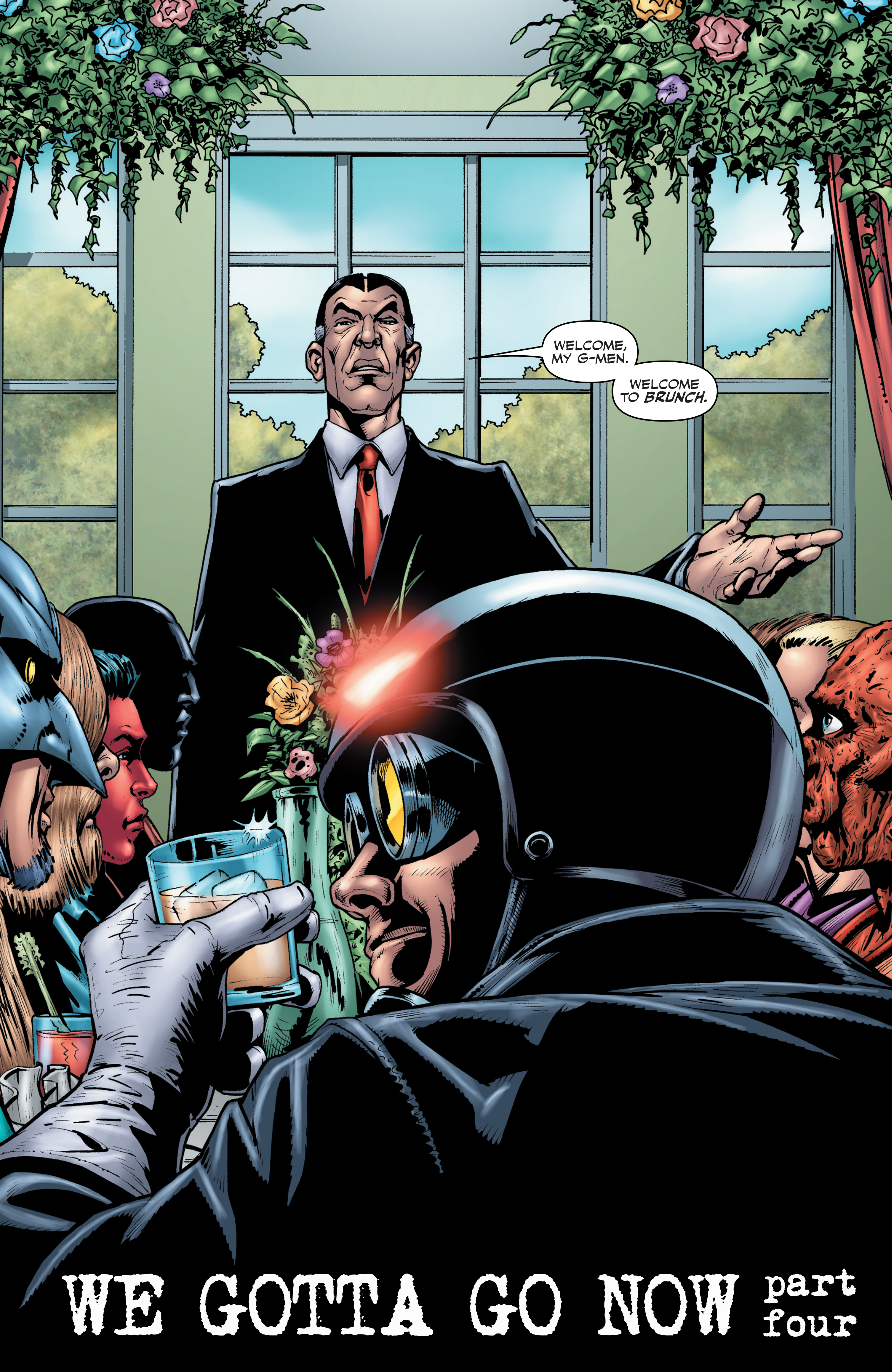


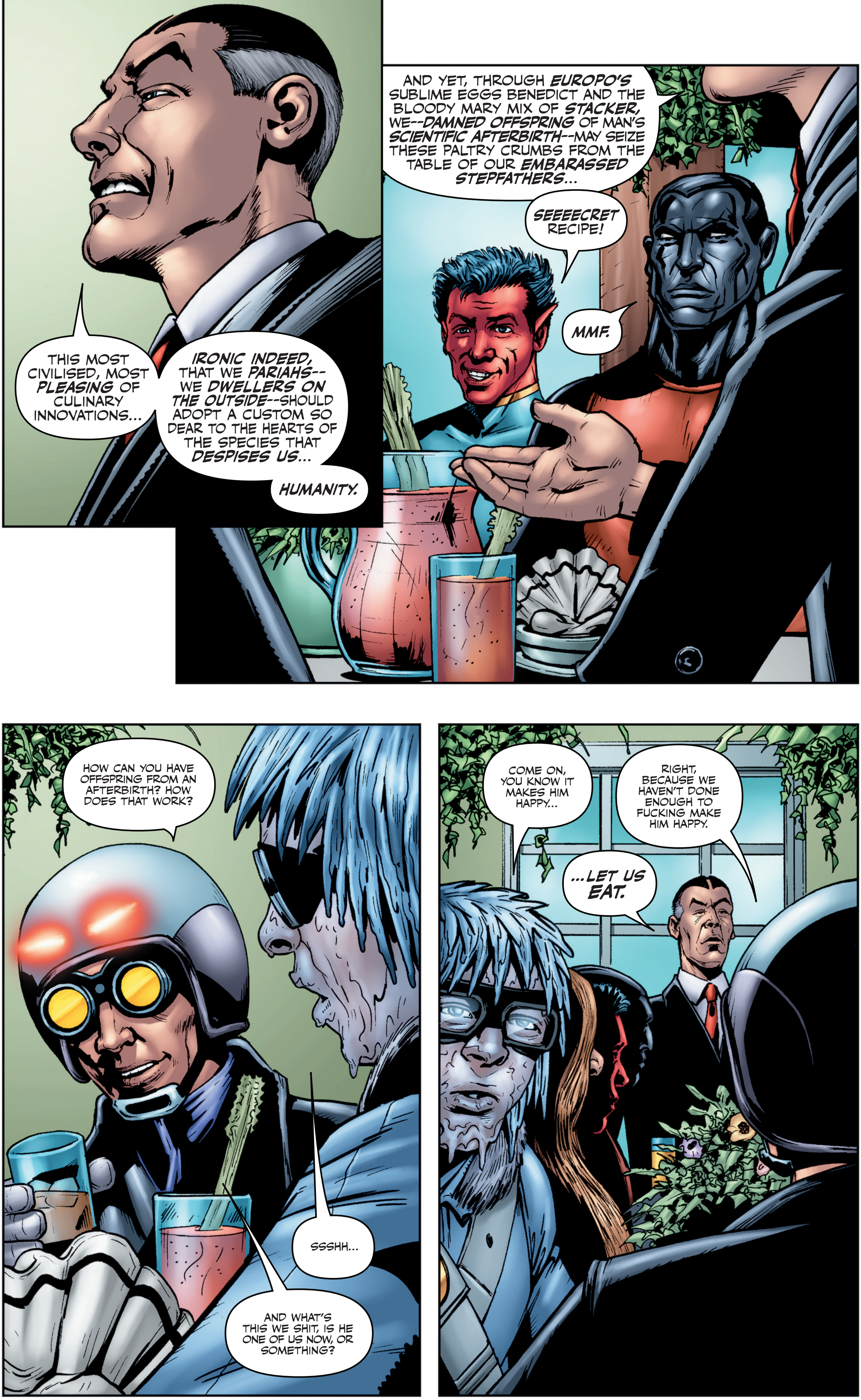

FELLAS, I'M JUST GOIN' OUT FOR A--
DUDE...!
AAAAAH!!
BLOWCHOWSKIIIIII!!!
YOU MOTHERFUCKER--!
NEVER MIND...
DUDE, I'M WIZZIN' ON G-WIZ--!

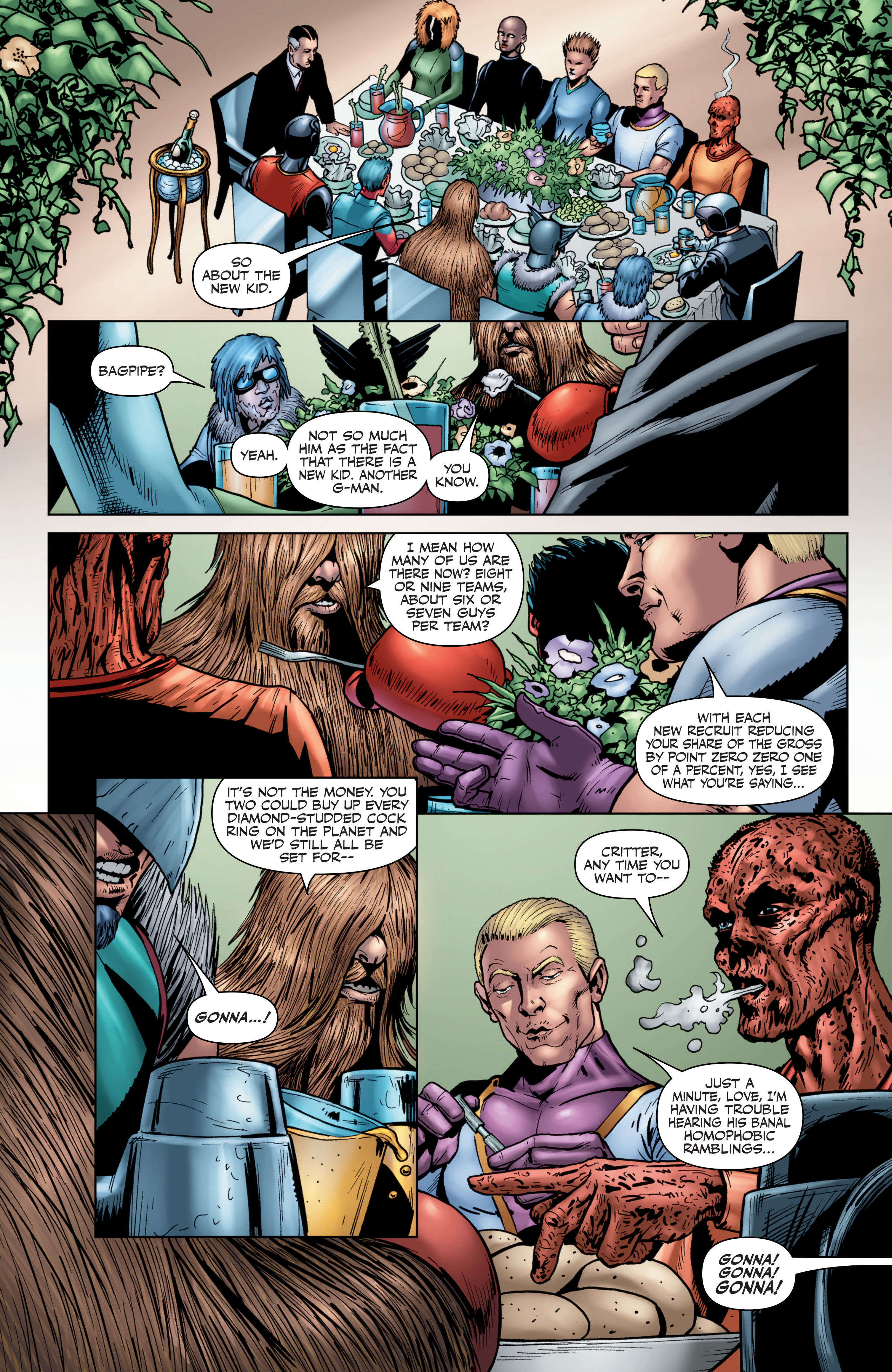

IT'S LIKE YOU WERE SAYIN': THE OTHER G-MEN, THE GROWN-UPS, THEY'RE ALL A LOADA--
EEHHHHHHHYYYAAAHHHH...
SORRY, HUGHIE, NOT A COMMENT. DIDN'T GET A WINK O' SLEEP.
GOT IN LATE, AN' THEN THERE WAS THIS FUCKIN' CAT OUTSIDE MUSTA BEEN IN HEAT-- 'CAUSE THE NOISE THE FUCKIN' THING MADE...!
AYE, RIGHT. SO THEY'RE JUST WANKERS, THEY ALL HATE EACH OTHER. BUT G-WIZ--THEY DON'T JUST LIKE EACH OTHER, THEY'RE ACTUALLY GOOD GUYS...
COME AGAIN?
I KNOW THEY'RE SUPES, AN' I'M NO' SAYIN' THEY'RE NO' A BIT WEIRD--'CAUSE THEY ARE. BUT HONESTLY, THEY'RE DEAD ON. THEY'RE AS CLOSE WI' EACH OTHER AS THE RESTA THE TEAMS'RE DYSFUNCTIONAL...
SO?
WELL, THE BUGS'RE ALL IN, AN' THE JOB'S DONE, BUT--
I WAS JUST WONDERIN' IF I COULD STAY UNDERCOVER WI' THE WIZ A BIT LONGER. PARTLY OUTTA CURIOSITY, PARTLY TO SEE IF I CAN... I DUNNO, MAYBE TRY AN' HELP THEM AVOID TURNIN' OUT LIKE THE REST...

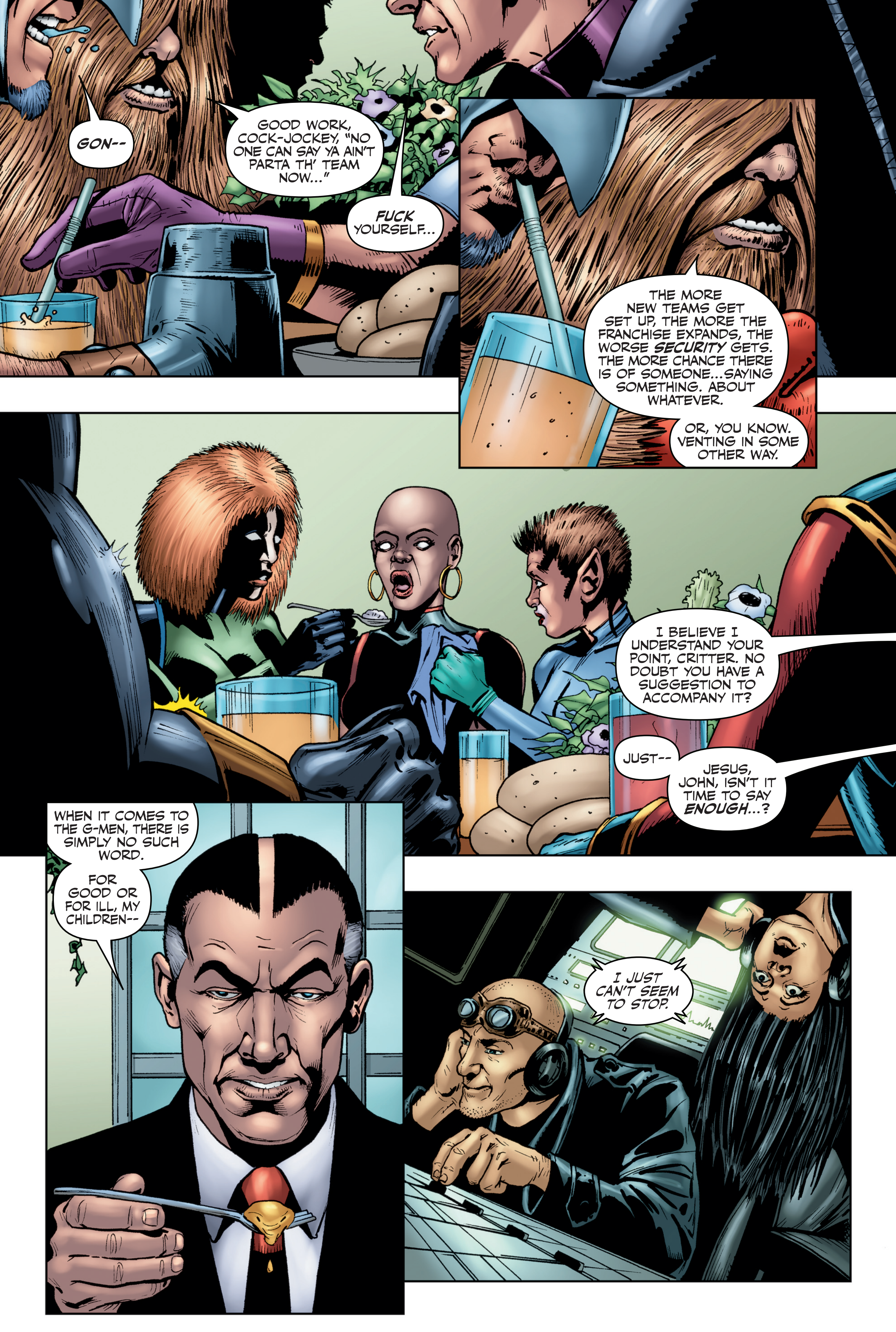

WHAT, ARE YOU GONNA ***SAVE THEM FROM THEMSELVES?*** JESUS, DON'T EVER FALL IN LOVE WITH A STRIPPER, HUGHIE...!
IT'S NO' LIKE THAT...
ALL I'M TALKIN' ABOUT'S TRYNNA FIND THEM A WAY OUT, STOP THEM BECOMIN' THE SORTA PROBLEM WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH. THEY'RE NO' A LOTTA CUNTS LIKE THE OTHERS, THEY DON'T DESERVE TO GET CHEWED UP IF WE MAKE A MOVE ON GODOLKIN.
LOOK, IT'S MEANT TO BE ABOUT INTELLIGENCE GATHERIN', ISN'T IT? WELL I KNOW I'M NO DETECTIVE--
NAIL ON THE FUCKIN' HEAD THERE, MY SON!
AW, FOR GOD'S SAKE--!
COME ON, YOU KNOW I'M ONLY TAKIN' THE PISS. YOU DONE ALL RIGHT WITH TEK-KNIGHT AN' SWINGWING, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU WANNA FOLLOW YOUR NOSE, YOU FOLLOW IT. BE CAREFUL. AN' JUST REMEMBER ONE THING: NO MATTER HOW NICE YOU THINK THESE LITTLE BLEEDERS ARE--
ONCE A SUPE, ALWAYS A SUPE.
ALL RIGHT?
AYE, RIGHT, DEFINITELY! I'VE GOTTA GO, OKAY?
GOTTA GO...!

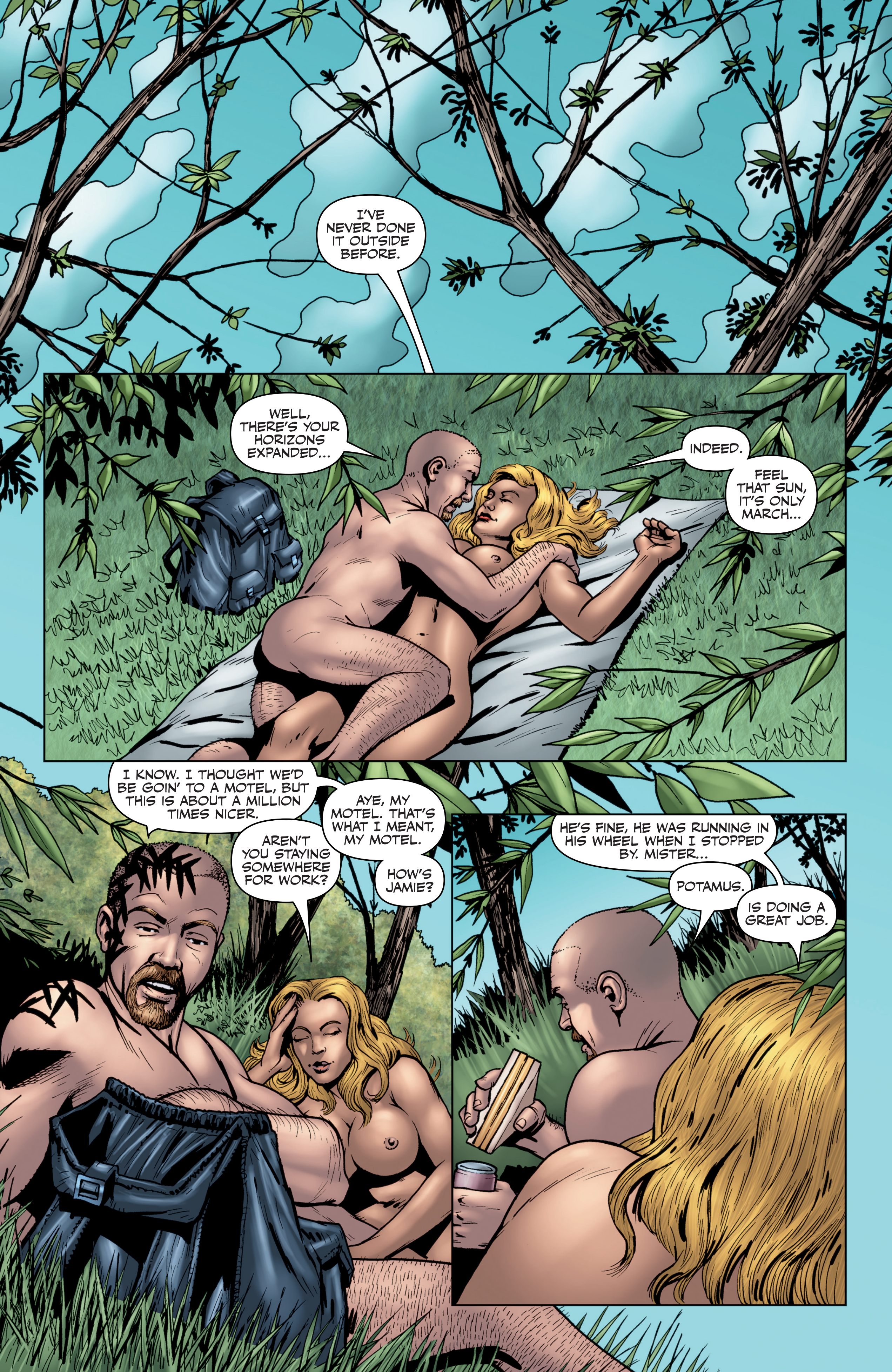

HMH.
KIDS.
AW...!
HI, HANDSOME.
MISS ME?
OI, TERROR.
TERROR, MATE.
FUCK IT...!

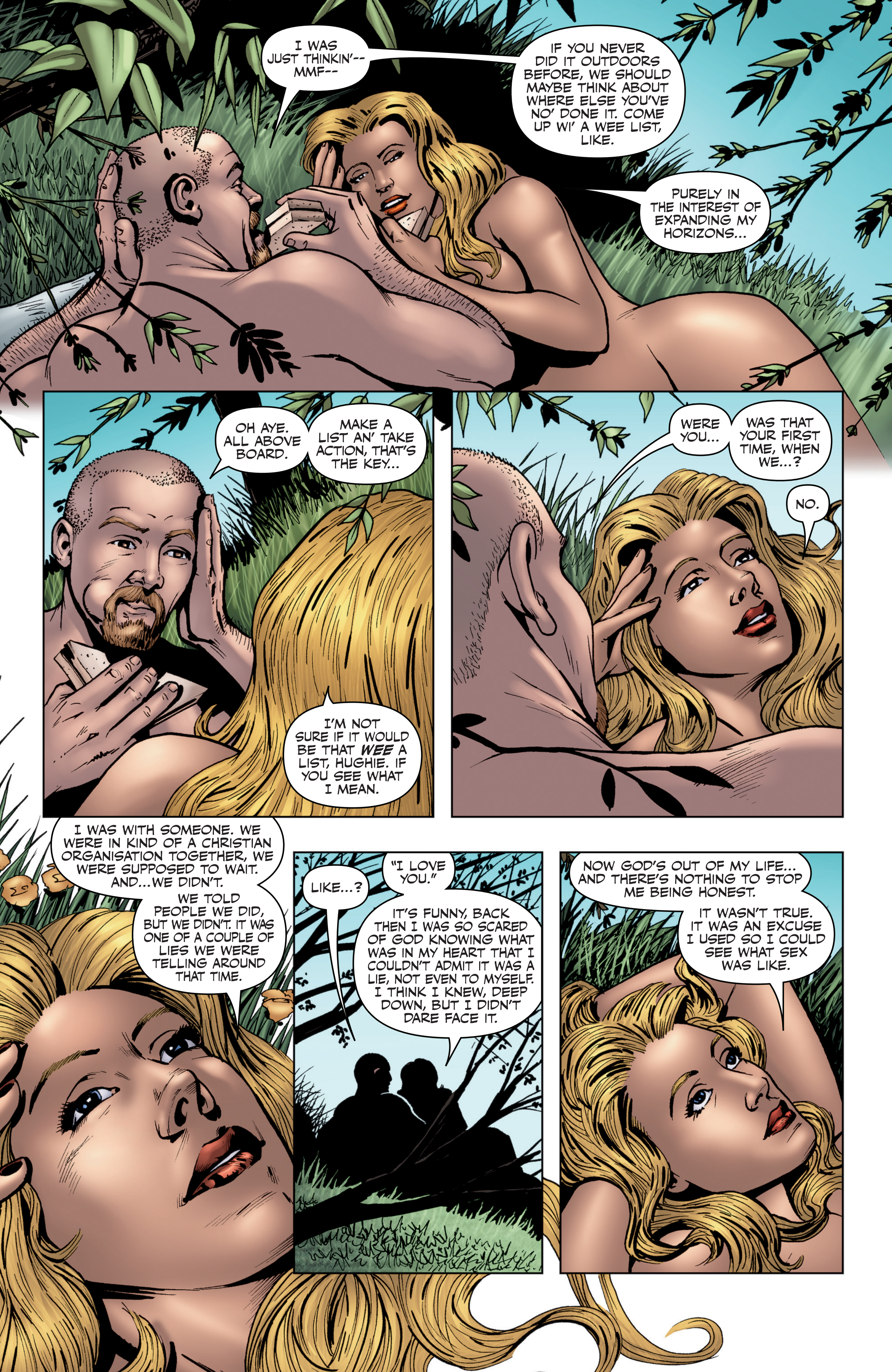

WELCOME, MY G-MEN.
WELCOME TO *BRUNCH.*
WE GOTTA GO NOW part four

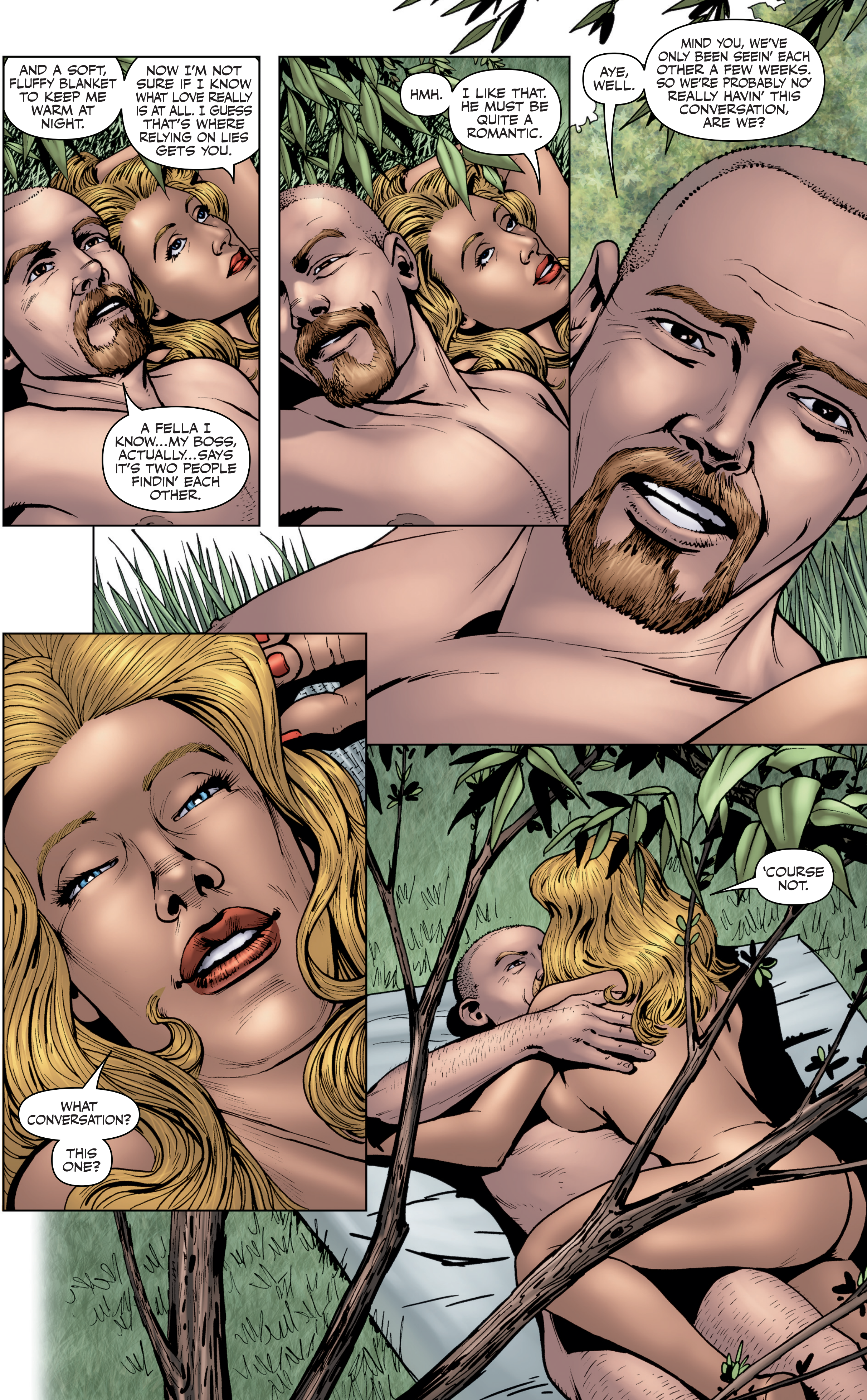

THIS MOST CIVILISED, MOST *PLEASING* OF CULINARY INNOVATIONS...
IRONIC INDEED, THAT WE *PARIAHS*-- WE *DWELLERS ON THE OUTSIDE*--SHOULD ADOPT A CUSTOM SO DEAR TO THE HEARTS OF THE SPECIES THAT *DESPISES US...*
HUMANITY.
AND YET, THROUGH *EUROPO'S* SUBLIME EGGS BENEDICT AND THE BLOODY MARY MIX OF *STACKER,* WE--*DAMNED OFFSPRING* OF MAN'S *SCIENTIFIC AFTERBIRTH*--MAY SEIZE THESE PALTRY CRUMBS FROM THE TABLE OF OUR *EMBARASSED STEPFATHERS...*
SEEEECRET RECIPE!
MMF.
HOW CAN YOU HAVE OFFSPRING FROM AN AFTERBIRTH? HOW DOES THAT WORK?
SSSHH...
AND WHAT'S THIS WE SHIT, IS HE ONE OF US NOW, OR SOMETHING?
COME ON, YOU KNOW IT MAKES HIM HAPPY...
RIGHT, BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T DONE ENOUGH TO FUCKING MAKE HIM HAPPY.
...LET US EAT.

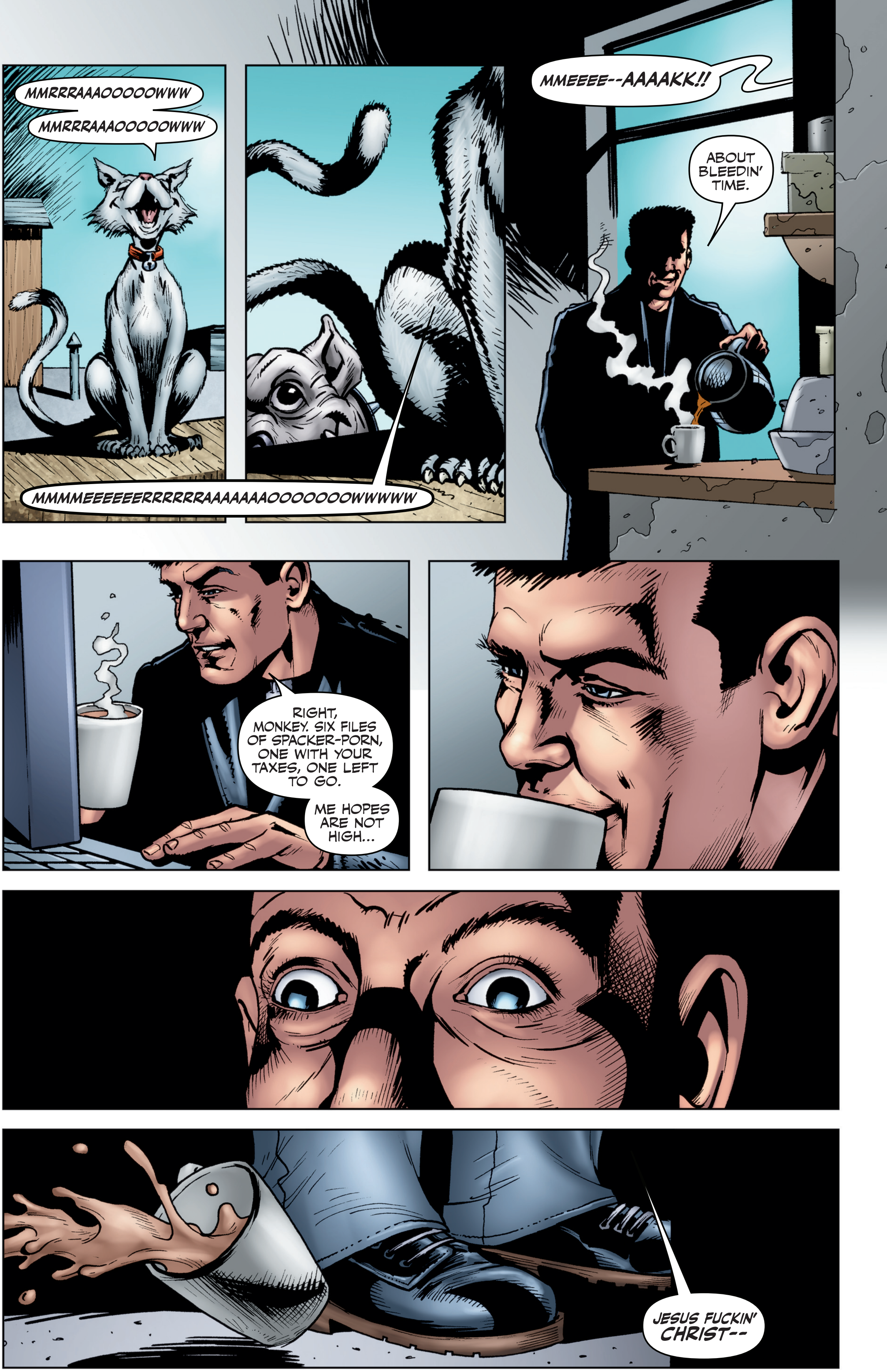

SO ABOUT THE NEW KID.
BAGPIPE?
YEAH.
NOT SO MUCH HIM AS THE FACT THAT THERE IS A NEW KID. ANOTHER G-MAN.
YOU KNOW.
I MEAN HOW MANY OF US ARE THERE NOW? EIGHT OR NINE TEAMS, ABOUT SIX OR SEVEN GUYS PER TEAM?
WITH EACH NEW RECRUIT REDUCING YOUR SHARE OF THE GROSS BY POINT ZERO ZERO ONE OF A PERCENT, YES, I SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING...
IT'S NOT THE MONEY. YOU TWO COULD BUY UP EVERY DIAMOND-STUDDED COCK RING ON THE PLANET AND WE'D STILL ALL BE SET FOR--
GONNA...!
CRITTER, ANY TIME YOU WANT TO--
JUST A MINUTE, LOVE, I'M HAVING TROUBLE HEARING HIS BANAL HOMOPHOBIC RAMBLINGS...
GONNA! GONNA! GONNA!

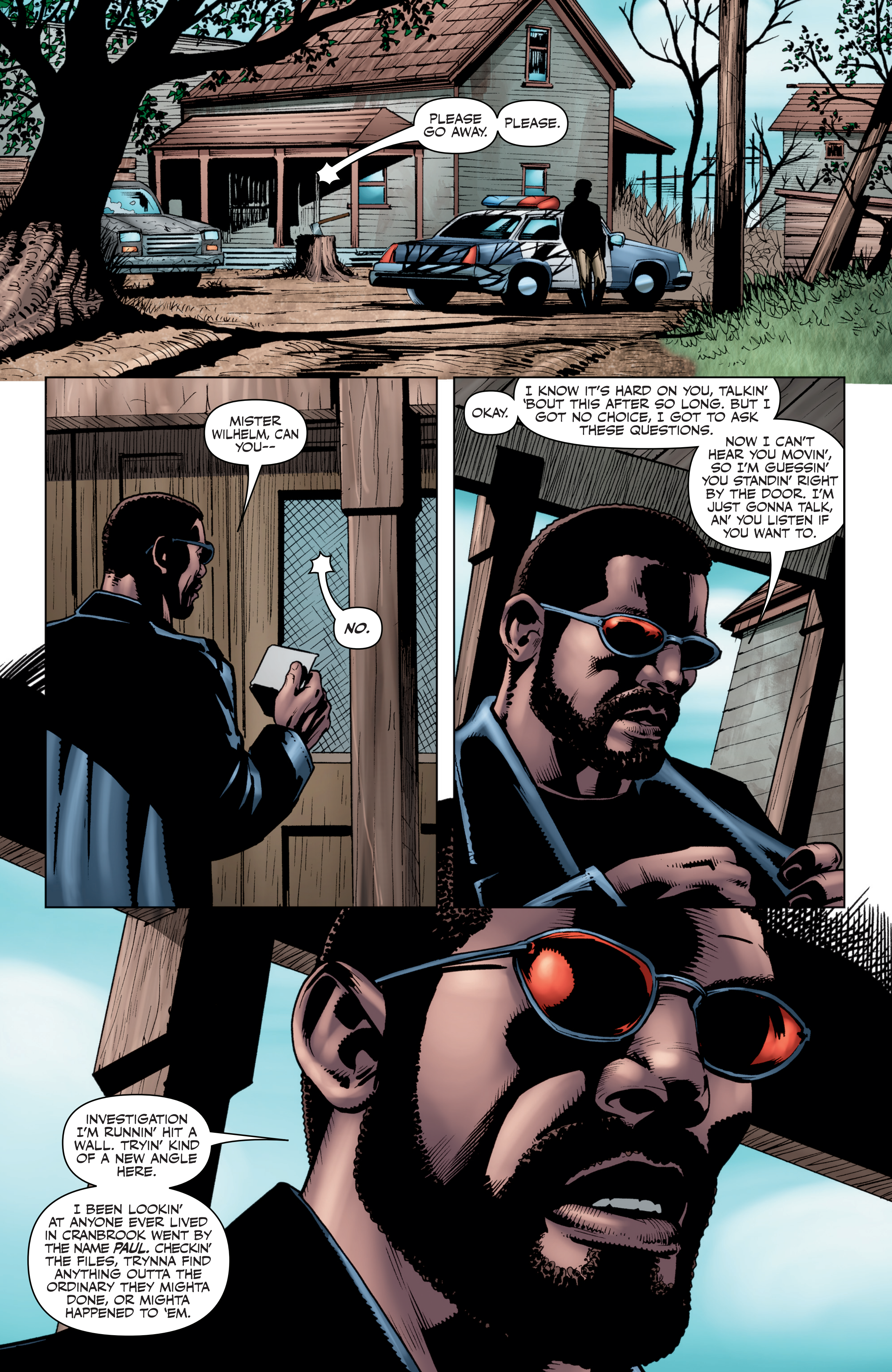

GON--
GOOD WORK, COCK-JOCKEY, "NO ONE CAN SAY YA AIN'T PARTA TH' TEAM NOW..."
FUCK YOURSELF...
THE MORE NEW TEAMS GET SET UP, THE MORE THE FRANCHISE EXPANDS, THE WORSE *SECURITY* GETS. THE MORE CHANCE THERE IS OF SOMEONE...SAYING SOMETHING. ABOUT WHATEVER.
OR, YOU KNOW. VENTING IN SOME OTHER WAY.
I BELIEVE I UNDERSTAND YOUR POINT, CRITTER. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE A SUGGESTION TO ACCOMPANY IT?
JUST--
JESUS, JOHN, ISN'T IT TIME TO SAY *ENOUGH*...?
WHEN IT COMES TO THE G-MEN, THERE IS SIMPLY NO SUCH WORD.
FOR GOOD OR FOR ILL, MY CHILDREN--
I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO STOP.

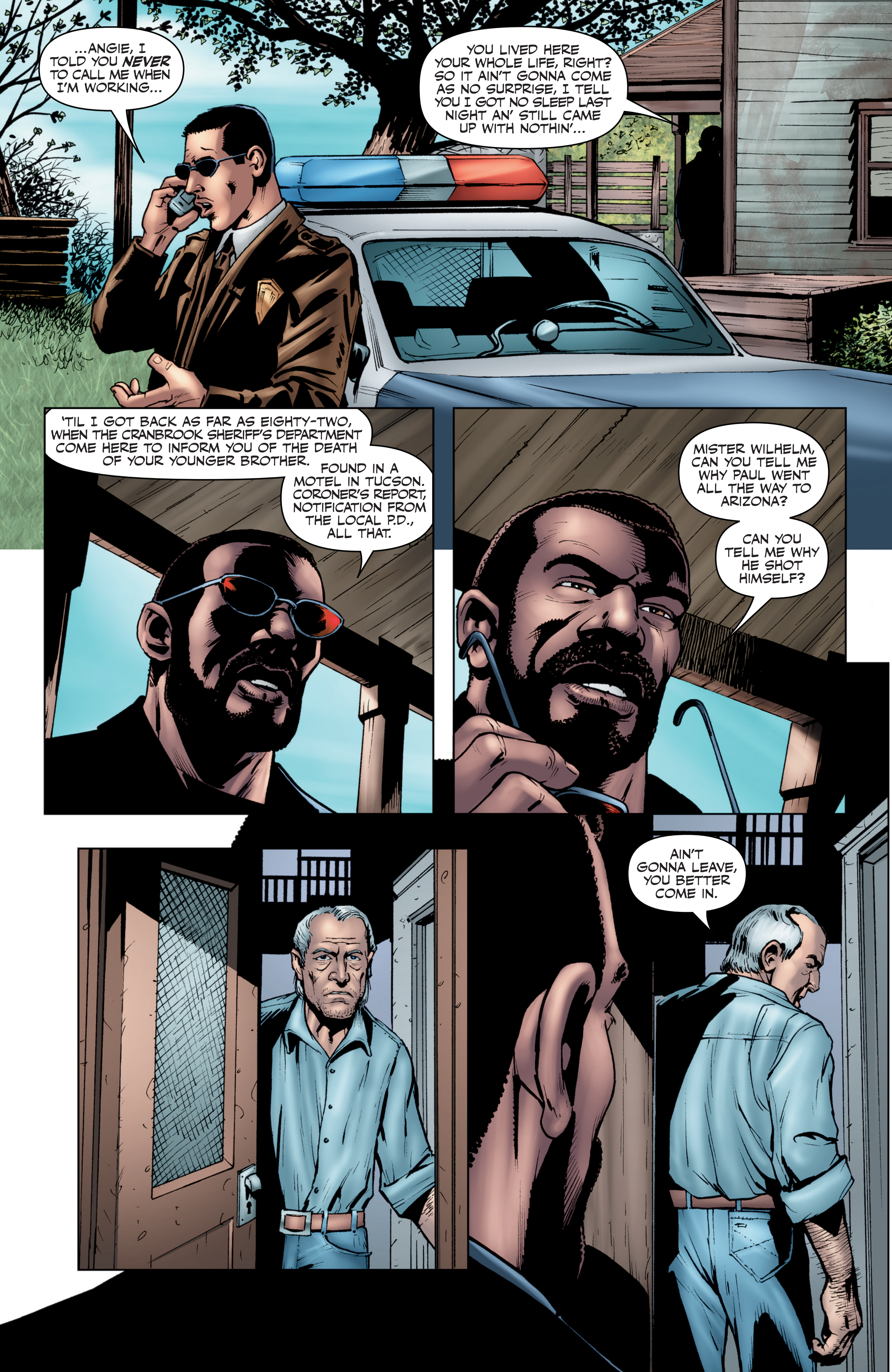

I'VE NEVER DONE IT OUTSIDE BEFORE.
WELL, THERE'S YOUR HORIZONS EXPANDED...
INDEED.
FEEL THAT SUN, IT'S ONLY MARCH...
I KNOW. I THOUGHT WE'D BE GOIN' TO A MOTEL, BUT THIS IS ABOUT A MILLION TIMES NICER.
AREN'T YOU STAYING SOMEWHERE FOR WORK?
AYE, MY MOTEL. THAT'S WHAT I MEANT, MY MOTEL.
HOW'S JAMIE?
HE'S FINE, HE WAS RUNNING IN HIS WHEEL WHEN I STOPPED BY. MISTER...
POTAMUS.
IS DOING A GREAT JOB.

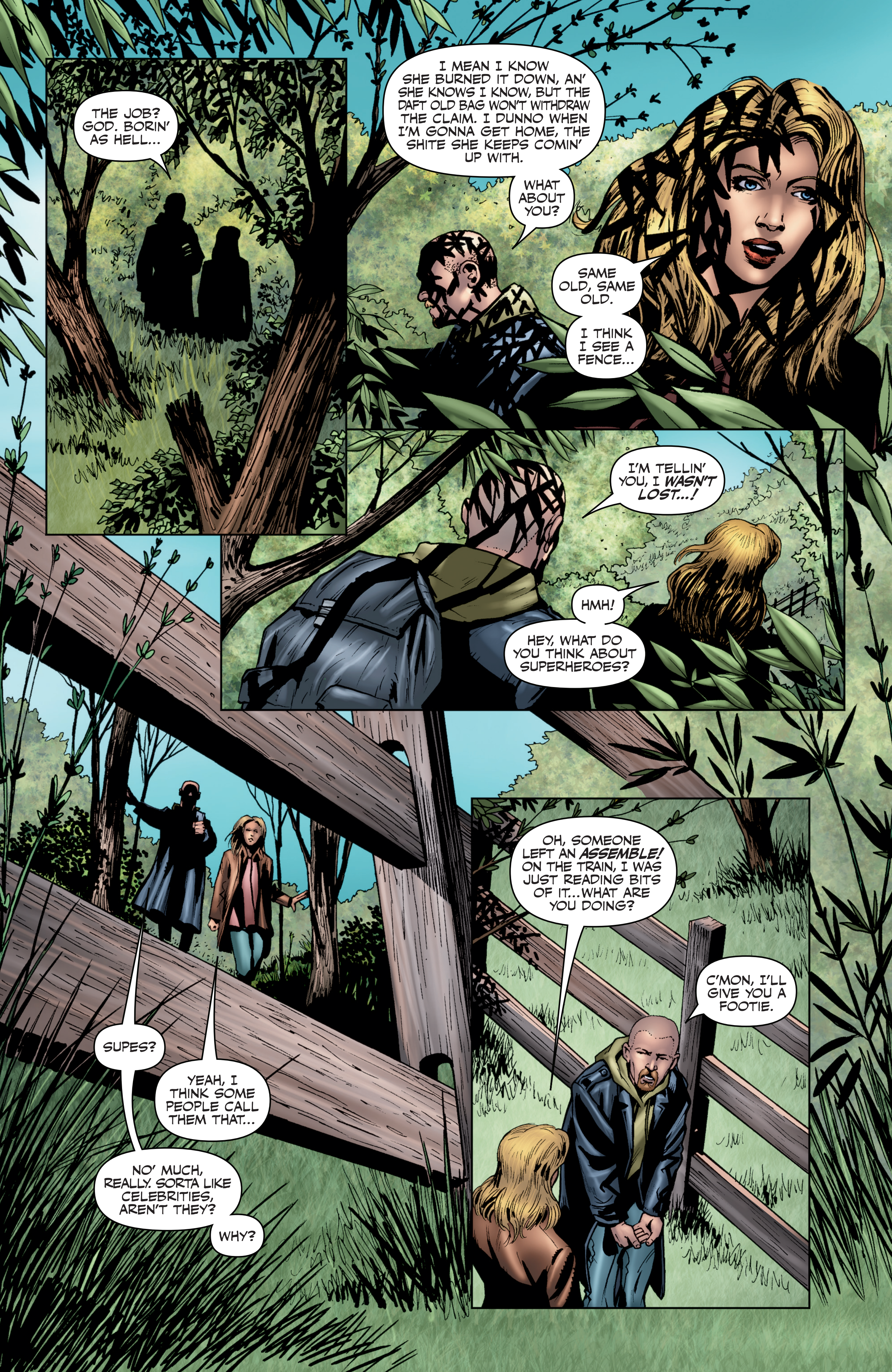

I WAS JUST THINKIN'-- MMF--
IF YOU NEVER DID IT OUTDOORS BEFORE, WE SHOULD MAYBE THINK ABOUT WHERE ELSE YOU'VE NO' DONE IT. COME UP WI' A WEE LIST, LIKE.
PURELY IN THE INTEREST OF EXPANDING MY HORIZONS...
OH AYE. ALL ABOVE BOARD.
MAKE A LIST AN' TAKE ACTION, THAT'S THE KEY...
I'M NOT SURE IF IT WOULD BE THAT ***WEE*** A LIST, HUGHIE. IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN.
WERE YOU...
WAS THAT YOUR FIRST TIME, WHEN WE...?
NO.
I WAS WITH SOMEONE. WE WERE IN KIND OF A CHRISTIAN ORGANISATION TOGETHER, WE WERE SUPPOSED TO WAIT. AND...WE DIDN'T.
WE TOLD PEOPLE WE DID, BUT WE DIDN'T. IT WAS ONE OF A COUPLE OF LIES WE WERE TELLING AROUND THAT TIME.
LIKE...?
"I LOVE YOU."
IT'S FUNNY, BACK THEN I WAS SO SCARED OF GOD KNOWING WHAT WAS IN MY HEART THAT I COULDN'T ADMIT IT WAS A LIE, NOT EVEN TO MYSELF. I THINK I KNEW, DEEP DOWN, BUT I DIDN'T DARE FACE IT.
NOW GOD'S OUT OF MY LIFE... AND THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME BEING HONEST.
IT WASN'T TRUE. IT WAS AN EXCUSE I USED SO I COULD SEE WHAT SEX WAS LIKE.

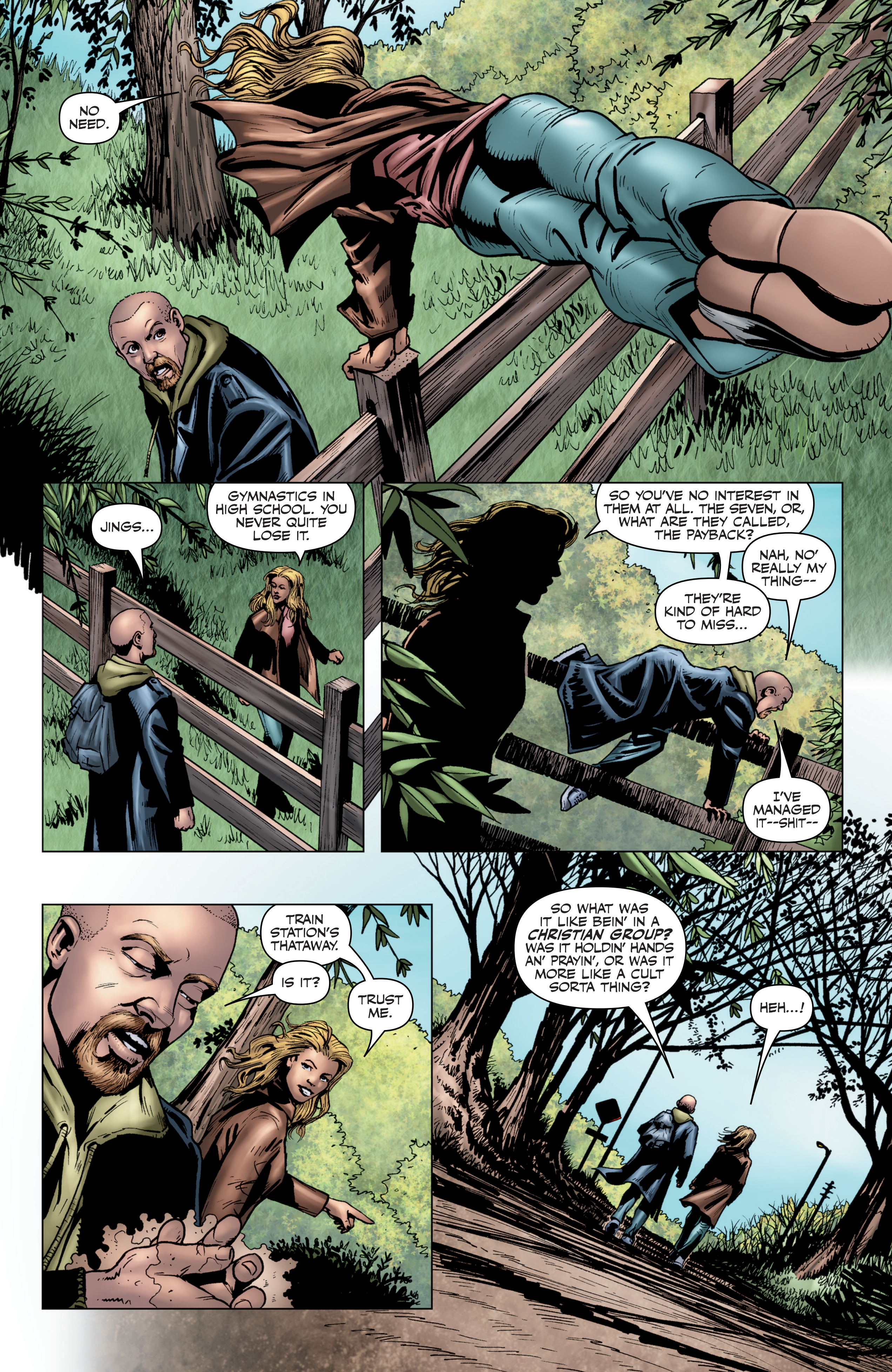

AND A SOFT, FLUFFY BLANKET TO KEEP ME WARM AT NIGHT.
NOW I'M NOT SURE IF I KNOW WHAT LOVE REALLY IS AT ALL. I GUESS THAT'S WHERE RELYING ON LIES GETS YOU.
A FELLA I KNOW...MY BOSS, ACTUALLY...SAYS IT'S TWO PEOPLE FINDIN' EACH OTHER.
HMH.
I LIKE THAT. HE MUST BE QUITE A ROMANTIC.
AYE, WELL.
MIND YOU, WE'VE ONLY BEEN SEEIN' EACH OTHER A FEW WEEKS. SO WE'RE PROBABLY NO' REALLY HAVIN' THIS CONVERSATION, ARE WE?
WHAT CONVERSATION?
THIS ONE?
'COURSE NOT.

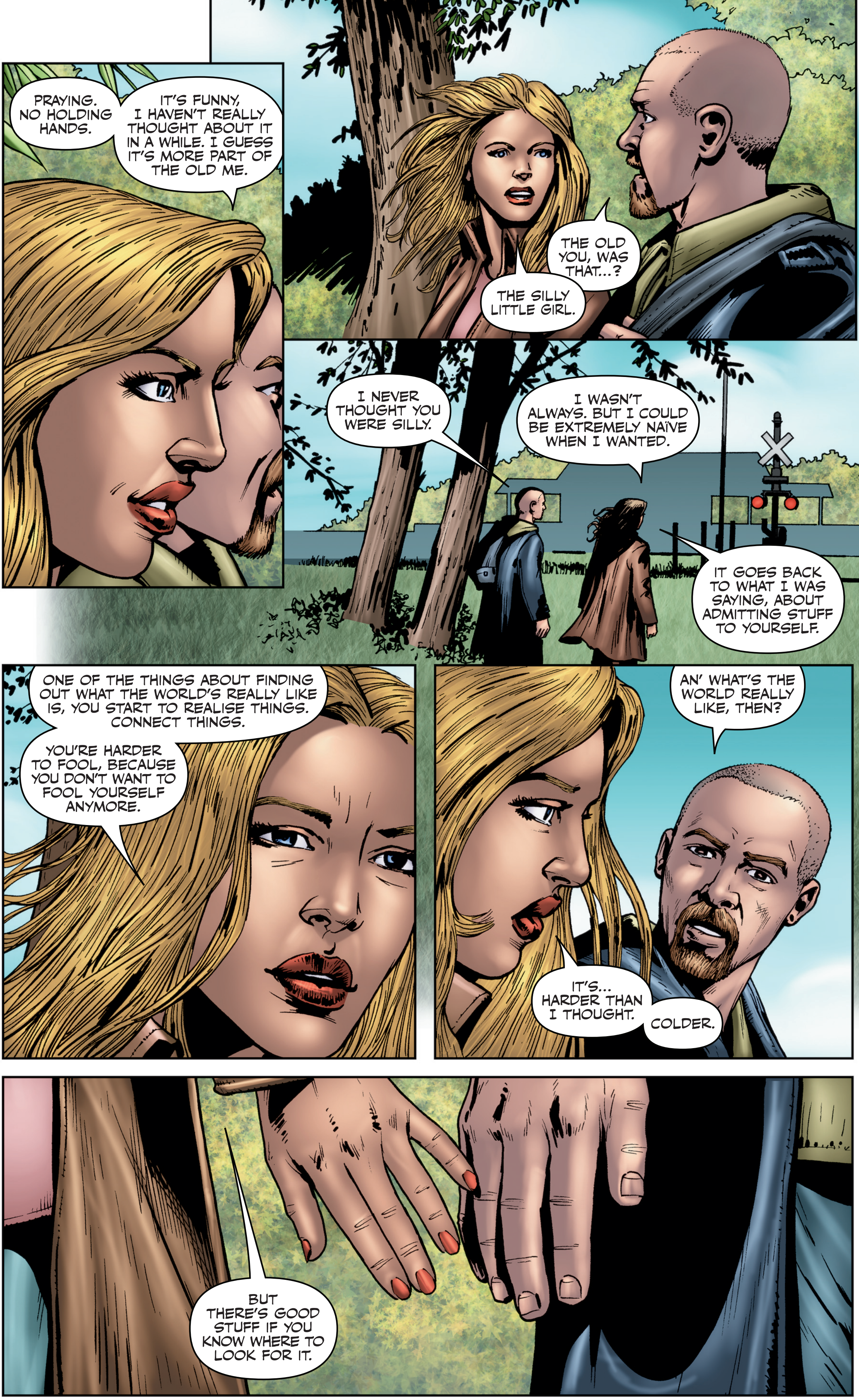

MMRRRAAAOOOOOWWW
MMRRRAAAOOOOOWWW
MMMMEEEEEERRRRRRAAAAAAAOOOOOOOWWWWW
MMEEEE--AAAAKK!!
ABOUT BLEEDIN' TIME.
RIGHT, MONKEY. SIX FILES OF SPACKER-PORN, ONE WITH YOUR TAXES, ONE LEFT TO GO.
ME HOPES ARE NOT HIGH...
JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST--

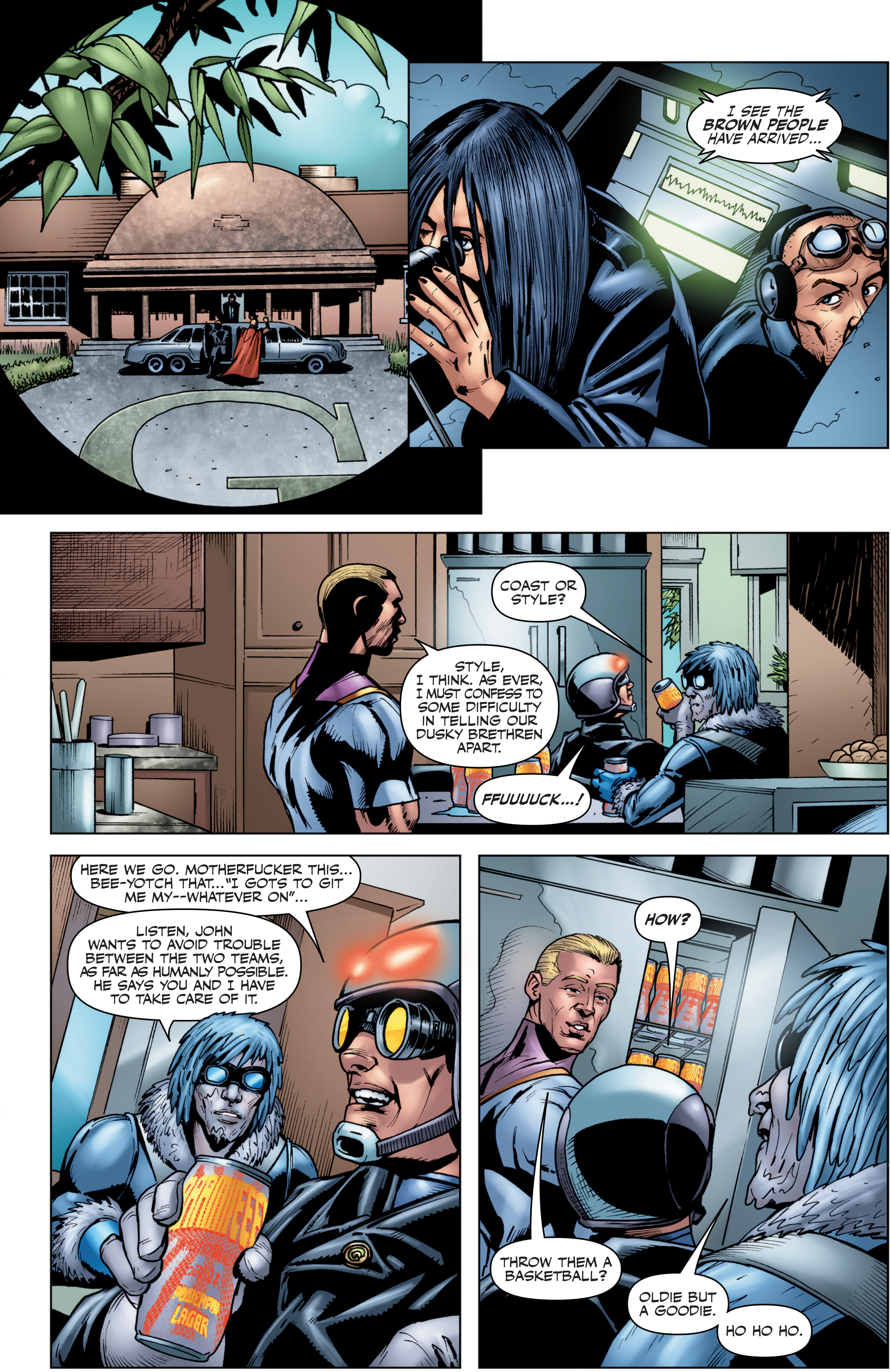

PLEASE GO AWAY.
PLEASE.
MISTER WILHELM, CAN YOU--
NO.
OKAY.
I KNOW IT'S HARD ON YOU, TALKIN' 'BOUT THIS AFTER SO LONG. BUT I GOT NO CHOICE, I GOT TO ASK THESE QUESTIONS.
NOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU MOVIN', SO I'M GUESSIN' YOU STANDIN' RIGHT BY THE DOOR. I'M JUST GONNA TALK, AN' YOU LISTEN IF YOU WANT TO.
INVESTIGATION I'M RUNNIN' HIT A WALL. TRYIN' KIND OF A NEW ANGLE HERE.
I BEEN LOOKIN' AT ANYONE EVER LIVED IN CRANBROOK WENT BY THE NAME *PAUL*. CHECKIN' THE FILES, TRYNNA FIND ANYTHING OUTTA THE ORDINARY THEY MIGHTA DONE, OR MIGHTA HAPPENED TO 'EM.

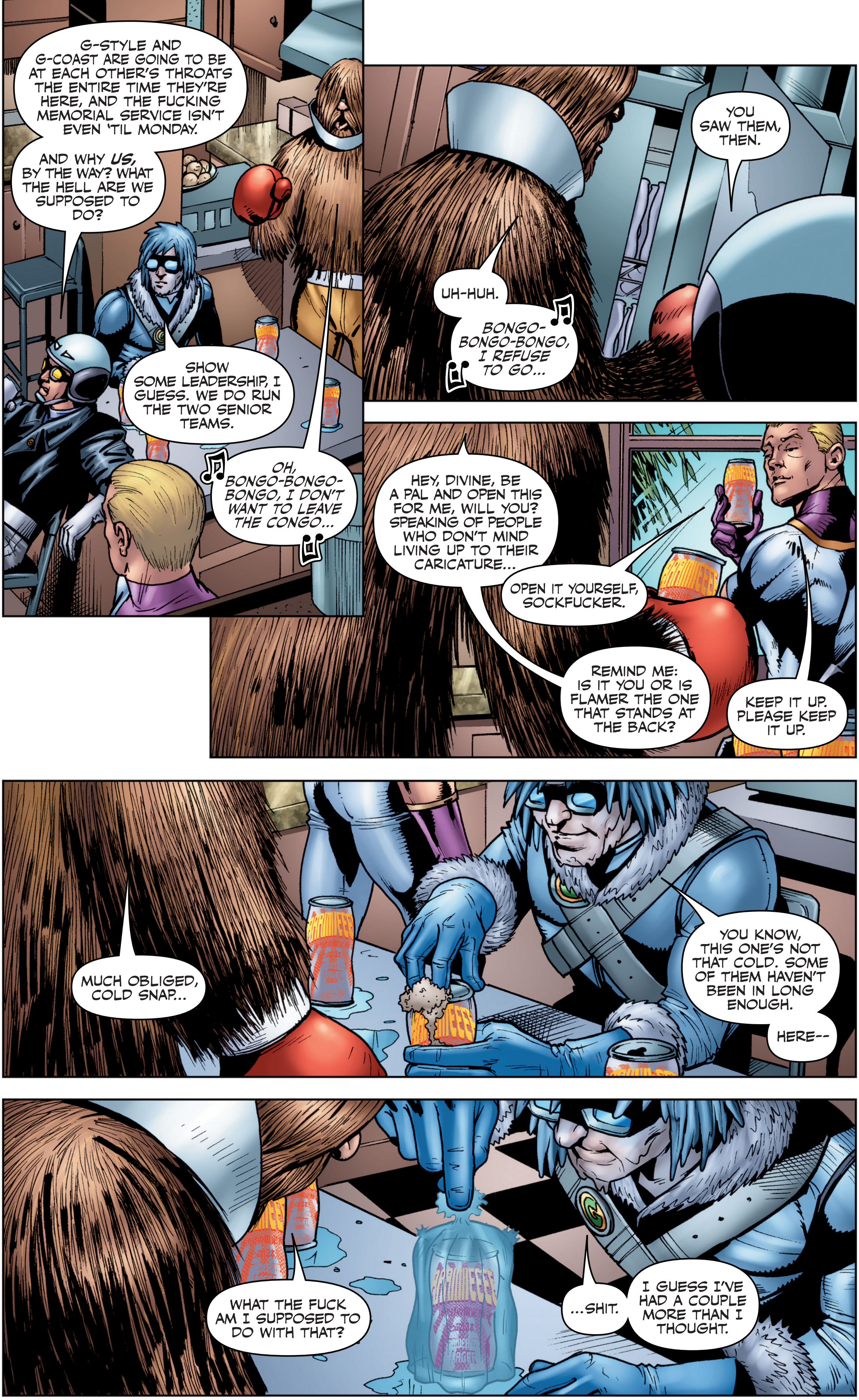

...ANGIE, I TOLD YOU ***NEVER*** TO CALL ME WHEN I'M WORKING...
YOU LIVED HERE YOUR WHOLE LIFE, RIGHT? SO IT AIN'T GONNA COME AS NO SURPRISE, I TELL YOU I GOT NO SLEEP LAST NIGHT AN' STILL CAME UP WITH NOTHIN'...
'TIL I GOT BACK AS FAR AS EIGHTY-TWO, WHEN THE CRANBROOK SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT COME HERE TO INFORM YOU OF THE DEATH OF YOUR YOUNGER BROTHER.
FOUND IN A MOTEL IN TUCSON. CORONER'S REPORT, NOTIFICATION FROM THE LOCAL P.D., ALL THAT.
MISTER WILHELM, CAN YOU TELL ME WHY PAUL WENT ALL THE WAY TO ARIZONA?
CAN YOU TELL ME WHY HE SHOT HIMSELF?
AIN'T GONNA LEAVE, YOU BETTER COME IN.

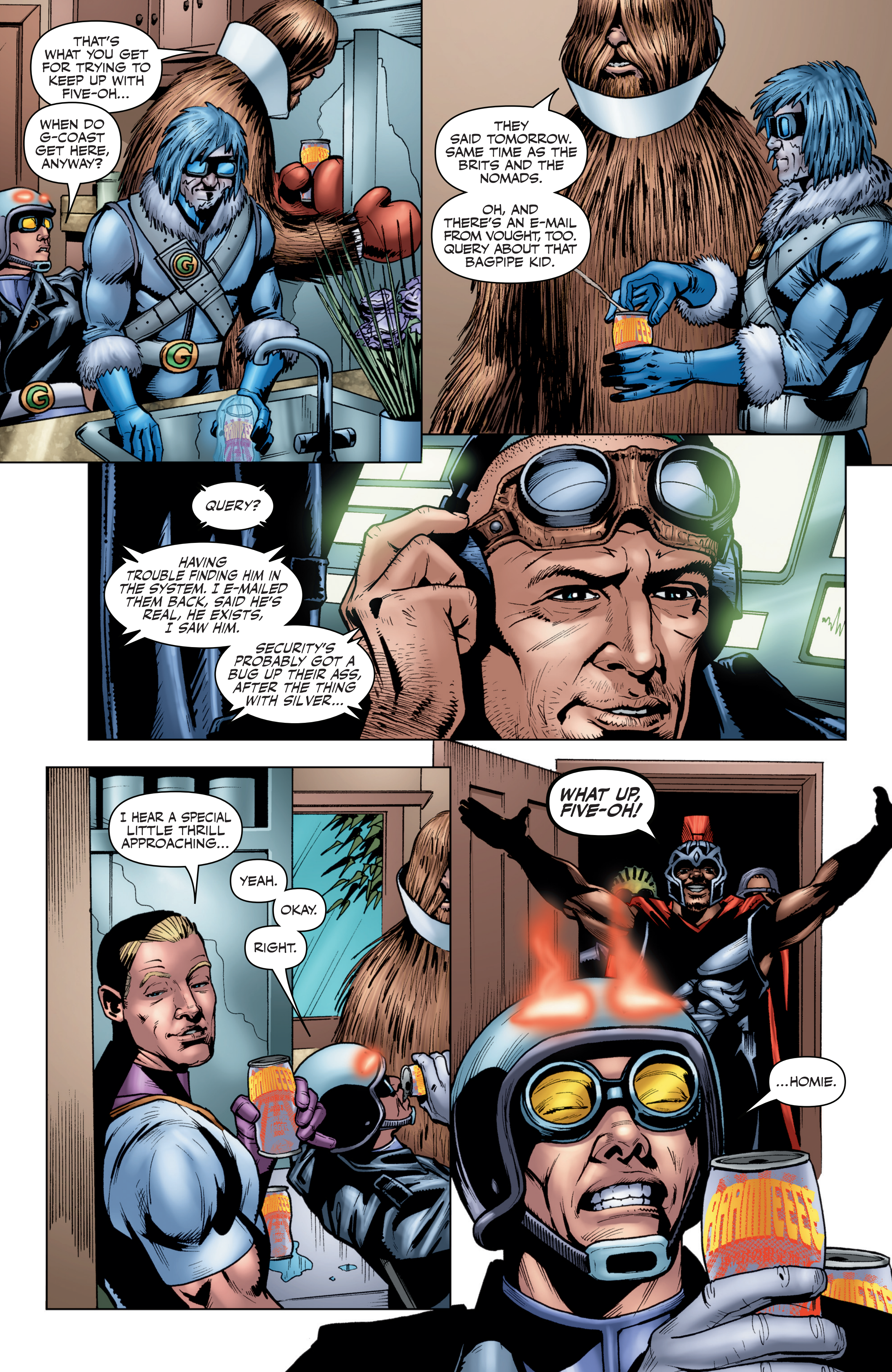

THE JOB? GOD. BORIN' AS HELL...
I MEAN I KNOW SHE BURNED IT DOWN, AN' SHE KNOWS I KNOW, BUT THE DAFT OLD BAG WON'T WITHDRAW THE CLAIM. I DUNNO WHEN I'M GONNA GET HOME, THE SHITE SHE KEEPS COMIN' UP WITH.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
SAME OLD, SAME OLD.
I THINK I SEE A FENCE...
I'M TELLIN' YOU, I *WASN'T LOST...!*
HMH!
HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT SUPERHEROES?
SUPES?
YEAH, I THINK SOME PEOPLE CALL THEM THAT...
NO' MUCH, REALLY. SORTA LIKE CELEBRITIES, AREN'T THEY?
WHY?
OH, SOMEONE LEFT AN *ASSEMBLE!* ON THE TRAIN, I WAS JUST READING BITS OF IT...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
C'MON, I'LL GIVE YOU A FOOTIE.

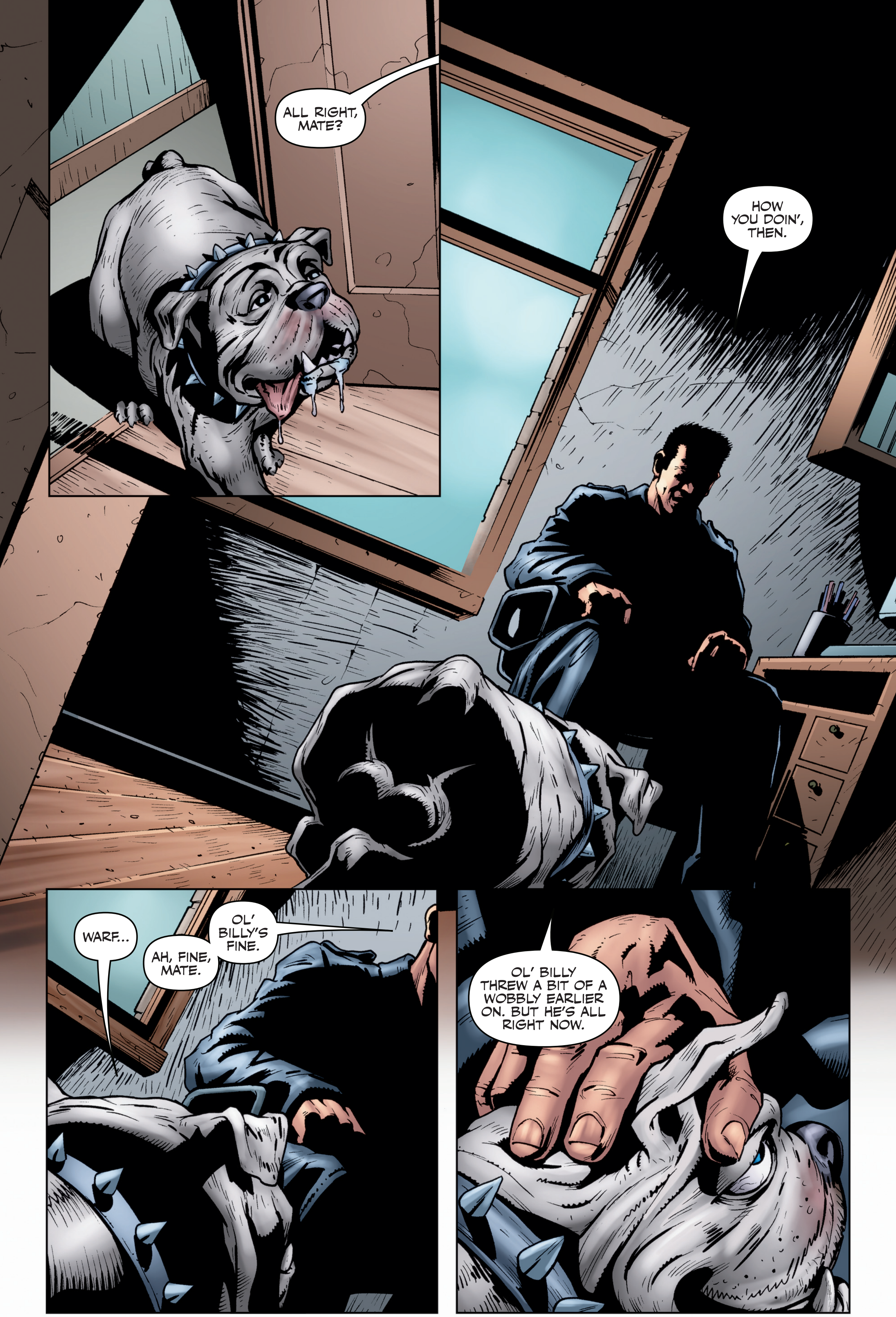

NO NEED.
JINGS...
GYMNASTICS IN HIGH SCHOOL. YOU NEVER QUITE LOSE IT.
SO YOU'VE NO INTEREST IN THEM AT ALL. THE SEVEN, OR, WHAT ARE THEY CALLED, THE PAYBACK?
NAH, NO' REALLY MY THING--
THEY'RE KIND OF HARD TO MISS...
I'VE MANAGED IT--SHIT--
TRAIN STATION'S THATAWAY.
IS IT?
TRUST ME.
SO WHAT WAS IT LIKE BEIN' IN A *CHRISTIAN GROUP?* WAS IT HOLDIN' HANDS AN' PRAYIN', OR WAS IT MORE LIKE A CULT SORTA THING?
HEH...!

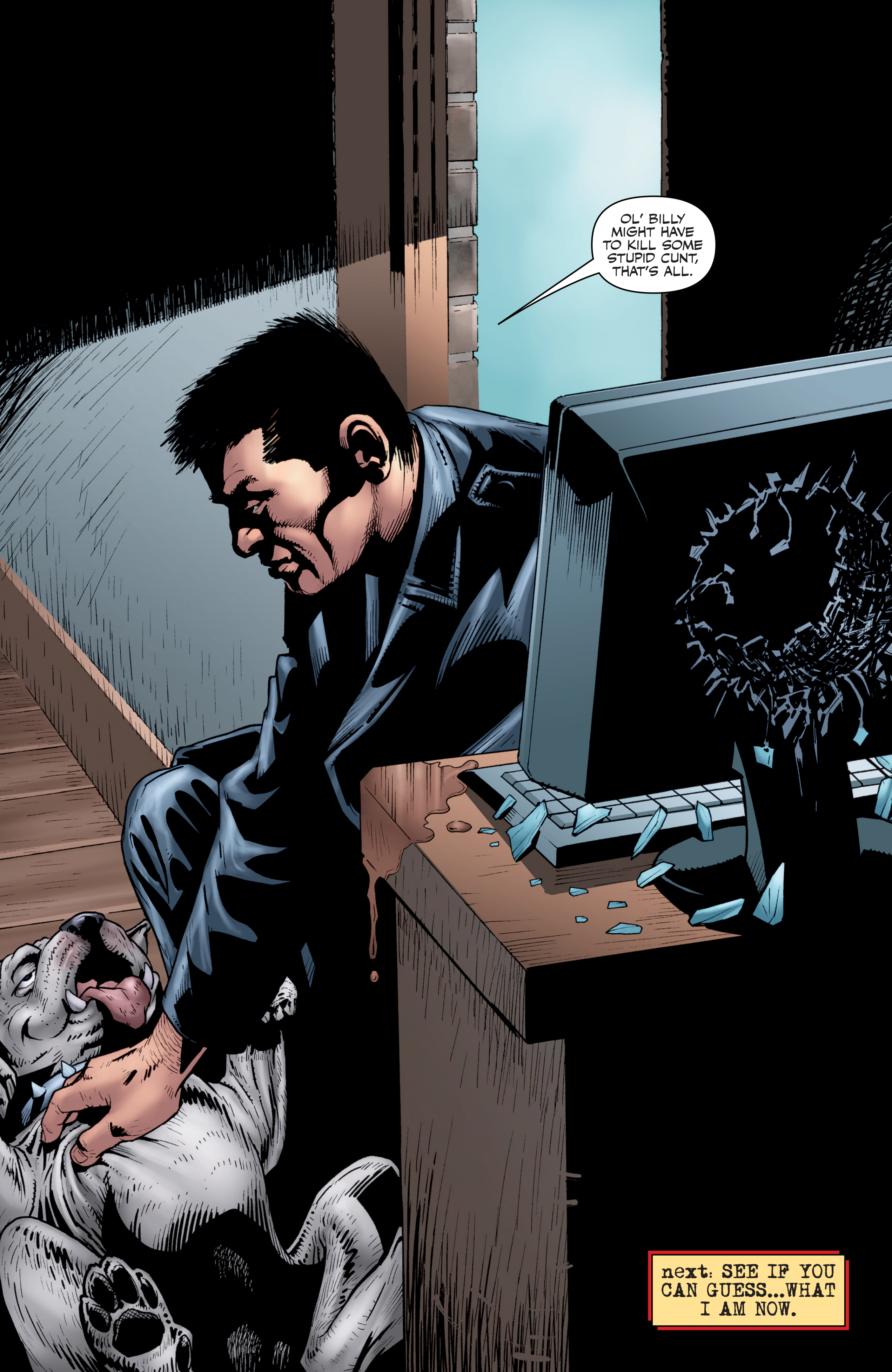

PRAYING. NO HOLDING HANDS.
IT'S FUNNY, I HAVEN'T REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT IN A WHILE. I GUESS IT'S MORE PART OF THE OLD ME.
THE OLD YOU, WAS THAT...?
THE SILLY LITTLE GIRL.
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE SILLY.
I WASN'T ALWAYS. BUT I COULD BE EXTREMELY NAÏVE WHEN I WANTED.
IT GOES BACK TO WHAT I WAS SAYING, ABOUT ADMITTING STUFF TO YOURSELF.
ONE OF THE THINGS ABOUT FINDING OUT WHAT THE WORLD'S REALLY LIKE IS, YOU START TO REALISE THINGS. CONNECT THINGS.
YOU'RE HARDER TO FOOL, BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO FOOL YOURSELF ANYMORE.
AN' WHAT'S THE WORLD REALLY LIKE, THEN?
IT'S... HARDER THAN I THOUGHT.
COLDER.
BUT THERE'S GOOD STUFF IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT.

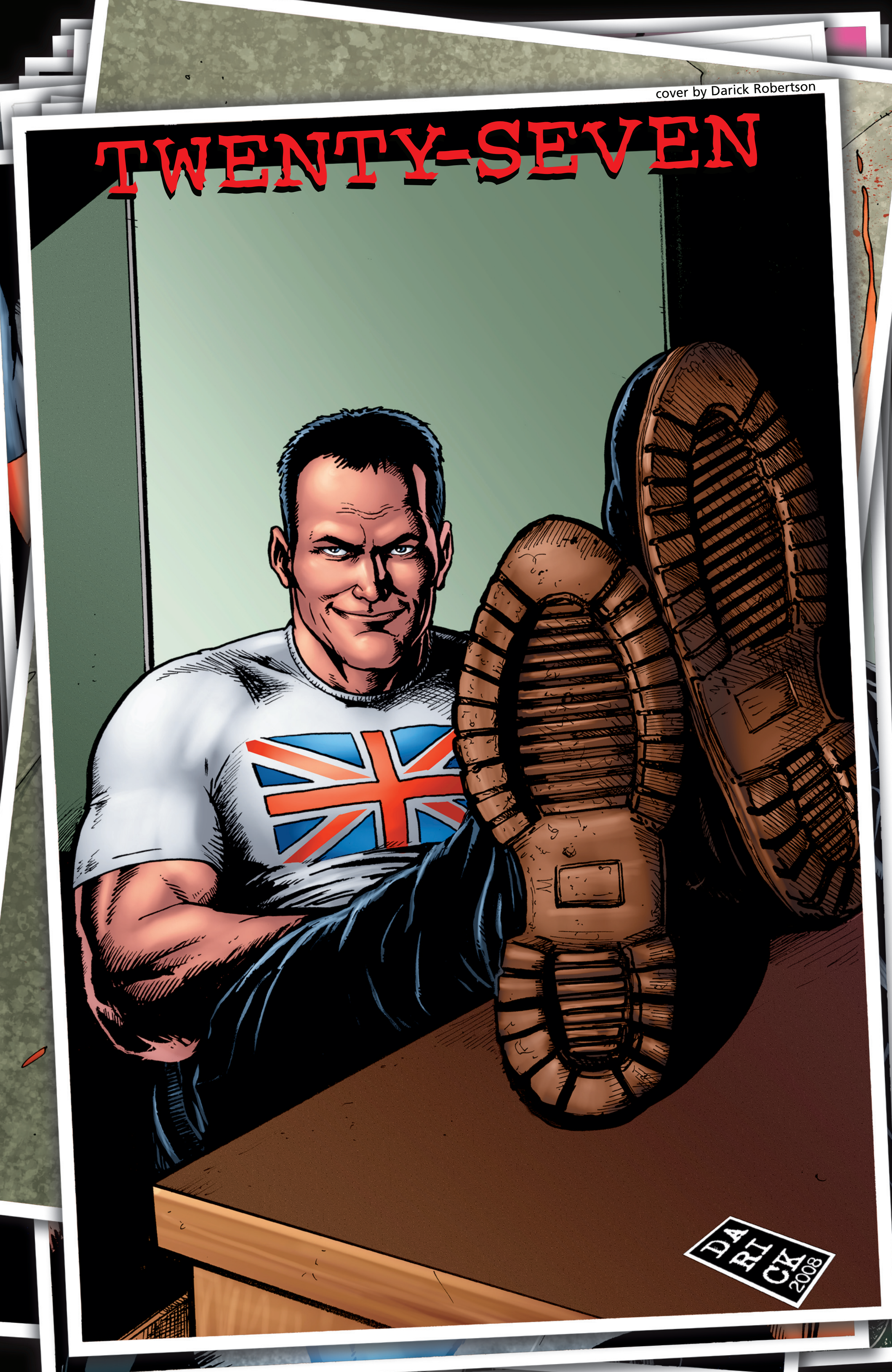

I SEE THE **BROWN PEOPLE** HAVE ARRIVED...
COAST OR STYLE?
STYLE, I THINK. AS EVER, I MUST CONFESS TO SOME DIFFICULTY IN TELLING OUR DUSKY BRETHREN APART.
FFUUUUCK...!
HERE WE GO. MOTHERFUCKER THIS... BEE-YOTCH THAT..."I GOTS TO GIT ME MY--WHATEVER ON"...
LISTEN, JOHN WANTS TO AVOID TROUBLE BETWEEN THE TWO TEAMS, AS FAR AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE. HE SAYS YOU AND I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF IT.
HOW?
THROW THEM A BASKETBALL?
OLDIE BUT A GOODIE.
HO HO HO.


G-STYLE AND G-COAST ARE GOING TO BE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS THE ENTIRE TIME THEY'RE HERE, AND THE FUCKING MEMORIAL SERVICE ISN'T EVEN 'TIL MONDAY.
AND WHY *US*, BY THE WAY? WHAT THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?
SHOW SOME LEADERSHIP, I GUESS. WE DO RUN THE TWO SENIOR TEAMS.
♫ *OH, BONGO-BONGO-BONGO, I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO...* ♫
YOU SAW THEM, THEN.
UH-HUH.
♫ *BONGO-BONGO-BONGO, I REFUSE TO GO...* ♫
HEY, DIVINE, BE A PAL AND OPEN THIS FOR ME, WILL YOU? SPEAKING OF PEOPLE WHO DON'T MIND LIVING UP TO THEIR CARICATURE...
OPEN IT YOURSELF, SOCKFUCKER.
REMIND ME: IS IT YOU OR IS FLAMER THE ONE THAT STANDS AT THE BACK?
KEEP IT UP. PLEASE KEEP IT UP.
MUCH OBLIGED, COLD SNAP...
YOU KNOW, THIS ONE'S NOT THAT COLD. SOME OF THEM HAVEN'T BEEN IN LONG ENOUGH.
HERE--
WHAT THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THAT?
...SHIT.
I GUESS I'VE HAD A COUPLE MORE THAN I THOUGHT.


THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH FIVE-OH...
WHEN DO G-COAST GET HERE, ANYWAY?
THEY SAID TOMORROW. SAME TIME AS THE BRITS AND THE NOMADS.
OH, AND THERE'S AN E-MAIL FROM VOUGHT, TOO. QUERY ABOUT THAT BAGPIPE KID.
QUERY?
HAVING TROUBLE FINDING HIM IN THE SYSTEM. I E-MAILED THEM BACK, SAID HE'S REAL, HE EXISTS, I SAW HIM.
SECURITY'S PROBABLY GOT A BUG UP THEIR ASS, AFTER THE THING WITH SILVER...
I HEAR A SPECIAL LITTLE THRILL APPROACHING...
YEAH.
OKAY.
RIGHT.
WHAT UP, FIVE-OH!
...HOMIE.


ALL RIGHT, MATE?
HOW YOU DOIN', THEN.
WARF...
AH, FINE, MATE.
OL' BILLY'S FINE.
OL' BILLY THREW A BIT OF A WOBBLY EARLIER ON. BUT HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW.


OL' BILLY MIGHT HAVE TO KILL SOME STUPID CUNT, THAT'S ALL.
next: SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS...WHAT I AM NOW.


TWENTY-SEVEN
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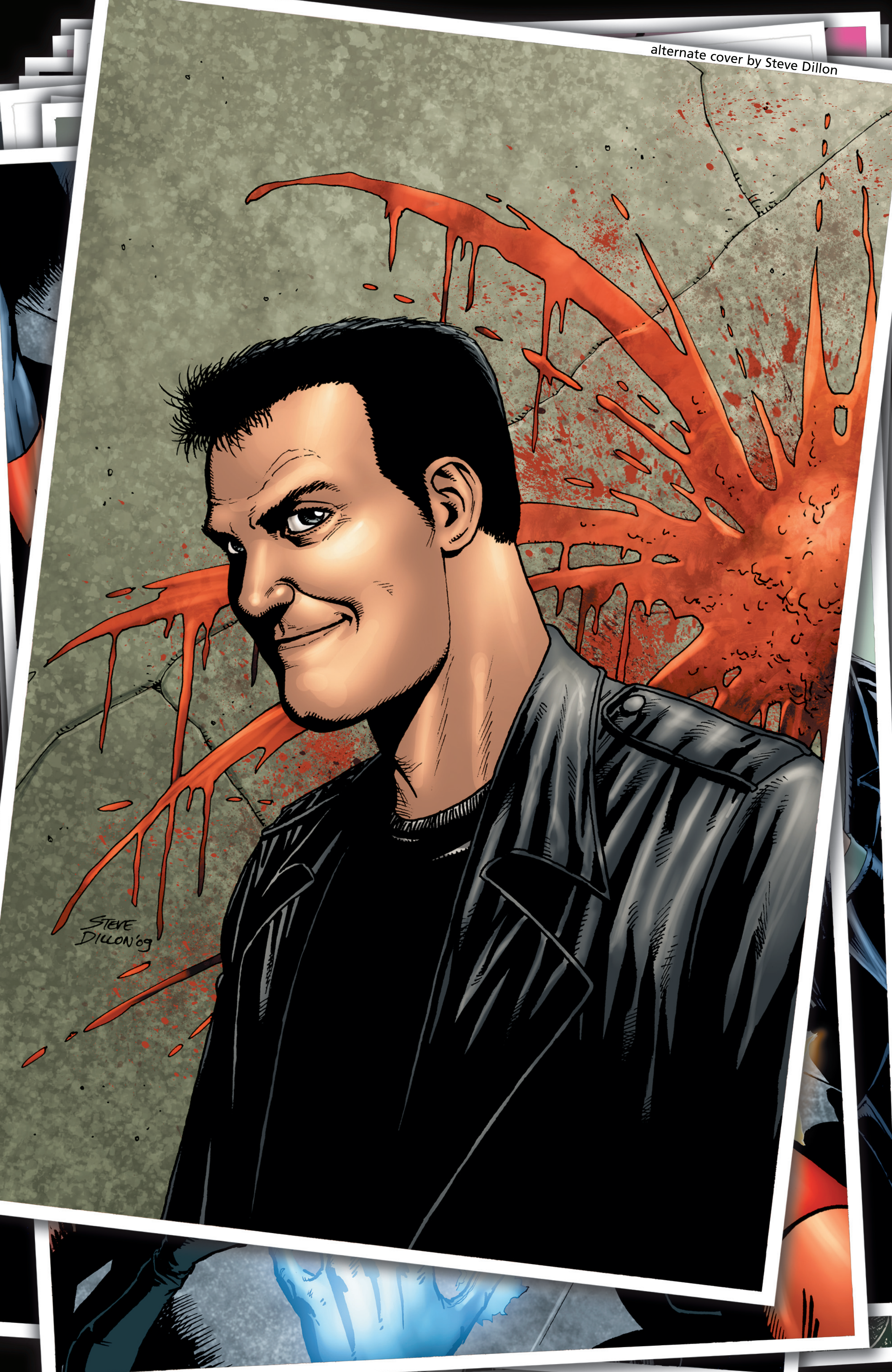
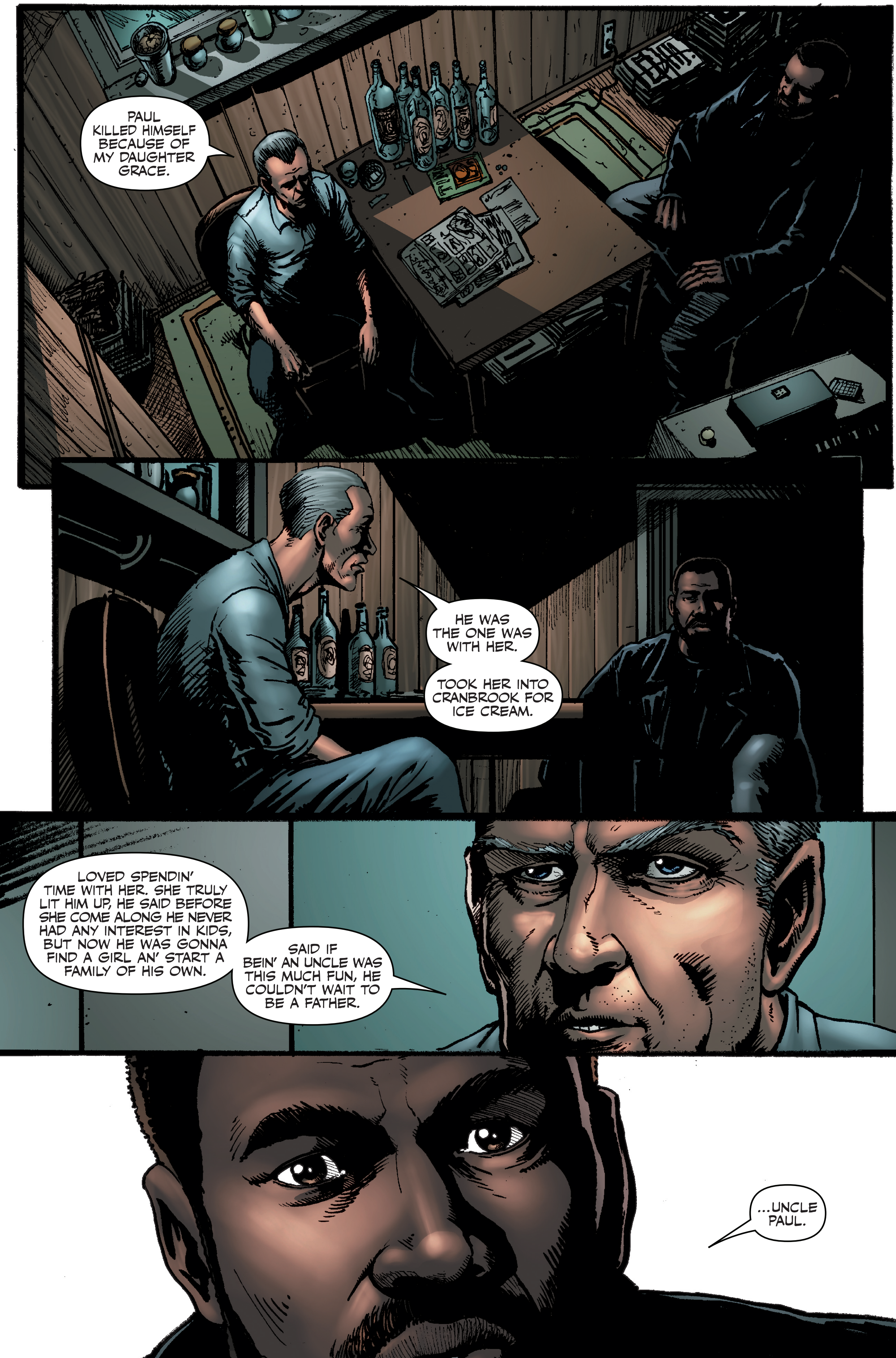
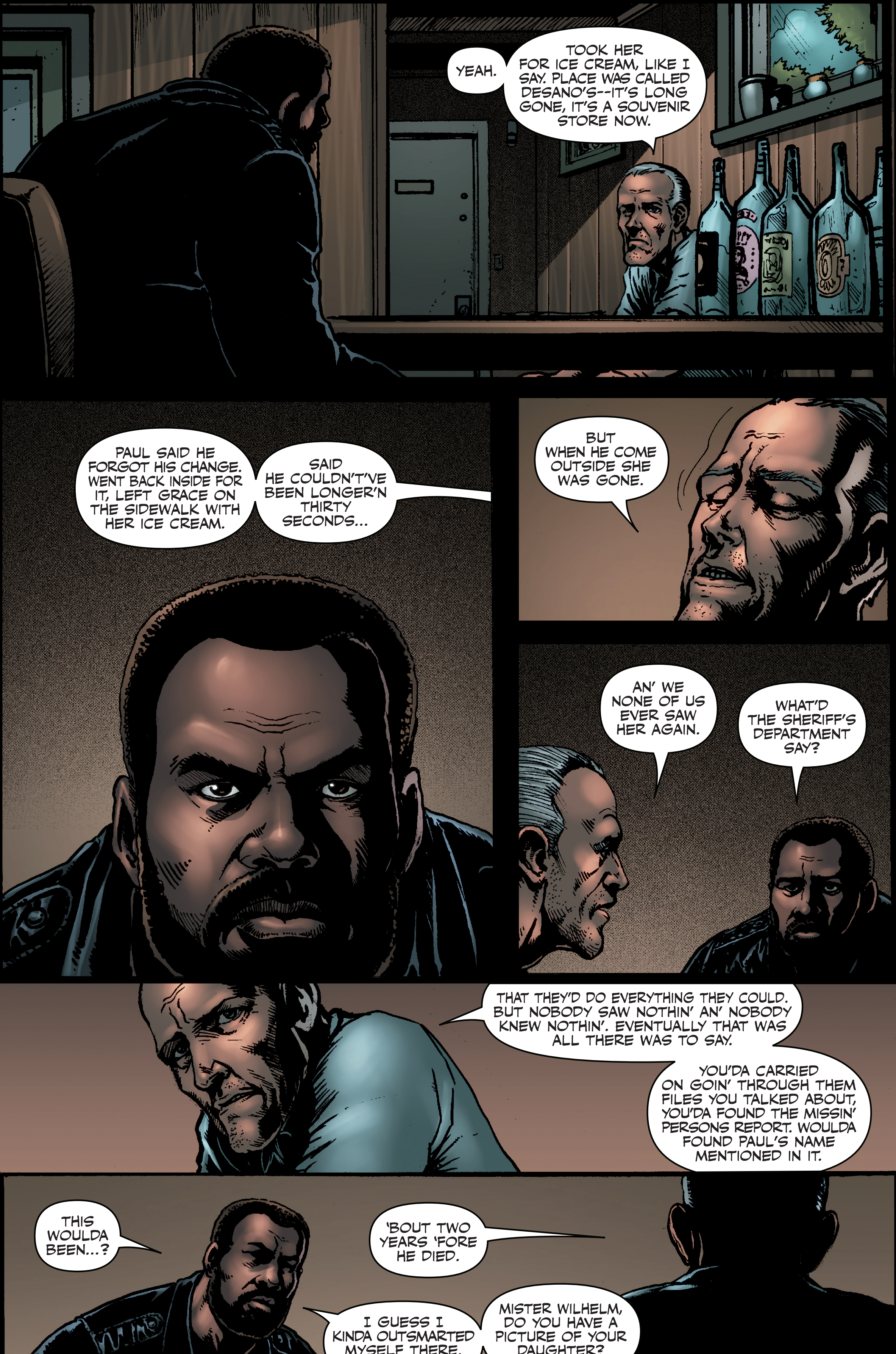
2008

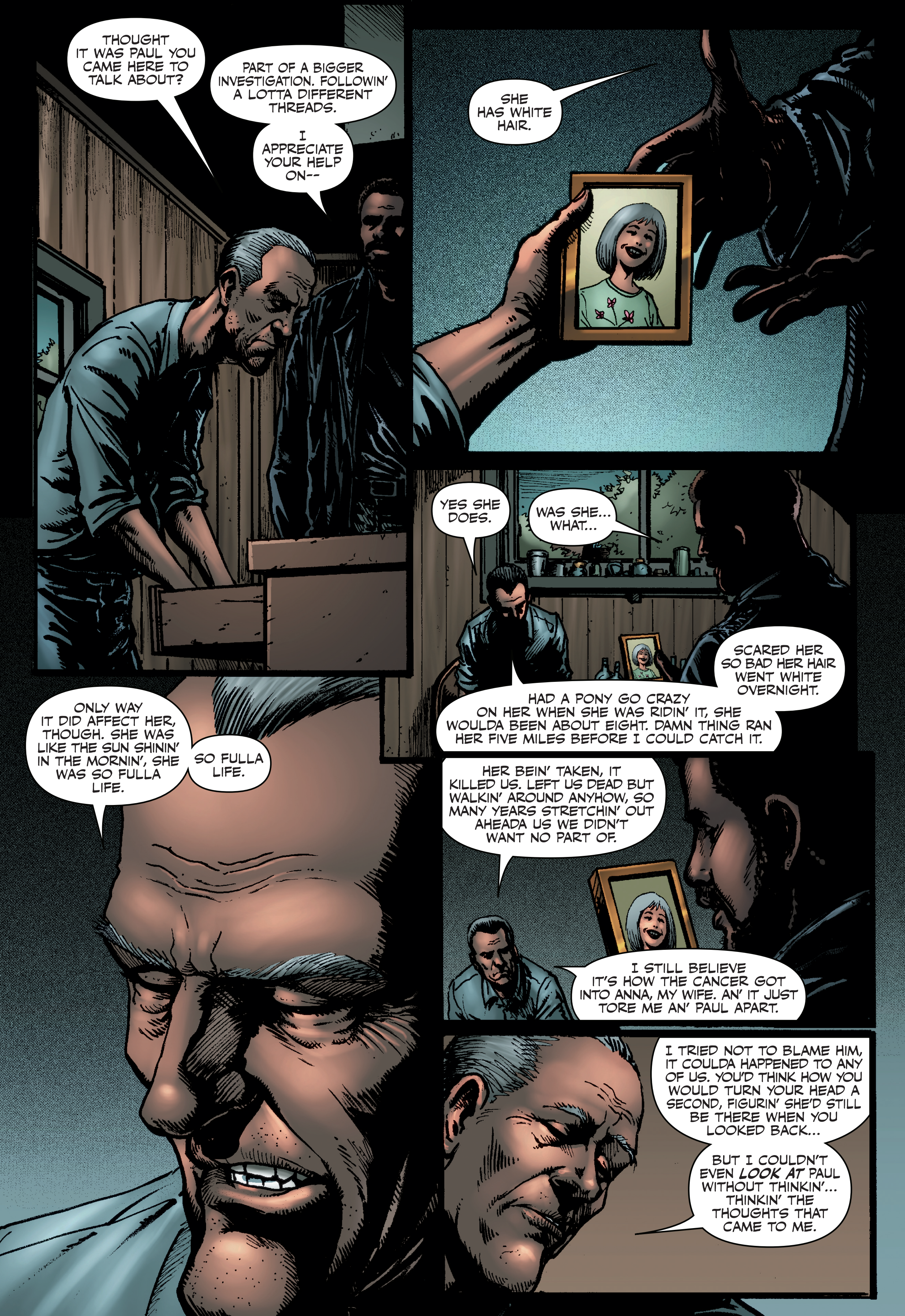
cover by Darick Robertson

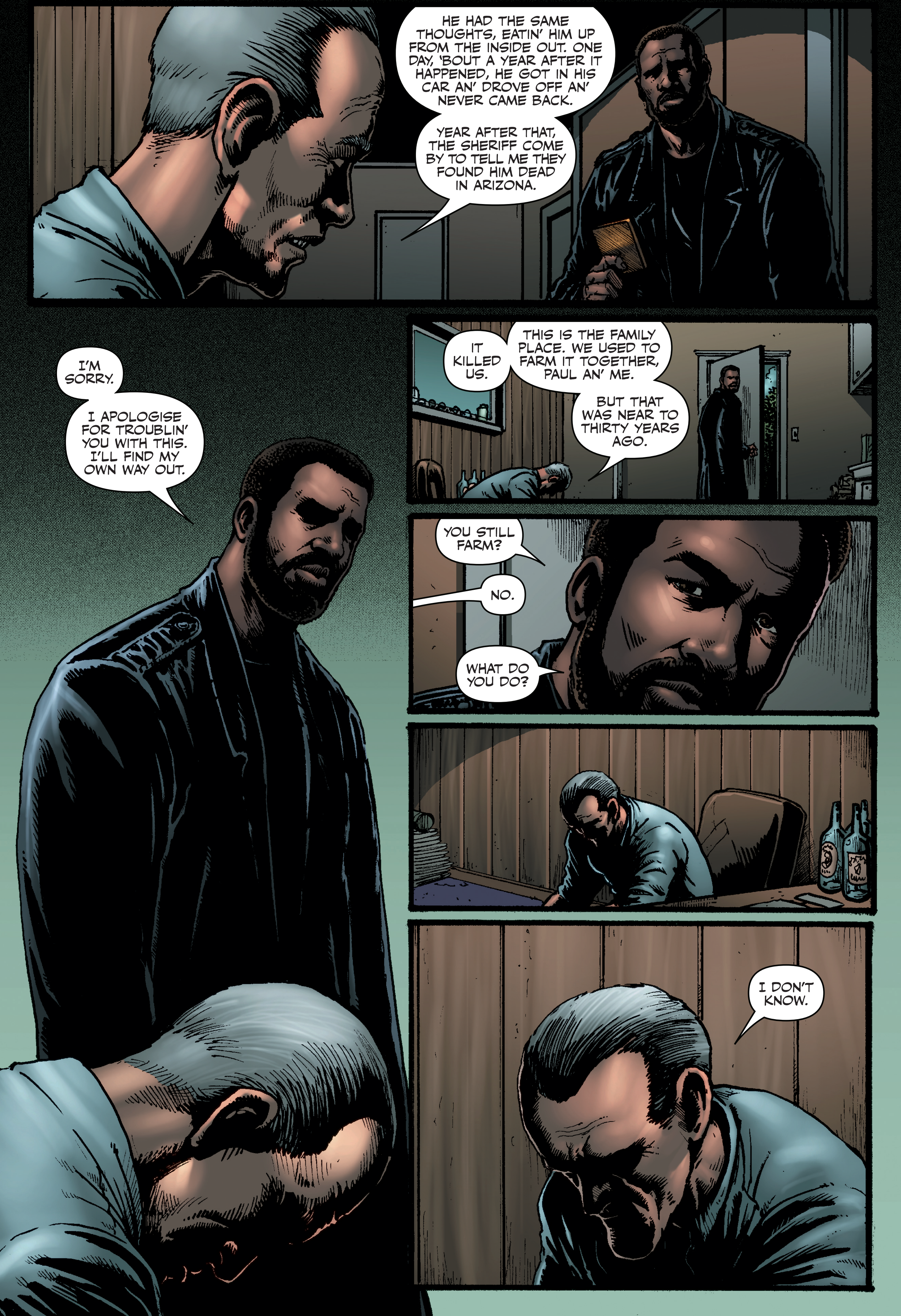
alternate cover by Steve Dillon

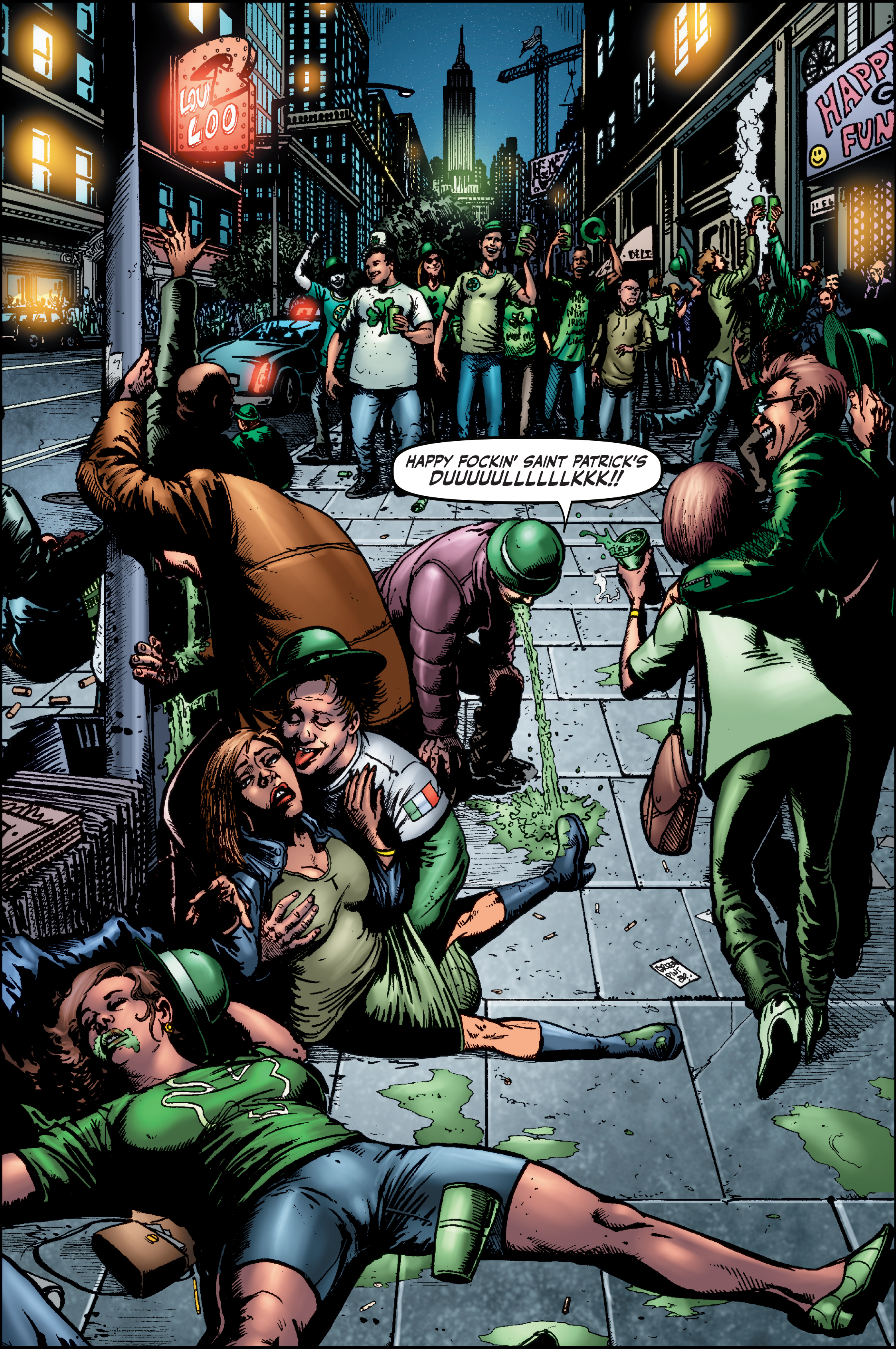

STEVE DILLON '09


PAUL KILLED HIMSELF BECAUSE OF MY DAUGHTER GRACE.
HE WAS THE ONE WAS WITH HER.
TOOK HER INTO CRANBROOK FOR ICE CREAM.
LOVED SPENDIN' TIME WITH HER. SHE TRULY LIT HIM UP, HE SAID BEFORE SHE COME ALONG HE NEVER HAD ANY INTEREST IN KIDS, BUT NOW HE WAS GONNA FIND A GIRL AN' START A FAMILY OF HIS OWN.
SAID IF BEIN' AN UNCLE WAS THIS MUCH FUN, HE COULDN'T WAIT TO BE A FATHER.
...UNCLE PAUL.


YEAH.
TOOK HER FOR ICE CREAM, LIKE I SAY. PLACE WAS CALLED DESANO'S--IT'S LONG GONE, IT'S A SOUVENIR STORE NOW.
PAUL SAID HE FORGOT HIS CHANGE. WENT BACK INSIDE FOR IT, LEFT GRACE ON THE SIDEWALK WITH HER ICE CREAM.
SAID HE COULDN'T'VE BEEN LONGER'N THIRTY SECONDS...
BUT WHEN HE COME OUTSIDE SHE WAS GONE.
AN' WE NONE OF US EVER SAW HER AGAIN.
WHAT'D THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT SAY?
THAT THEY'D DO EVERYTHING THEY COULD. BUT NOBODY SAW NOTHIN' AN' NOBODY KNEW NOTHIN'. EVENTUALLY THAT WAS ALL THERE WAS TO SAY.
YOU'DA CARRIED ON GOIN' THROUGH THEM FILES YOU TALKED ABOUT, YOU'DA FOUND THE MISSIN' PERSONS REPORT. WOULDA FOUND PAUL'S NAME MENTIONED IN IT.
THIS WOULDA BEEN...?
'BOUT TWO YEARS 'FORE HE DIED.
I GUESS I KINDA OUTSMARTED MYSELF THERE.
MISTER WILHELM, DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR DAUGHTER?

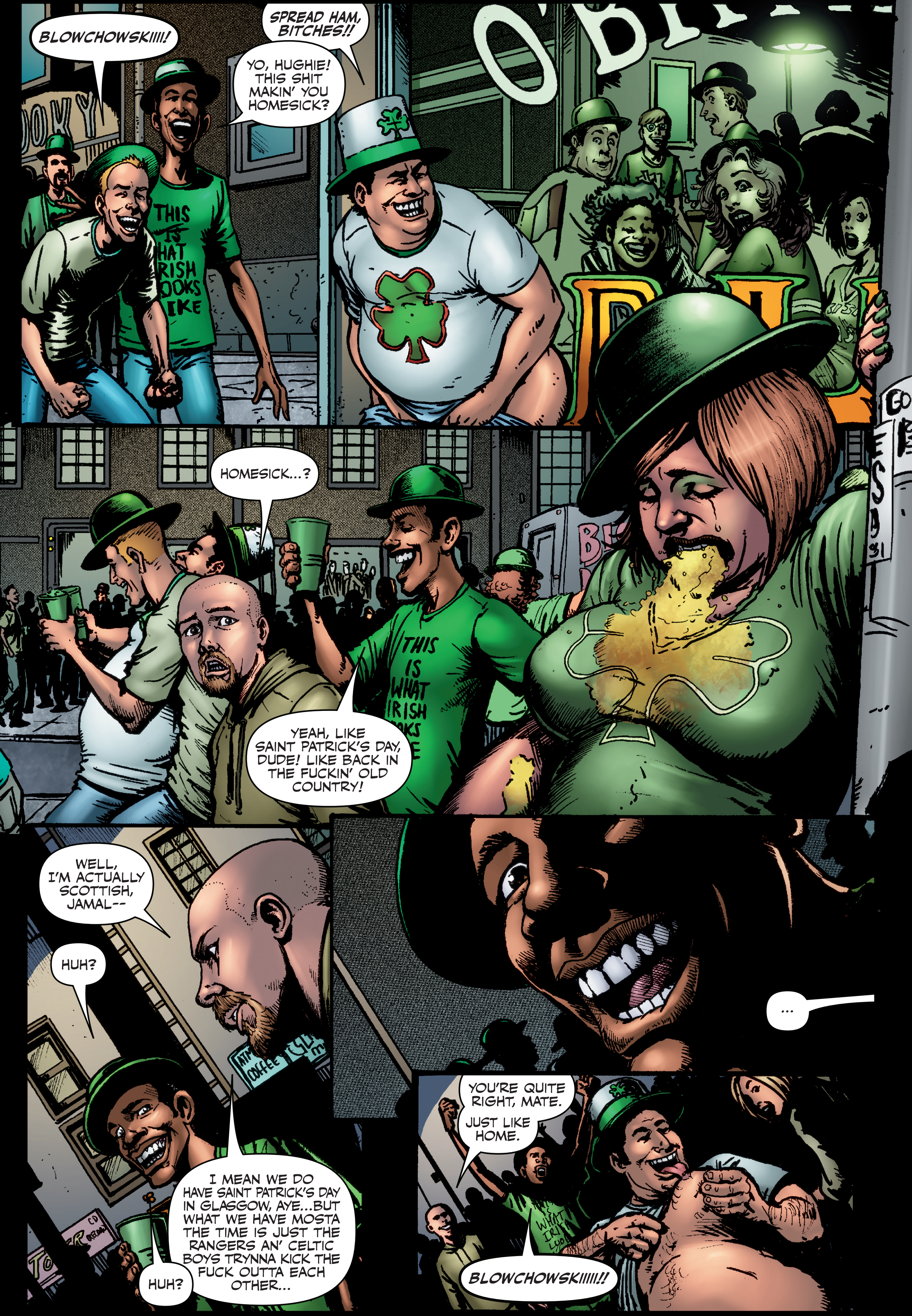

THOUGHT IT WAS PAUL YOU CAME HERE TO TALK ABOUT?
PART OF A BIGGER INVESTIGATION. FOLLOWIN' A LOTTA DIFFERENT THREADS.
I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP ON--
SHE HAS WHITE HAIR.
YES SHE DOES.
WAS SHE... WHAT...
SCARED HER SO BAD HER HAIR WENT WHITE OVERNIGHT.
HAD A PONY GO CRAZY ON HER WHEN SHE WAS RIDIN' IT, SHE WOULDA BEEN ABOUT EIGHT. DAMN THING RAN HER FIVE MILES BEFORE I COULD CATCH IT.
ONLY WAY IT DID AFFECT HER, THOUGH. SHE WAS LIKE THE SUN SHININ' IN THE MORNIN', SHE WAS SO FULLA LIFE.
SO FULLA LIFE.
HER BEIN' TAKEN, IT KILLED US. LEFT US DEAD BUT WALKIN' AROUND ANYHOW, SO MANY YEARS STRETCHIN' OUT AHEADA US WE DIDN'T WANT NO PART OF.
I STILL BELIEVE IT'S HOW THE CANCER GOT INTO ANNA, MY WIFE. AN' IT JUST TORE ME AN' PAUL APART.
I TRIED NOT TO BLAME HIM, IT COULDA HAPPENED TO ANY OF US. YOU'D THINK HOW YOU WOULD TURN YOUR HEAD A SECOND, FIGURIN' SHE'D STILL BE THERE WHEN YOU LOOKED BACK...
BUT I COULDN'T EVEN *LOOK AT* PAUL WITHOUT THINKIN'... THINKIN' THE THOUGHTS THAT CAME TO ME.

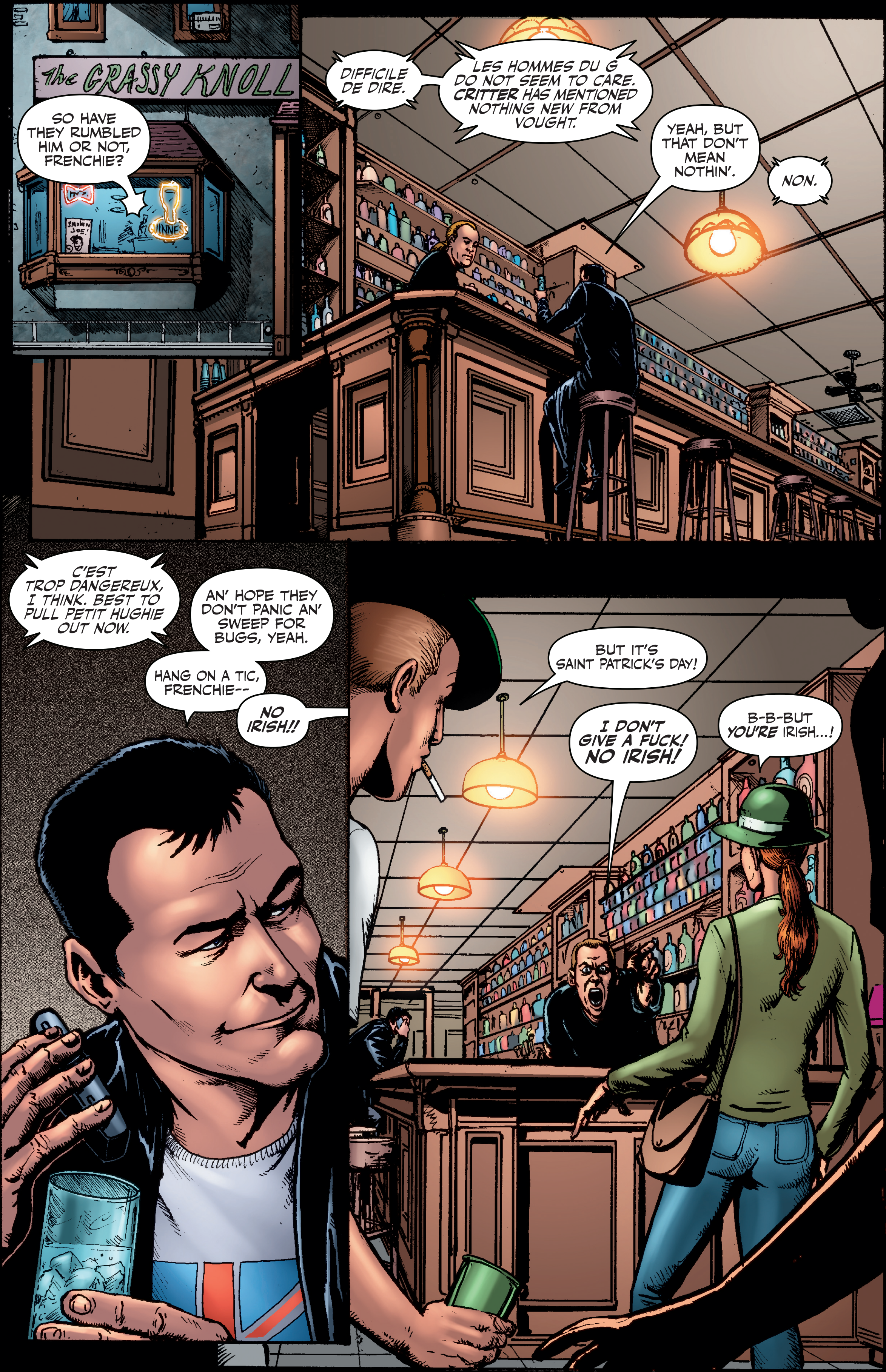

HE HAD THE SAME THOUGHTS, EATIN' HIM UP FROM THE INSIDE OUT. ONE DAY, 'BOUT A YEAR AFTER IT HAPPENED, HE GOT IN HIS CAR AN' DROVE OFF AN' NEVER CAME BACK.
YEAR AFTER THAT, THE SHERIFF COME BY TO TELL ME THEY FOUND HIM DEAD IN ARIZONA.
IT KILLED US.
THIS IS THE FAMILY PLACE. WE USED TO FARM IT TOGETHER, PAUL AN' ME.
BUT THAT WAS NEAR TO THIRTY YEARS AGO.
YOU STILL FARM?
NO.
WHAT DO YOU DO?
I DON'T KNOW.
I'M SORRY.
I APOLOGISE FOR TROUBLIN' YOU WITH THIS. I'LL FIND MY OWN WAY OUT.

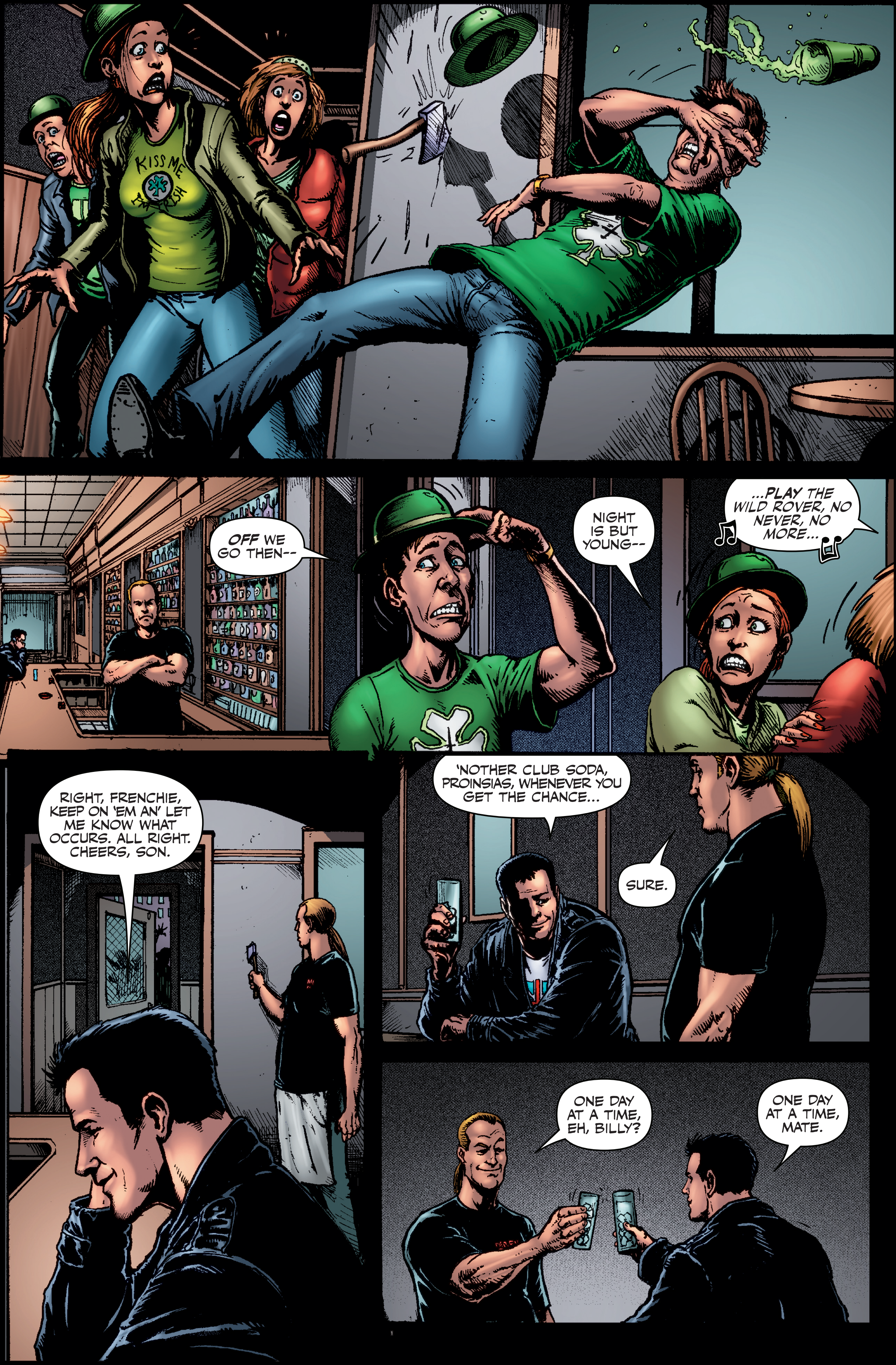

LOU LOO
HAPPY FOCKIN' SAINT PATRICK'S DUUUUULLLLLLKKK!!
DELI

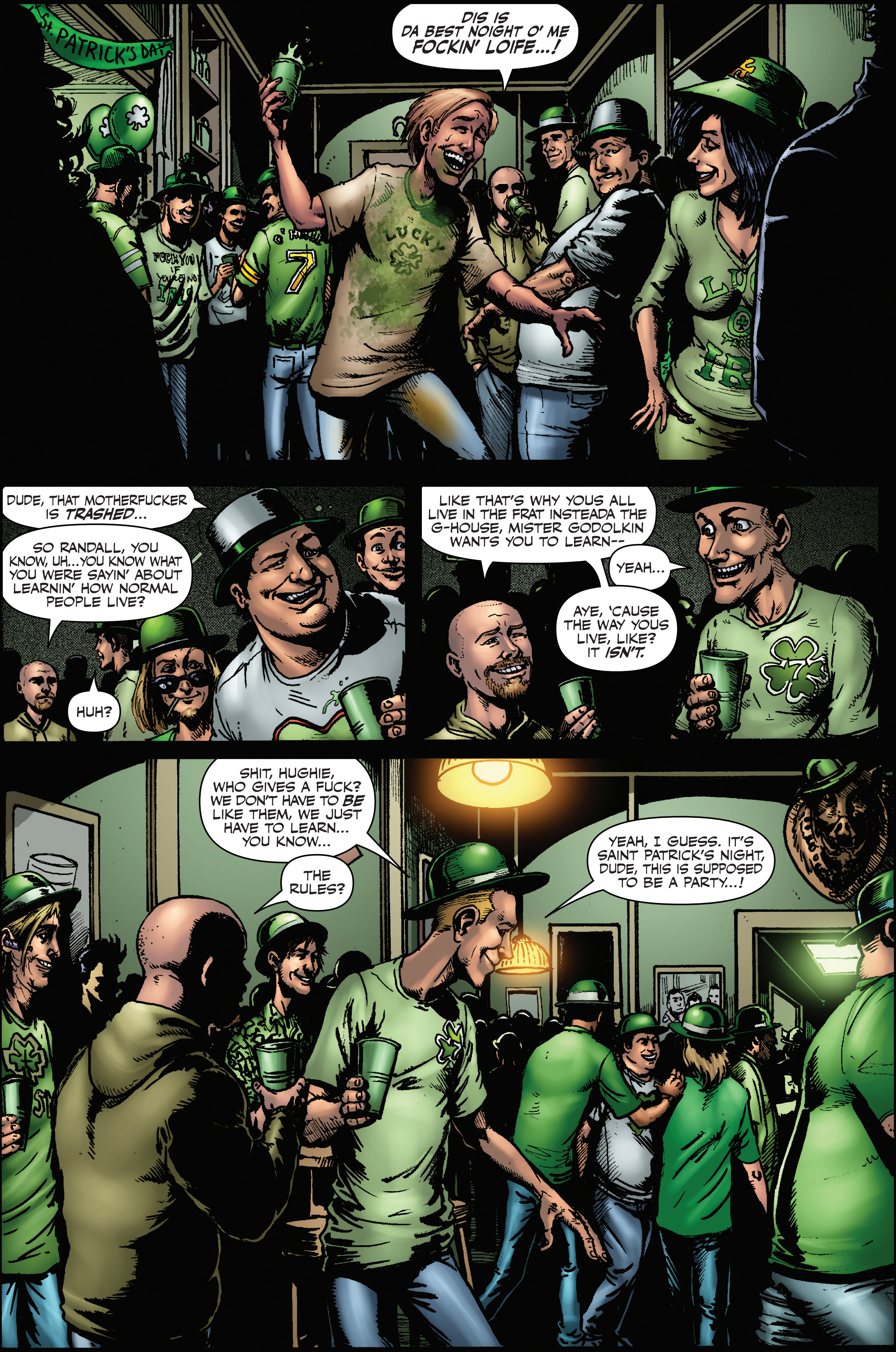
WE GOTTA GO NOW

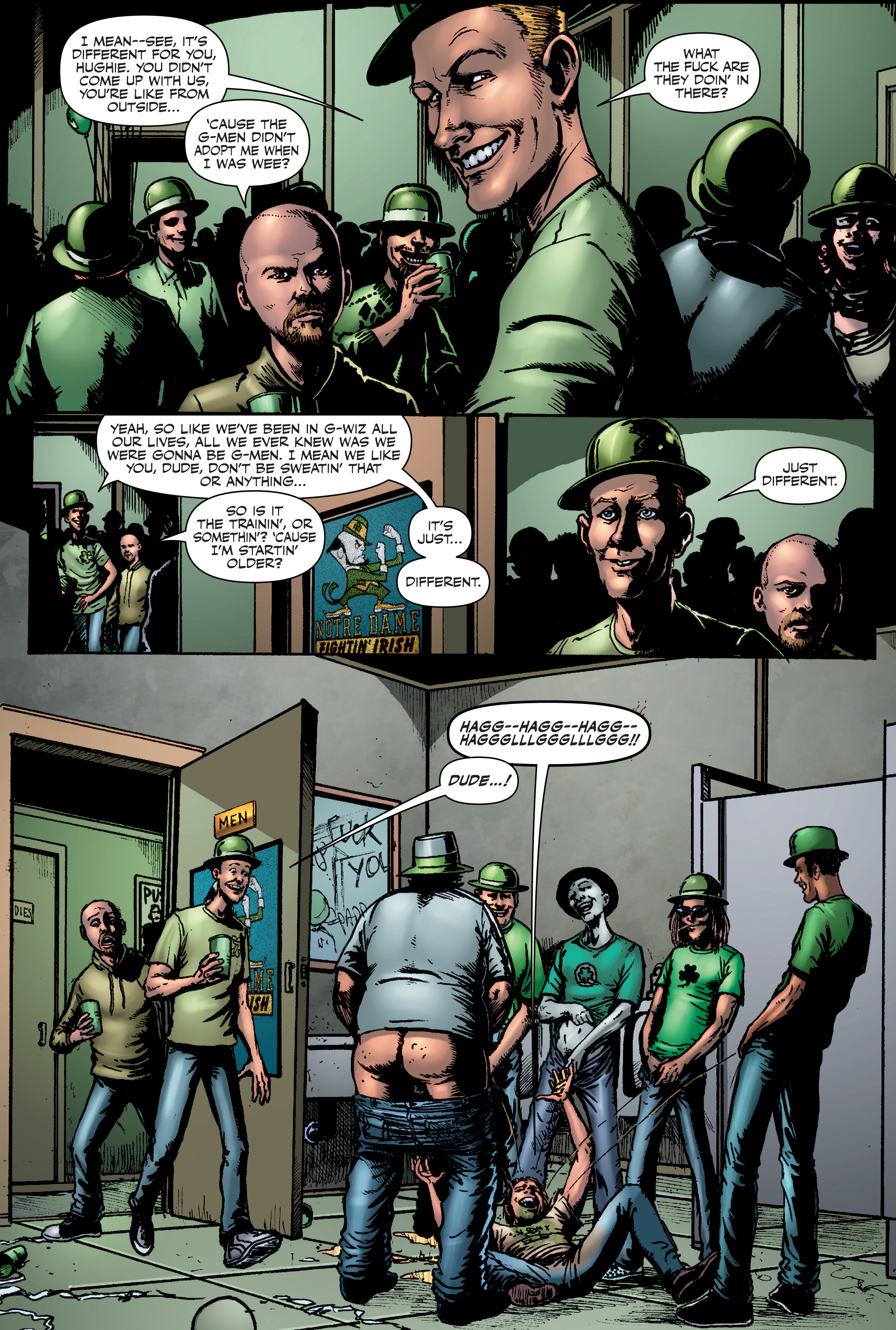
part five

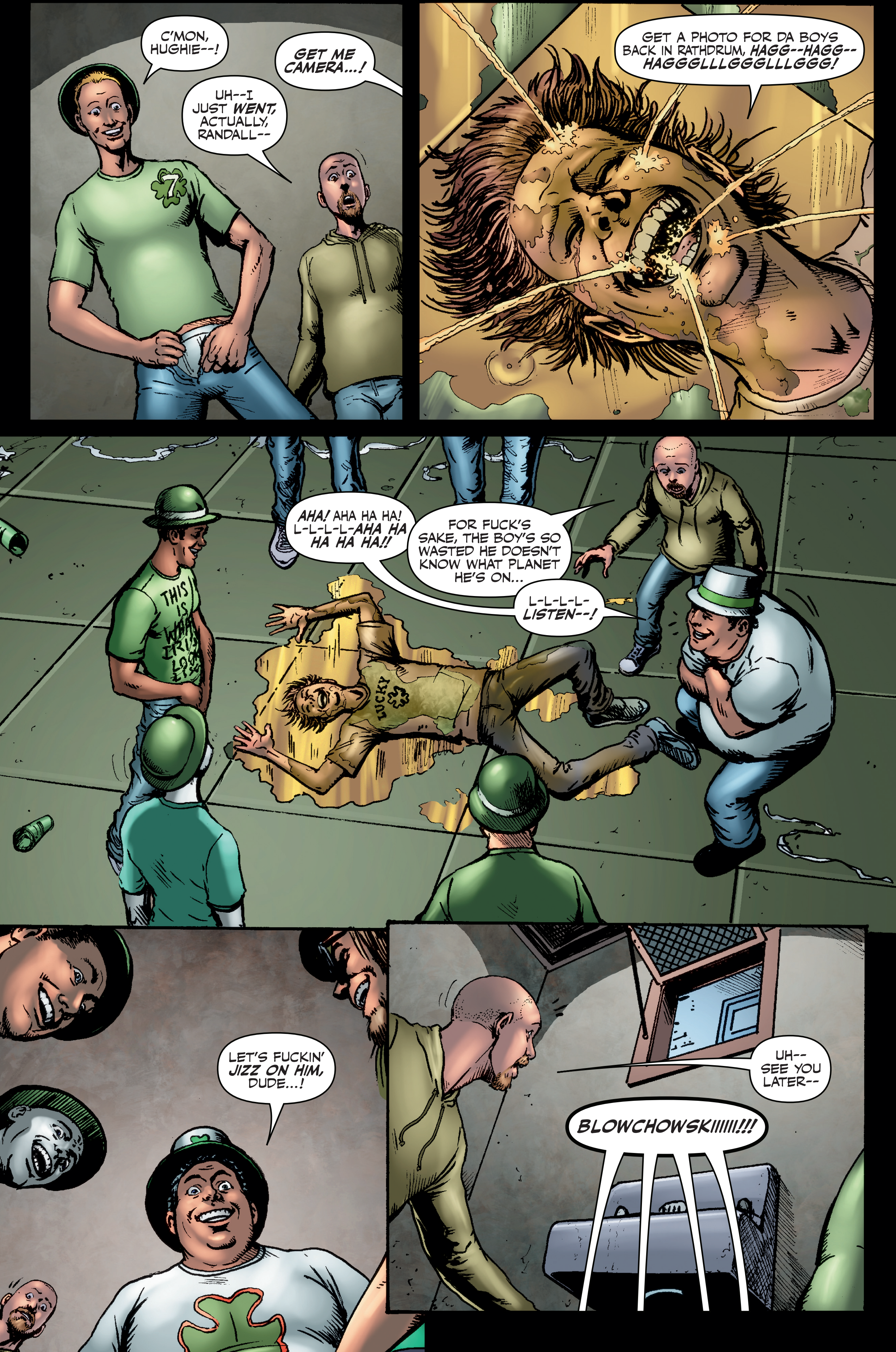

BLOWCHOWSKIIII!
SPREAD HAM, BITCHES!!
YO, HUGHIE! THIS SHIT MAKIN' YOU HOMESICK?
THIS ~~IS~~ WHAT IRISH LOOKS LIKE
HOMESICK...?
YEAH, LIKE SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, DUDE! LIKE BACK IN THE FUCKIN' OLD COUNTRY!
THIS IS WHAT IRISH
WELL, I'M ACTUALLY SCOTTISH, JAMAL--
HUH?
I MEAN WE DO HAVE SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN GLASGOW, AYE...BUT WHAT WE HAVE MOSTA THE TIME IS JUST THE RANGERS AN' CELTIC BOYS TRYNNA KICK THE FUCK OUTTA EACH OTHER...
HUH?
...
YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, MATE.
JUST LIKE HOME.
BLOWCHOWSKIIIII!!

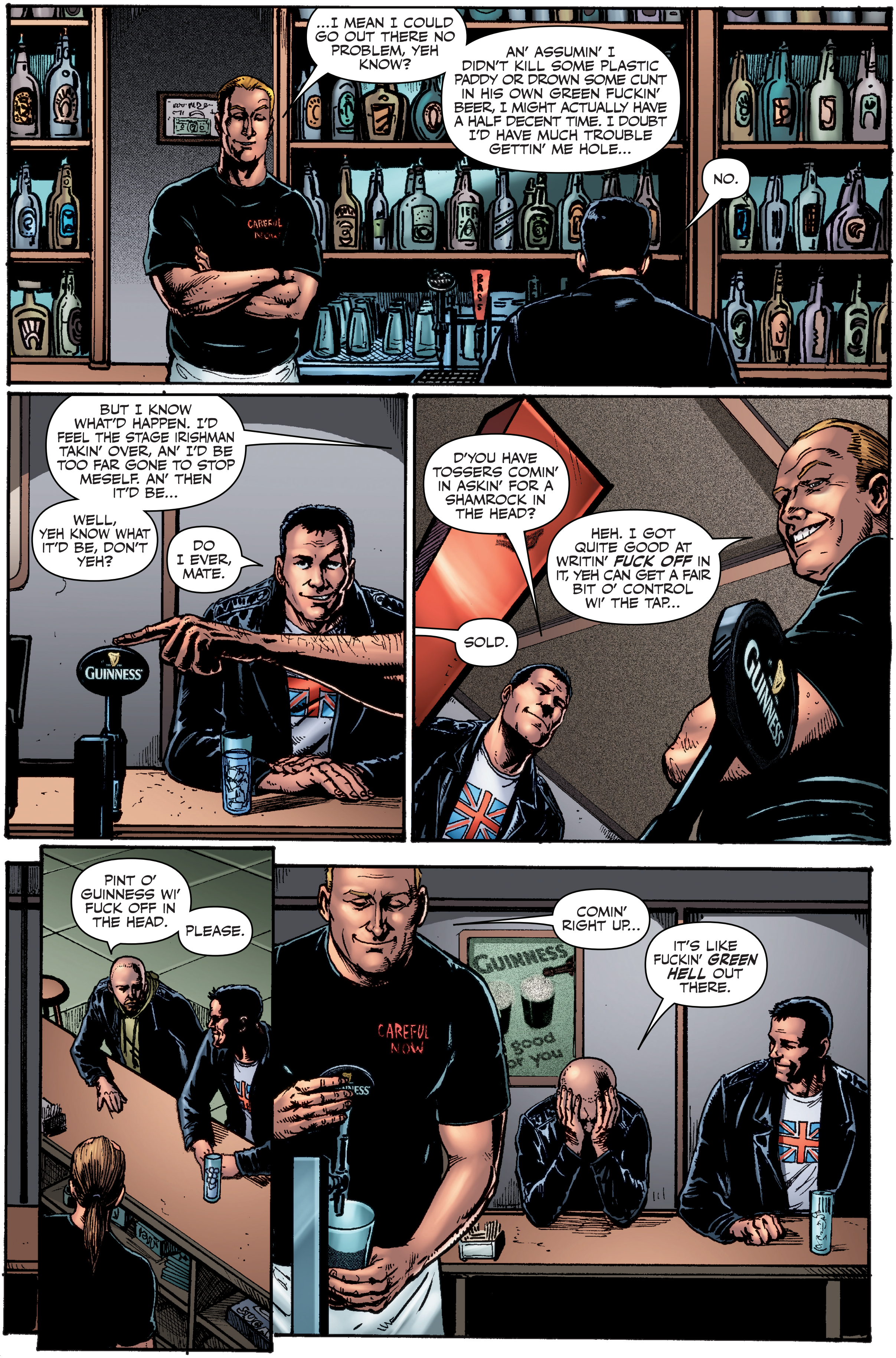

the GRASSY KNOLL
SO HAVE THEY RUMBLED HIM OR NOT, FRENCHIE?
DIFFICILE DE DIRE.
LES HOMMES DU G DO NOT SEEM TO CARE. **CRITTER** HAS MENTIONED NOTHING NEW FROM VOUGHT.
YEAH, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN NOTHIN'.
NON.
C'EST TROP DANGEREUX, I THINK. BEST TO PULL PETIT HUGHIE OUT NOW.
AN' HOPE THEY DON'T PANIC AN' SWEEP FOR BUGS, YEAH.
HANG ON A TIC, FRENCHIE--
NO IRISH!!
BUT IT'S SAINT PATRICK'S DAY!
I DON'T GIVE A FUCK! NO IRISH!
B-B-BUT *YOU'RE* IRISH...!

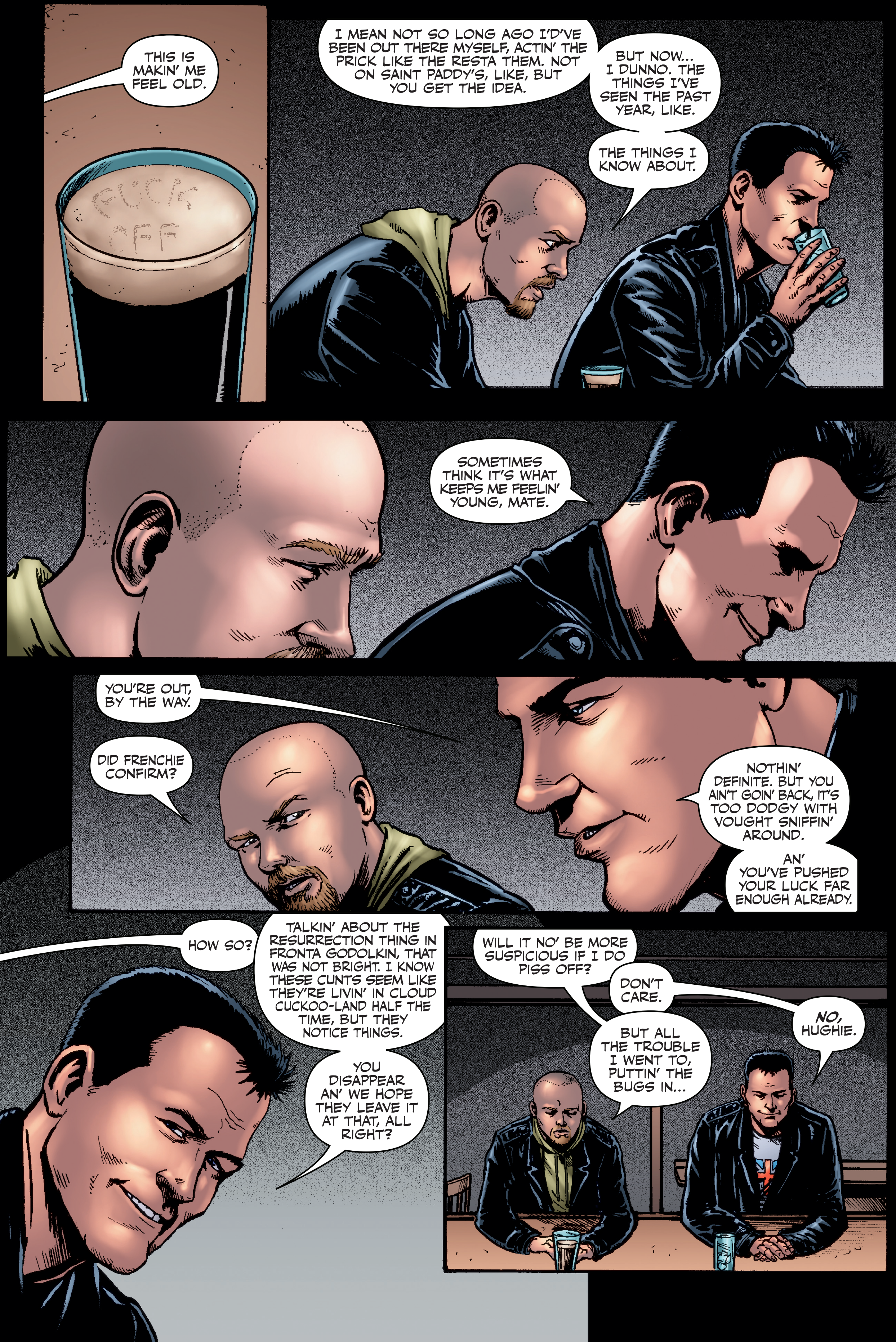

KISS ME
OFF WE GO THEN--
NIGHT IS BUT YOUNG--
...PLAY THE WILD ROVER, NO NEVER, NO MORE...
RIGHT, FRENCHIE, KEEP ON 'EM AN' LET ME KNOW WHAT OCCURS. ALL RIGHT. CHEERS, SON.
'NOTHER CLUB SODA, PROINSIAS, WHENEVER YOU GET THE CHANCE...
SURE.
ONE DAY AT A TIME, EH, BILLY?
ONE DAY AT A TIME, MATE.

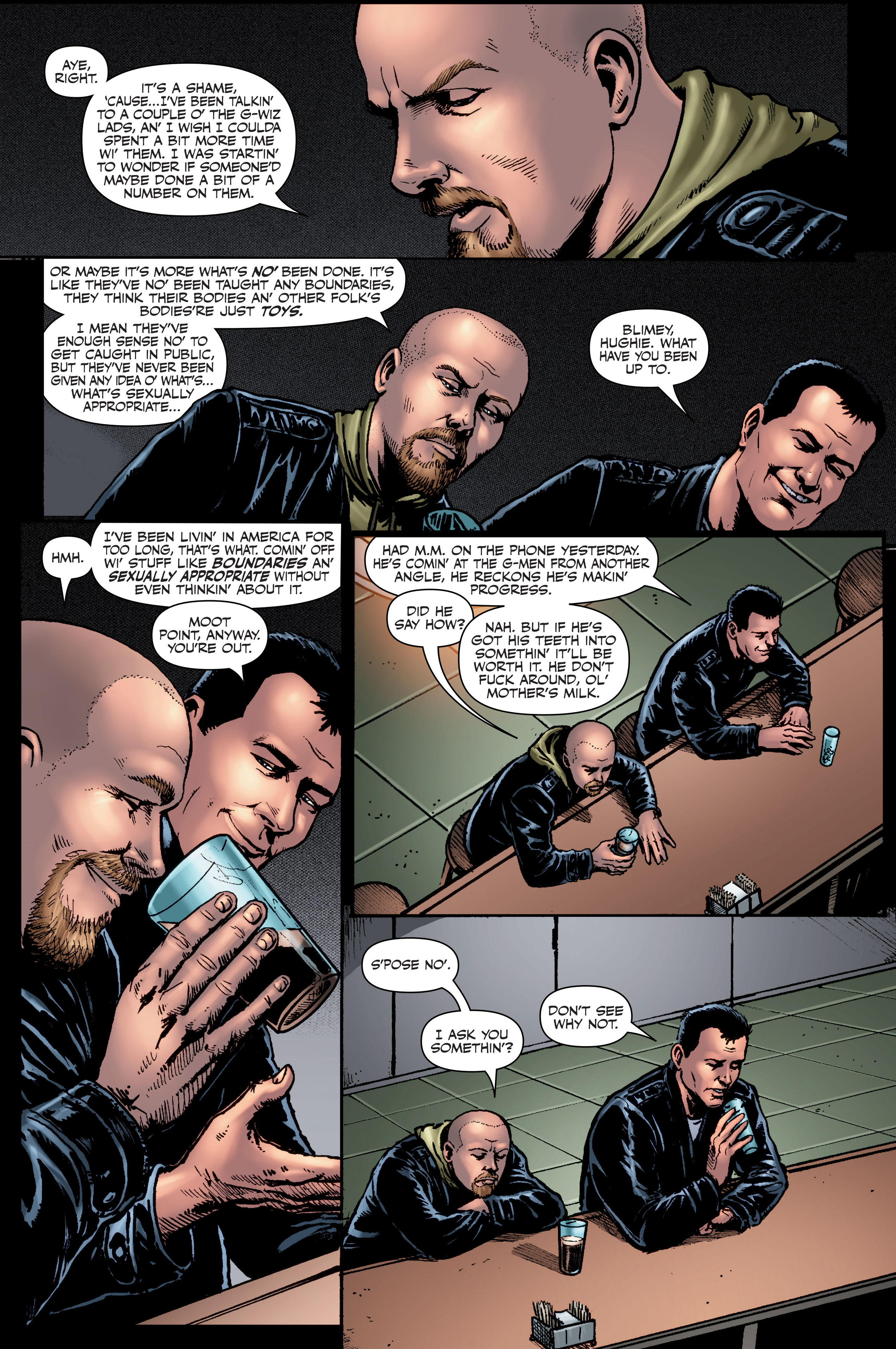

St. PATRICK'S DAY
DIS IS DA BEST NOIGHT O' ME FOCKIN' LOIFE...!
DUDE, THAT MOTHERFUCKER IS *TRASHED*...
SO RANDALL, YOU KNOW, UH...YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WERE SAYIN' ABOUT LEARNIN' HOW NORMAL PEOPLE LIVE?
HUH?
LIKE THAT'S WHY YOUS ALL LIVE IN THE FRAT INSTEADA THE G-HOUSE, MISTER GODOLKIN WANTS YOU TO LEARN--
YEAH...
AYE, 'CAUSE THE WAY YOUS LIVE, LIKE? IT *ISN'T*.
SHIT, HUGHIE, WHO GIVES A FUCK? WE DON'T HAVE TO *BE* LIKE THEM, WE JUST HAVE TO LEARN... YOU KNOW...
THE RULES?
YEAH, I GUESS. IT'S SAINT PATRICK'S NIGHT, DUDE, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A PARTY...!

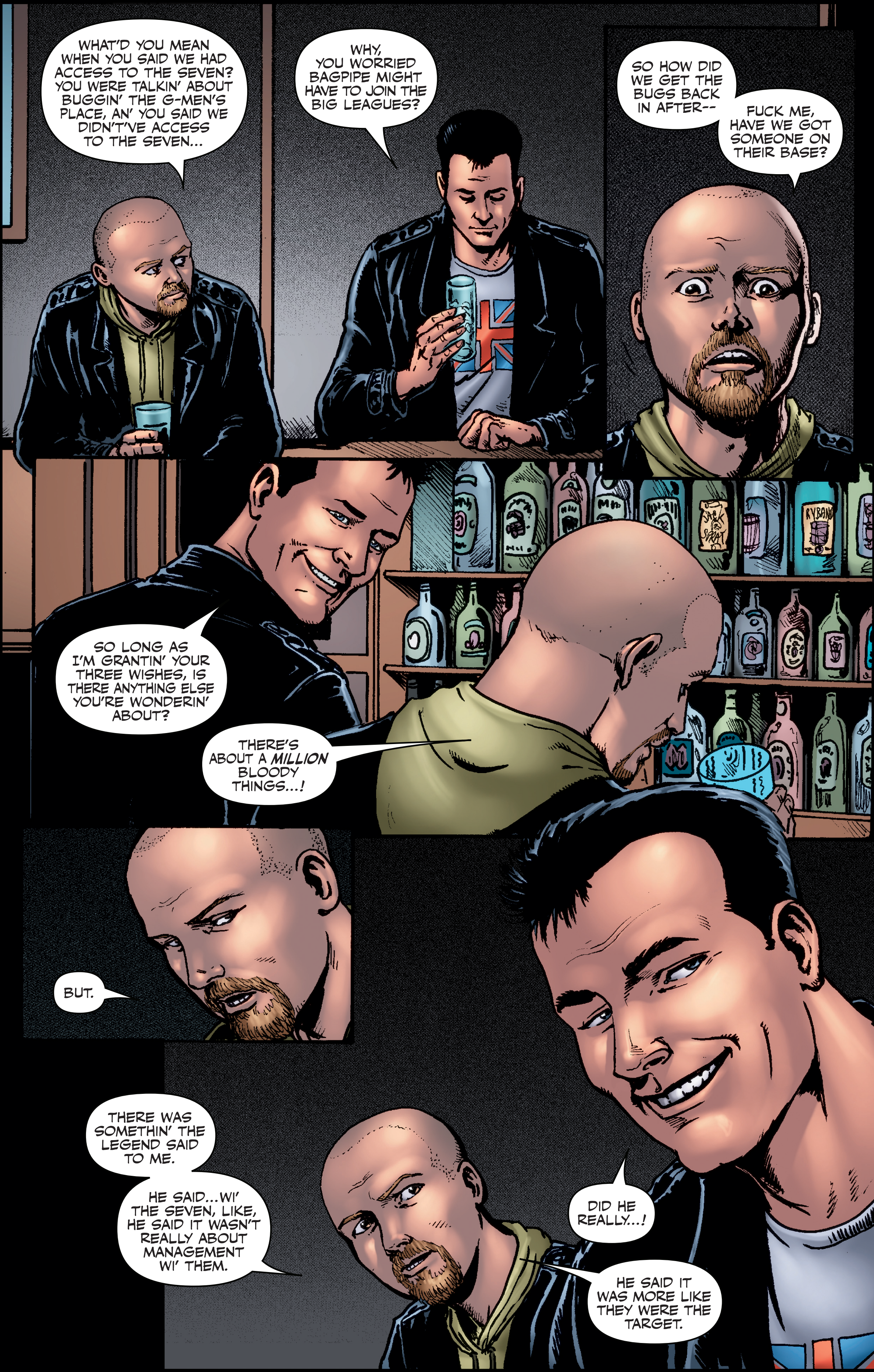

I MEAN--SEE, IT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU, HUGHIE. YOU DIDN'T COME UP WITH US, YOU'RE LIKE FROM OUTSIDE...
'CAUSE THE G-MEN DIDN'T ADOPT ME WHEN I WAS WEE?
WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY DOIN' IN THERE?
YEAH, SO LIKE WE'VE BEEN IN G-WIZ ALL OUR LIVES, ALL WE EVER KNEW WAS WE WERE GONNA BE G-MEN. I MEAN WE LIKE YOU, DUDE, DON'T BE SWEATIN' THAT OR ANYTHING...
SO IS IT THE TRAININ', OR SOMETHIN'? 'CAUSE I'M STARTIN' OLDER?
IT'S JUST...
DIFFERENT.
NOTRE DAME FIGHTIN' IRISH
JUST DIFFERENT.
HAGG--HAGG--HAGG-- HAGGGLLLGGGLLLGGG!!
DUDE...!
MEN
FUCK YOU
DIES

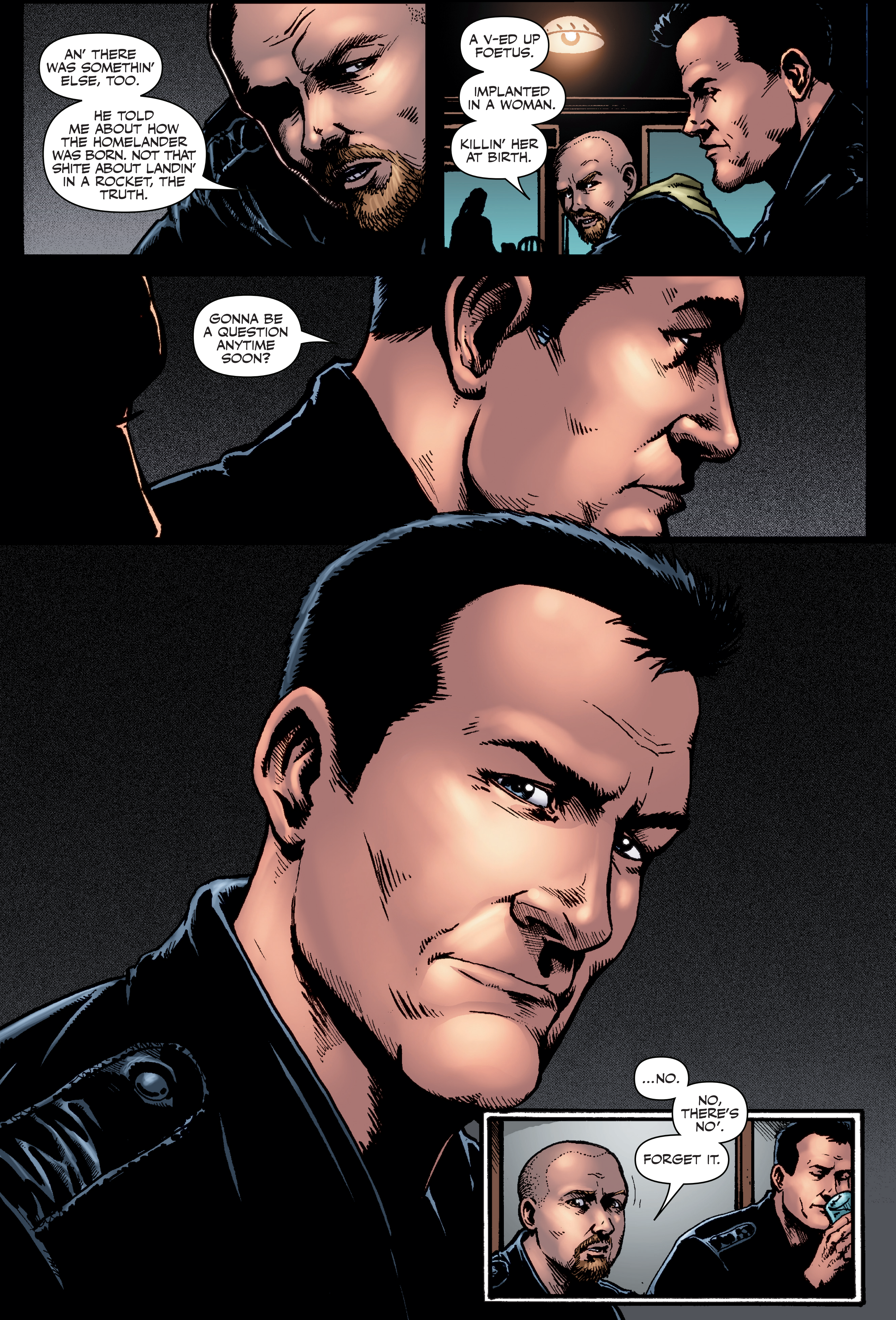

C'MON, HUGHIE--!
UH--I JUST *WENT,* ACTUALLY, RANDALL--
GET ME CAMERA...!
GET A PHOTO FOR DA BOYS BACK IN RATHDRUM, *HAGG--HAGG-- HAGGGLLLGGGLLLGGG!*
THIS IS WHAT IRISH LOOKS LIKE
LUCKY
AHA! AHA HA HA! L-L-L-L-*AHA HA HA HA HA!!*
FOR FUCK'S SAKE, THE BOY'S SO WASTED HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT PLANET HE'S ON...
L-L-L-L- *LISTEN--!*
LET'S FUCKIN' *JIZZ ON HIM,* DUDE...!
UH-- SEE YOU LATER--
BLOWCHOWSKIIIIII!!!

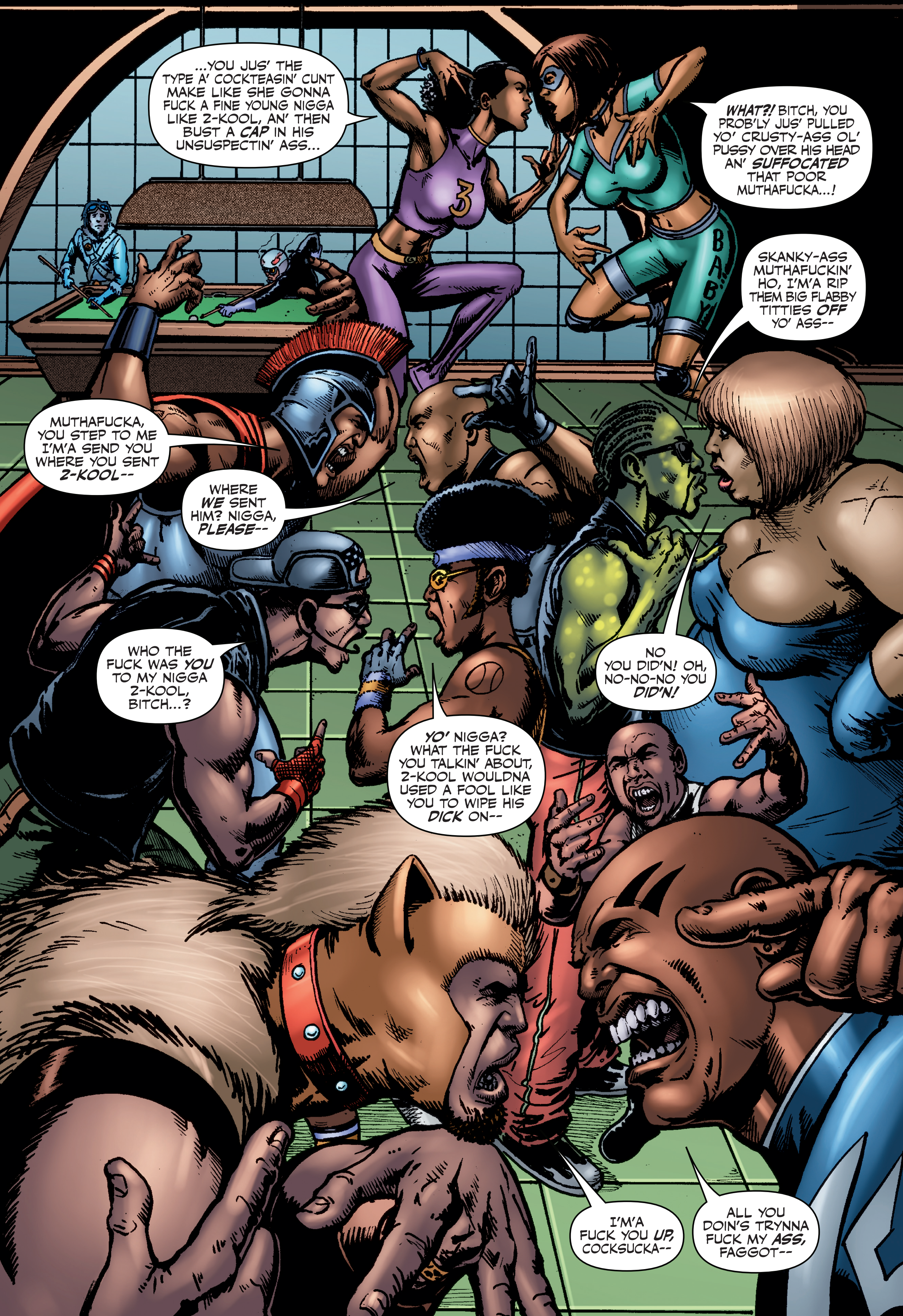

...I MEAN I COULD GO OUT THERE NO PROBLEM, YEH KNOW?
AN' ASSUMIN' I DIDN'T KILL SOME PLASTIC PADDY OR DROWN SOME CUNT IN HIS OWN GREEN FUCKIN' BEER, I MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE A HALF DECENT TIME. I DOUBT I'D HAVE MUCH TROUBLE GETTIN' ME HOLE...
CAREFUL NOW
NO.
BUT I KNOW WHAT'D HAPPEN. I'D FEEL THE STAGE IRISHMAN TAKIN' OVER, AN' I'D BE TOO FAR GONE TO STOP MESELF. AN' THEN IT'D BE...
WELL, YEH KNOW WHAT IT'D BE, DON'T YEH?
DO I EVER, MATE.
GUINNESS
D'YOU HAVE TOSSERS COMIN' IN ASKIN' FOR A SHAMROCK IN THE HEAD?
HEH. I GOT QUITE GOOD AT WRITIN' ***FUCK OFF*** IN IT, YEH CAN GET A FAIR BIT O' CONTROL WI' THE TAP...
SOLD.
GUINNESS
PINT O' GUINNESS WI' FUCK OFF IN THE HEAD.
PLEASE.
COMIN' RIGHT UP...
GUINNESS
good for you
CAREFUL NOW
IT'S LIKE FUCKIN' ***GREEN HELL*** OUT THERE.

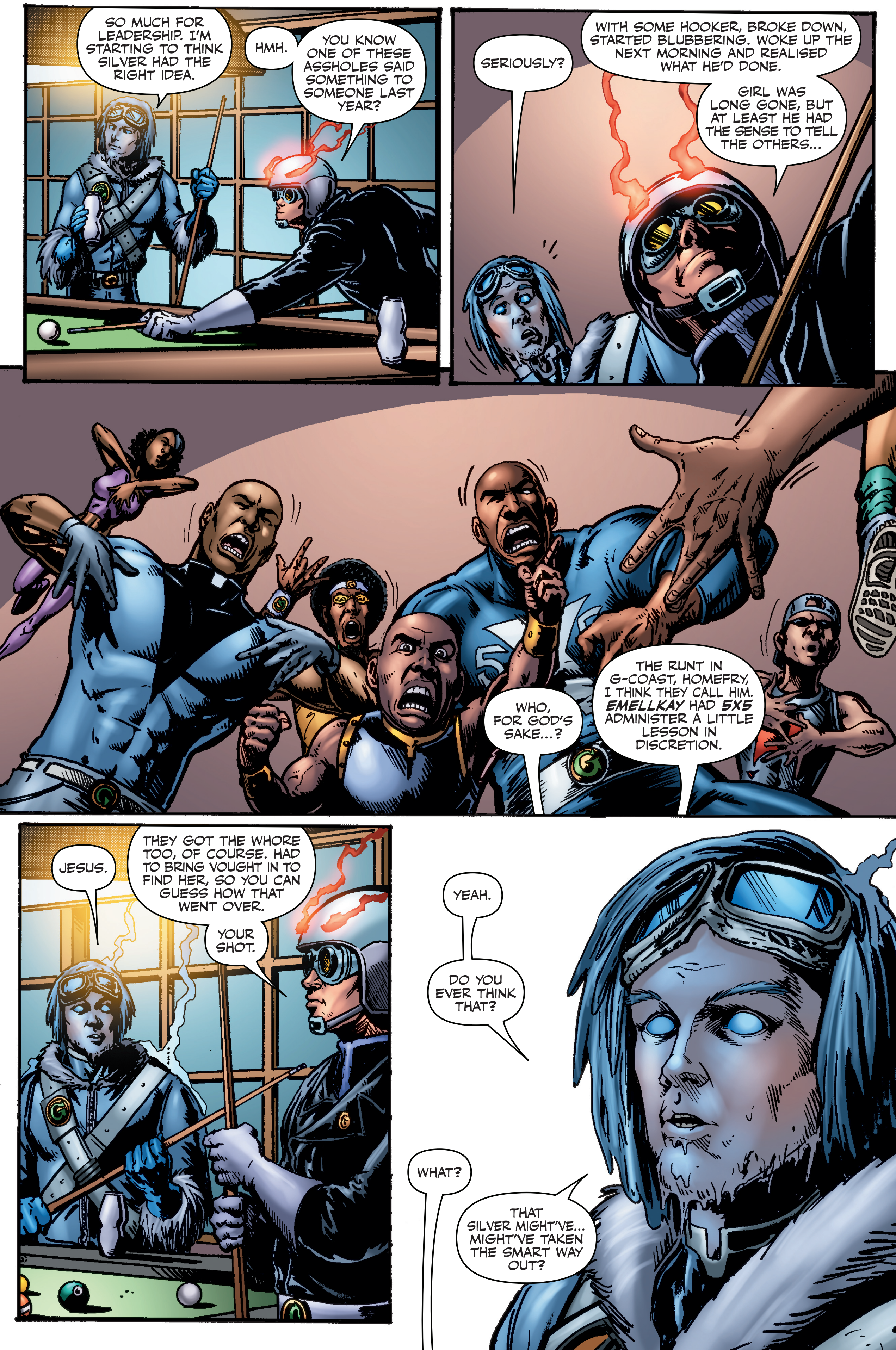

THIS IS MAKIN' ME FEEL OLD.
FUCK OFF
I MEAN NOT SO LONG AGO I'D'VE BEEN OUT THERE MYSELF, ACTIN' THE PRICK LIKE THE RESTA THEM. NOT ON SAINT PADDY'S, LIKE, BUT YOU GET THE IDEA.
BUT NOW... I DUNNO. THE THINGS I'VE SEEN THE PAST YEAR, LIKE.
THE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT.
SOMETIMES THINK IT'S WHAT KEEPS ME FEELIN' YOUNG, MATE.
YOU'RE OUT, BY THE WAY.
DID FRENCHIE CONFIRM?
NOTHIN' DEFINITE. BUT YOU AIN'T GOIN' BACK, IT'S TOO DODGY WITH VOUGHT SNIFFIN' AROUND.
AN' YOU'VE PUSHED YOUR LUCK FAR ENOUGH ALREADY.
HOW SO?
TALKIN' ABOUT THE RESURRECTION THING IN FRONTA GODOLKIN, THAT WAS NOT BRIGHT. I KNOW THESE CUNTS SEEM LIKE THEY'RE LIVIN' IN CLOUD CUCKOO-LAND HALF THE TIME, BUT THEY NOTICE THINGS.
YOU DISAPPEAR AN' WE HOPE THEY LEAVE IT AT THAT, ALL RIGHT?
WILL IT NO' BE MORE SUSPICIOUS IF I DO PISS OFF?
DON'T CARE.
BUT ALL THE TROUBLE I WENT TO, PUTTIN' THE BUGS IN...
NO, HUGHIE.

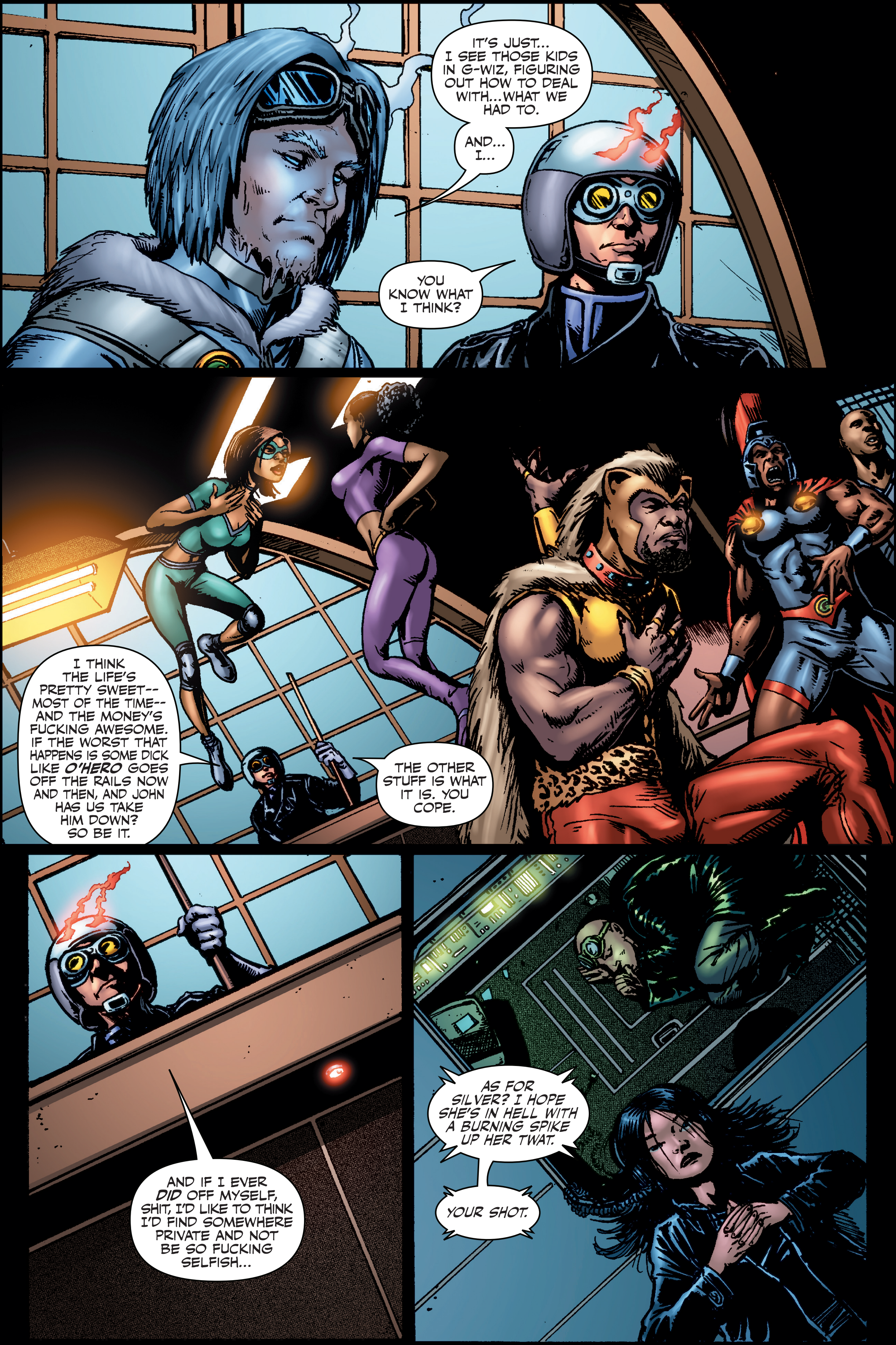

AYE, RIGHT.
IT'S A SHAME, 'CAUSE...I'VE BEEN TALKIN' TO A COUPLE O' THE G-WIZ LADS, AN' I WISH I COULDA SPENT A BIT MORE TIME WI' THEM. I WAS STARTIN' TO WONDER IF SOMEONE'D MAYBE DONE A BIT OF A NUMBER ON THEM.
OR MAYBE IT'S MORE WHAT'S ***NO'*** BEEN DONE. IT'S LIKE THEY'VE NO' BEEN TAUGHT ANY BOUNDARIES, THEY THINK THEIR BODIES AN' OTHER FOLK'S BODIES'RE JUST ***TOYS.***
I MEAN THEY'VE ENOUGH SENSE NO' TO GET CAUGHT IN PUBLIC, BUT THEY'VE NEVER BEEN GIVEN ANY IDEA O' WHAT'S... WHAT'S SEXUALLY APPROPRIATE...
BLIMEY, HUGHIE. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO.
HMH.
I'VE BEEN LIVIN' IN AMERICA FOR TOO LONG, THAT'S WHAT. COMIN' OFF WI' STUFF LIKE ***BOUNDARIES*** AN' ***SEXUALLY APPROPRIATE*** WITHOUT EVEN THINKIN' ABOUT IT.
MOOT POINT, ANYWAY. YOU'RE OUT.
HAD M.M. ON THE PHONE YESTERDAY. HE'S COMIN' AT THE G-MEN FROM ANOTHER ANGLE, HE RECKONS HE'S MAKIN' PROGRESS.
DID HE SAY HOW?
NAH. BUT IF HE'S GOT HIS TEETH INTO SOMETHIN' IT'LL BE WORTH IT. HE DON'T FUCK AROUND, OL' MOTHER'S MILK.
S'POSE NO'.
I ASK YOU SOMETHIN'?
DON'T SEE WHY NOT.

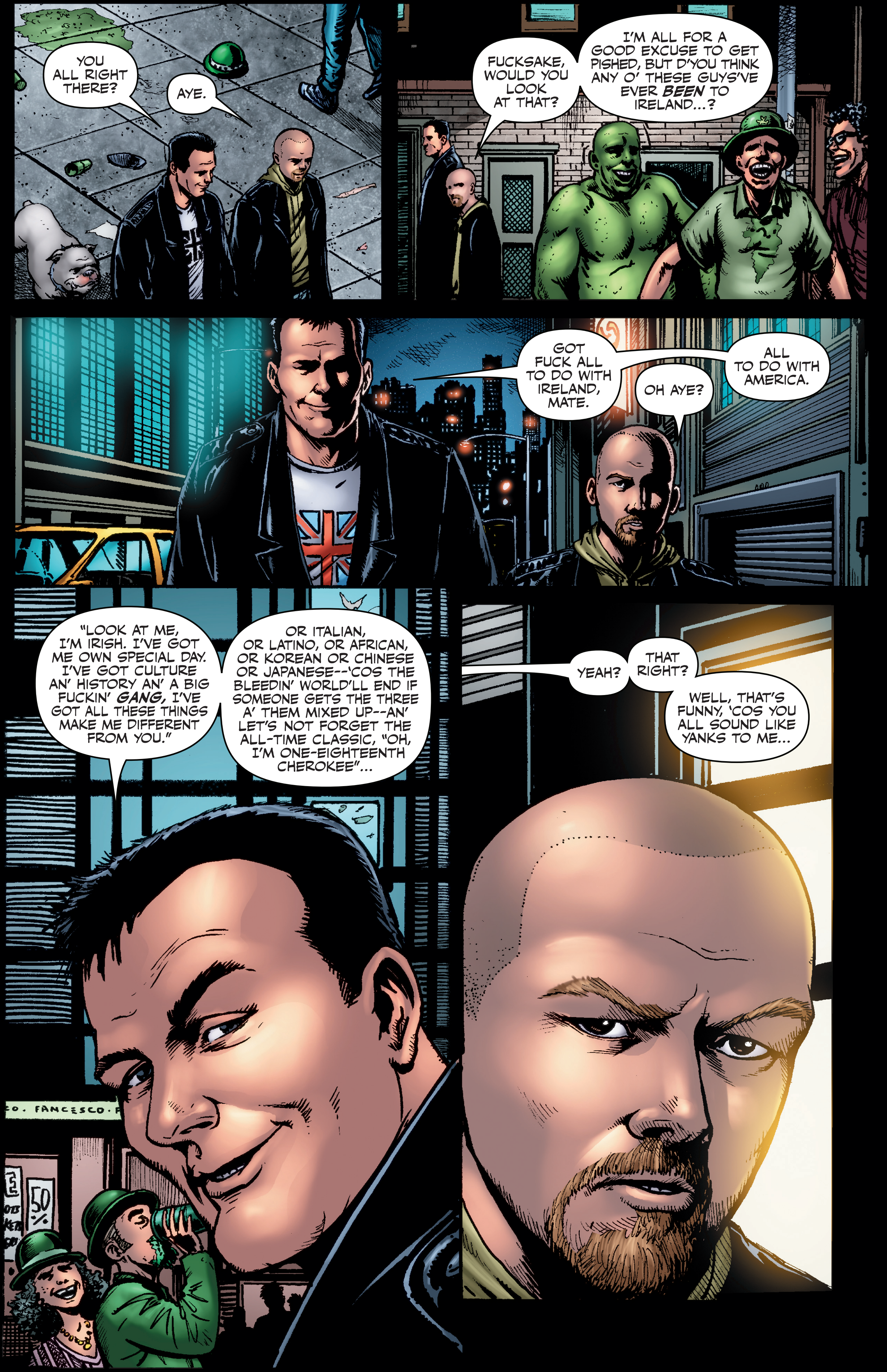

WHAT'D YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAID WE HAD ACCESS TO THE SEVEN? YOU WERE TALKIN' ABOUT BUGGIN' THE G-MEN'S PLACE, AN' YOU SAID WE DIDN'T'VE ACCESS TO THE SEVEN...
WHY, YOU WORRIED BAGPIPE MIGHT HAVE TO JOIN THE BIG LEAGUES?
SO HOW DID WE GET THE BUGS BACK IN AFTER--
FUCK ME, HAVE WE GOT SOMEONE ON THEIR BASE?
SO LONG AS I'M GRANTIN' YOUR THREE WISHES, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU'RE WONDERIN' ABOUT?
THERE'S ABOUT A *MILLION* BLOODY THINGS...!
BUT.
THERE WAS SOMETHIN' THE LEGEND SAID TO ME.
HE SAID...WI' THE SEVEN, LIKE, HE SAID IT WASN'T REALLY ABOUT MANAGEMENT WI' THEM.
DID HE REALLY...!
HE SAID IT WAS MORE LIKE THEY WERE THE TARGET.

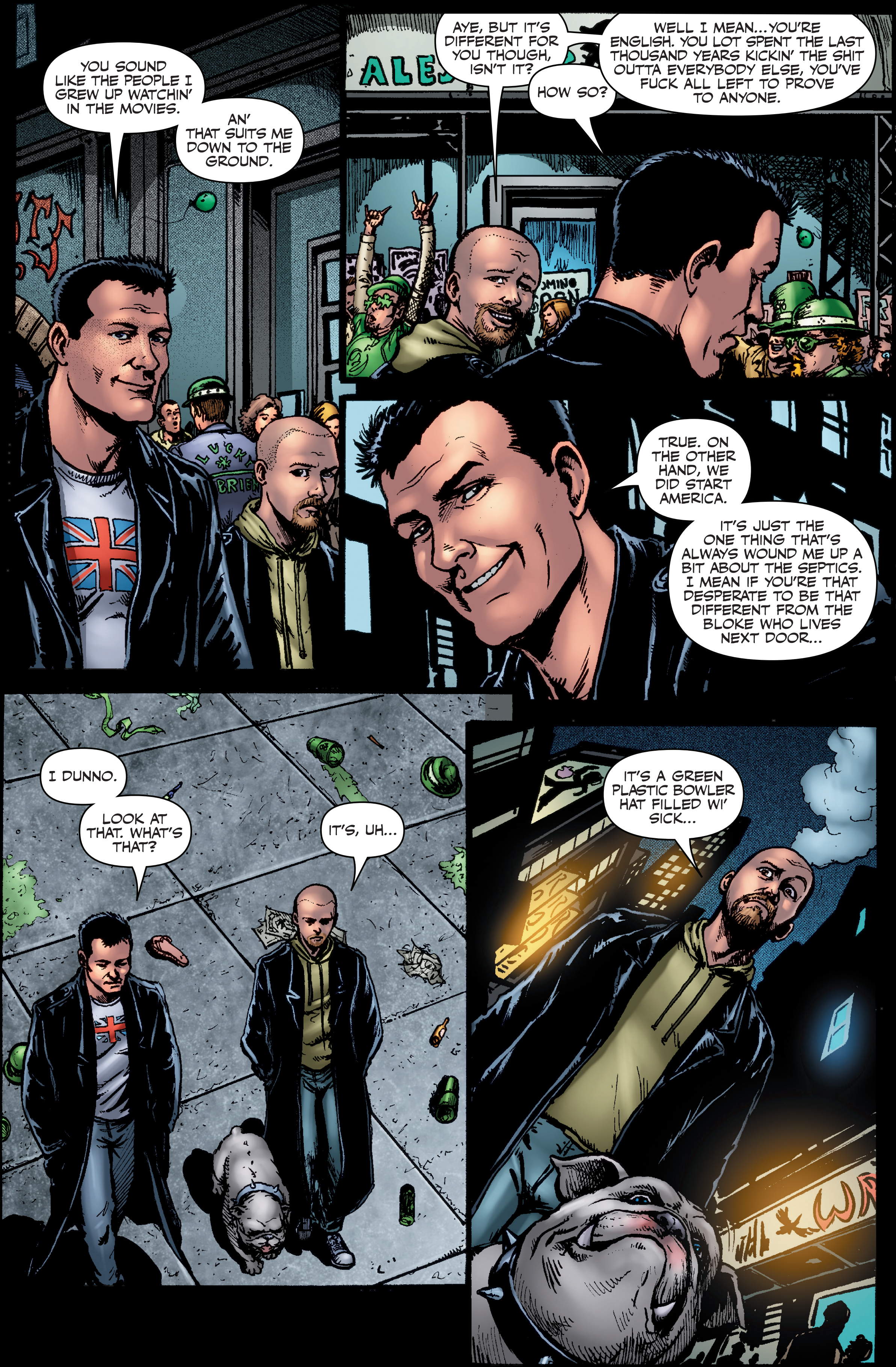

AN' THERE WAS SOMETHIN' ELSE, TOO.
HE TOLD ME ABOUT HOW THE HOMELANDER WAS BORN. NOT THAT SHITE ABOUT LANDIN' IN A ROCKET, THE TRUTH.
A V-ED UP FOETUS.
IMPLANTED IN A WOMAN.
KILLIN' HER AT BIRTH.
GONNA BE A QUESTION ANYTIME SOON?
...NO.
NO, THERE'S NO'.
FORGET IT.

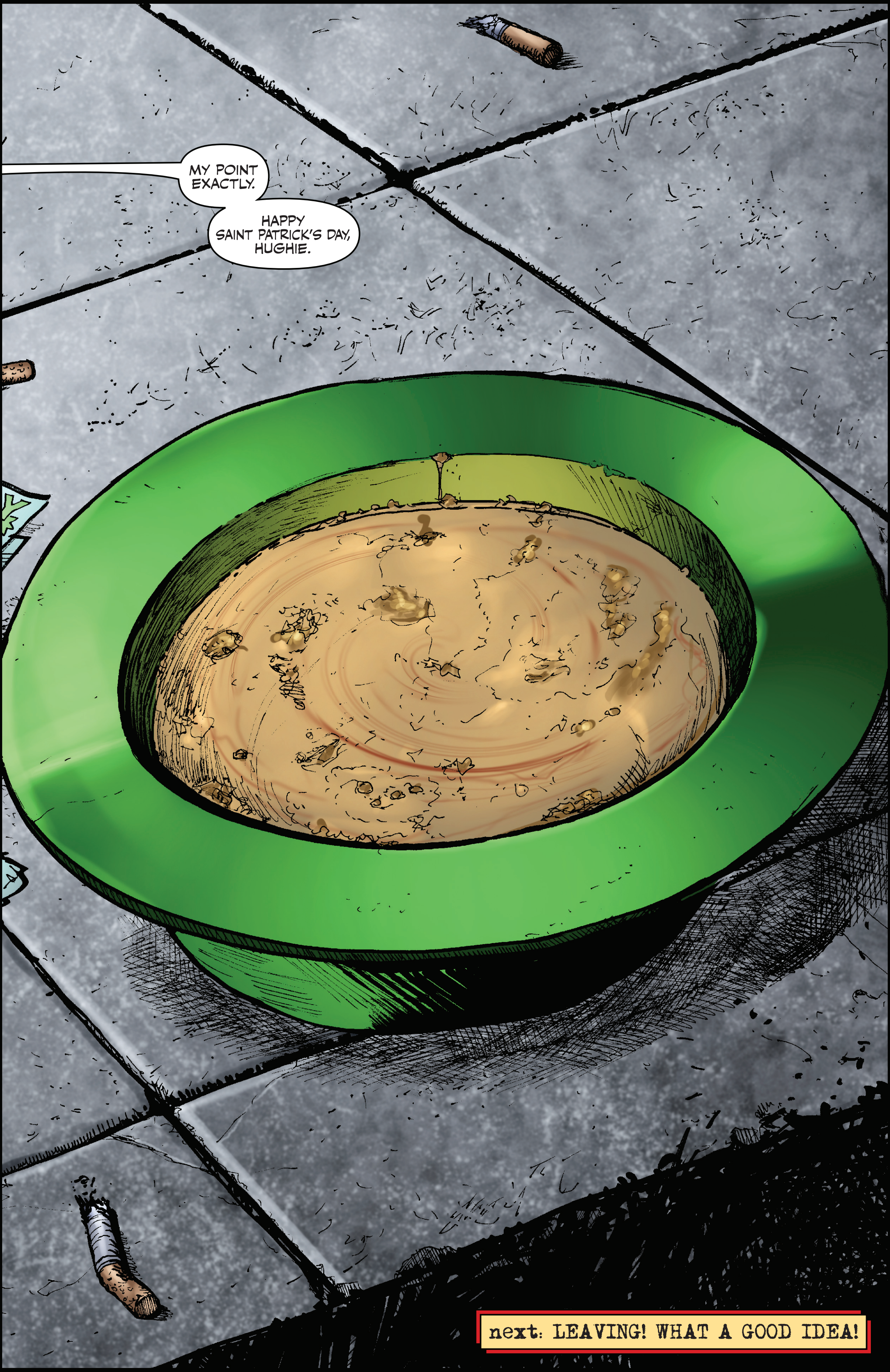

...YOU JUS' THE TYPE A' COCKTEASIN' CUNT MAKE LIKE SHE GONNA FUCK A FINE YOUNG NIGGA LIKE 2-KOOL, AN' THEN BUST A *CAP* IN HIS UNSUSPECTIN' ASS...
WHAT?! BITCH, YOU PROB'LY JUS' PULLED YO' CRUSTY-ASS OL' PUSSY OVER HIS HEAD AN' *SUFFOCATED* THAT POOR MUTHAFUCKA...!
SKANKY-ASS MUTHAFUCKIN' HO, I'M'A RIP THEM BIG FLABBY TITTIES *OFF* YO' ASS--
MUTHAFUCKA, YOU STEP TO ME I'M'A SEND YOU WHERE YOU SENT *2-KOOL*--
WHERE *WE* SENT HIM? NIGGA, *PLEASE*--
WHO THE FUCK WAS *YOU* TO MY NIGGA 2-KOOL, BITCH...?
YO' NIGGA? WHAT THE FUCK YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, 2-KOOL WOULDNA USED A FOOL LIKE YOU TO WIPE HIS *DICK* ON--
NO YOU DID'N! OH, NO-NO-NO YOU *DID'N!*
I'M'A FUCK YOU *UP,* COCKSUCKA--
ALL YOU DOIN'S TRYNNA FUCK MY *ASS,* FAGGOT--
3
BABY

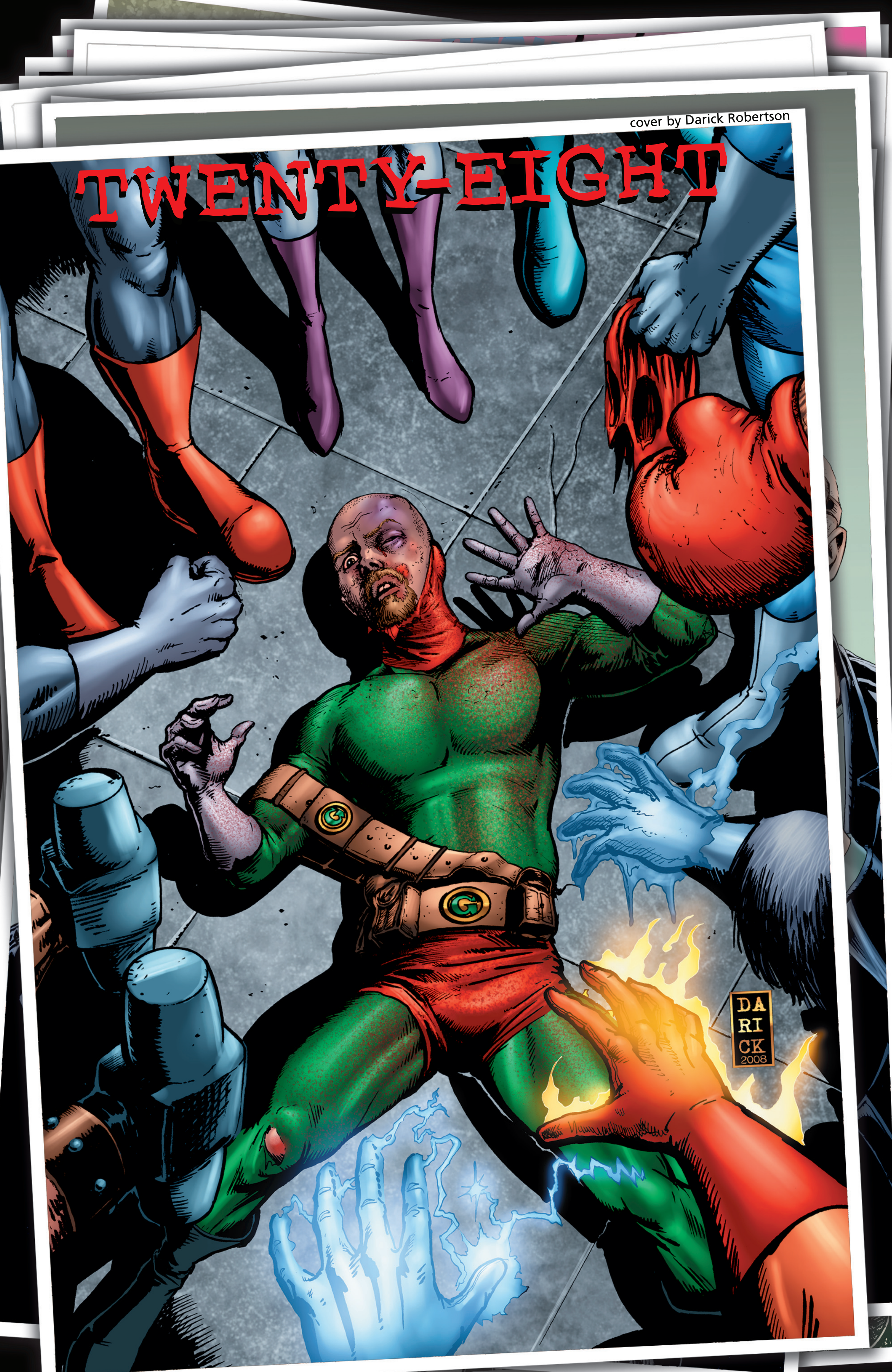

SO MUCH FOR LEADERSHIP. I'M STARTING TO THINK SILVER HAD THE RIGHT IDEA.
HMH.
YOU KNOW ONE OF THESE ASSHOLES SAID SOMETHING TO SOMEONE LAST YEAR?
SERIOUSLY?
WITH SOME HOOKER, BROKE DOWN, STARTED BLUBBERING. WOKE UP THE NEXT MORNING AND REALISED WHAT HE'D DONE.
GIRL WAS LONG GONE, BUT AT LEAST HE HAD THE SENSE TO TELL THE OTHERS...
WHO, FOR GOD'S SAKE...?
THE RUNT IN G-COAST, HOMEFRY, I THINK THEY CALL HIM. ***EMELLKAY*** HAD ***5X5*** ADMINISTER A LITTLE LESSON IN DISCRETION.
JESUS.
THEY GOT THE WHORE TOO, OF COURSE. HAD TO BRING VOUGHT IN TO FIND HER, SO YOU CAN GUESS HOW THAT WENT OVER.
YOUR SHOT.
YEAH.
DO YOU EVER THINK THAT?
WHAT?
THAT SILVER MIGHT'VE... MIGHT'VE TAKEN THE SMART WAY OUT?


IT'S JUST... I SEE THOSE KIDS IN G-WIZ, FIGURING OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH...WHAT WE HAD TO.
AND... I...
YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?
I THINK THE LIFE'S PRETTY SWEET--MOST OF THE TIME--AND THE MONEY'S FUCKING AWESOME. IF THE WORST THAT HAPPENS IS SOME DICK LIKE *O'HERO* GOES OFF THE RAILS NOW AND THEN, AND JOHN HAS US TAKE HIM DOWN? SO BE IT.
THE OTHER STUFF IS WHAT IT IS. YOU COPE.
AND IF I EVER *DID* OFF MYSELF, SHIT, I'D LIKE TO THINK I'D FIND SOMEWHERE PRIVATE AND NOT BE SO FUCKING SELFISH...
AS FOR SILVER? I HOPE SHE'S IN HELL WITH A BURNING SPIKE UP HER TWAT.
YOUR SHOT.


YOU ALL RIGHT THERE?
AYE.
FUCKSAKE, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?
I'M ALL FOR A GOOD EXCUSE TO GET PISHED, BUT D'YOU THINK ANY O' THESE GUYS'VE EVER *BEEN* TO IRELAND...?
GOT FUCK ALL TO DO WITH IRELAND, MATE.
OH AYE?
ALL TO DO WITH AMERICA.
"LOOK AT ME, I'M IRISH. I'VE GOT ME OWN SPECIAL DAY. I'VE GOT CULTURE AN' HISTORY AN' A BIG FUCKIN' *GANG,* I'VE GOT ALL THESE THINGS MAKE ME DIFFERENT FROM YOU."
OR ITALIAN, OR LATINO, OR AFRICAN, OR KOREAN OR CHINESE OR JAPANESE--'COS THE BLEEDIN' WORLD'LL END IF SOMEONE GETS THE THREE A' THEM MIXED UP--AN' LET'S NOT FORGET THE ALL-TIME CLASSIC, "OH, I'M ONE-EIGHTEENTH CHEROKEE"...
YEAH?
THAT RIGHT?
WELL, THAT'S FUNNY, 'COS YOU ALL SOUND LIKE YANKS TO ME...
CO. FANCESCO
50%

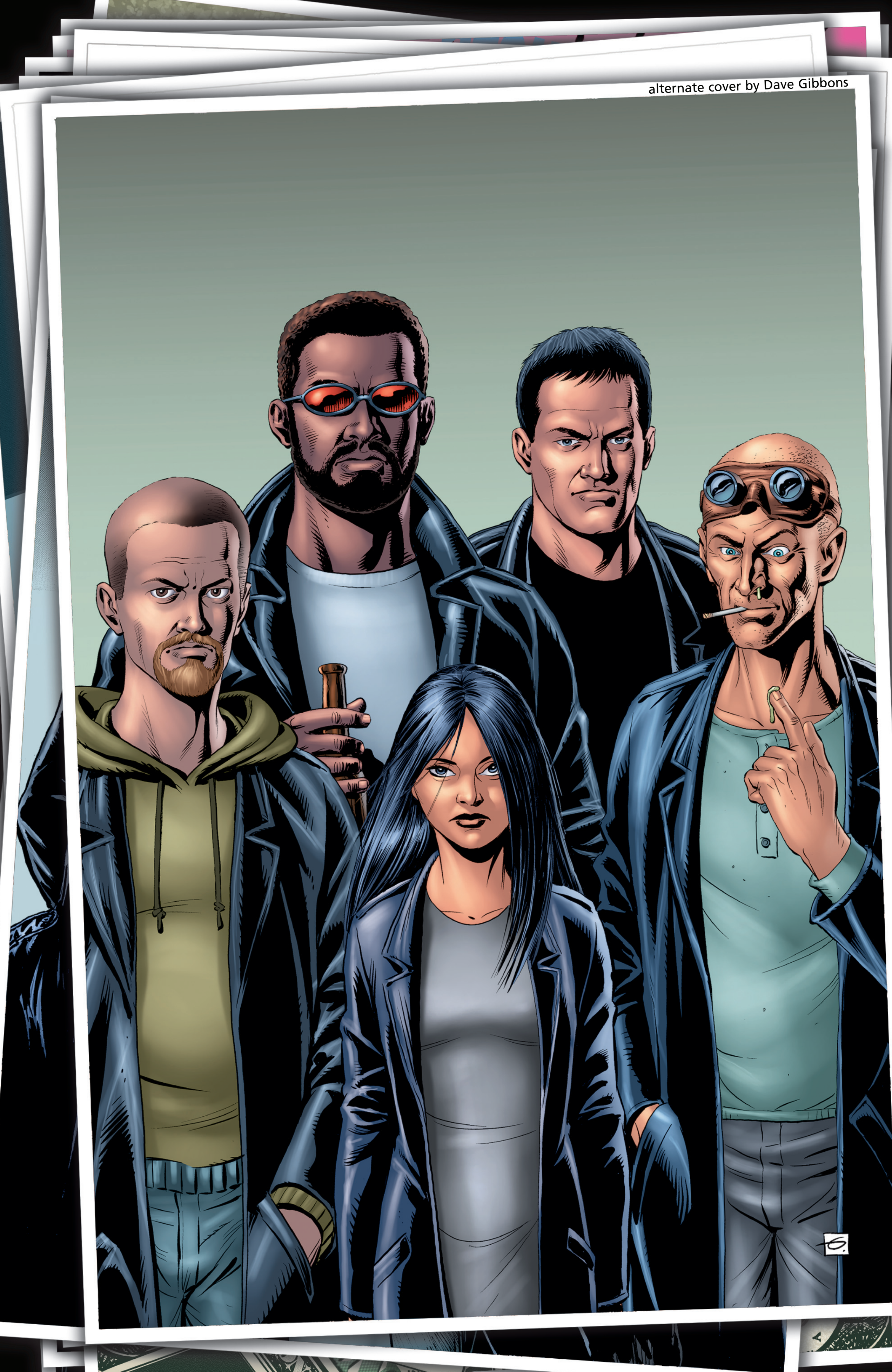

YOU SOUND LIKE THE PEOPLE I GREW UP WATCHIN' IN THE MOVIES.
AN' THAT SUITS ME DOWN TO THE GROUND.
AYE, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU THOUGH, ISN'T IT?
HOW SO?
WELL I MEAN...YOU'RE ENGLISH. YOU LOT SPENT THE LAST THOUSAND YEARS KICKIN' THE SHIT OUTTA EVERYBODY ELSE, YOU'VE FUCK ALL LEFT TO PROVE TO ANYONE.
TRUE. ON THE OTHER HAND, WE DID START AMERICA.
IT'S JUST THE ONE THING THAT'S ALWAYS WOUND ME UP A BIT ABOUT THE SEPTICS. I MEAN IF YOU'RE THAT DESPERATE TO BE THAT DIFFERENT FROM THE BLOKE WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR...
I DUNNO.
LOOK AT THAT. WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S, UH...
IT'S A GREEN PLASTIC BOWLER HAT FILLED WI' SICK...

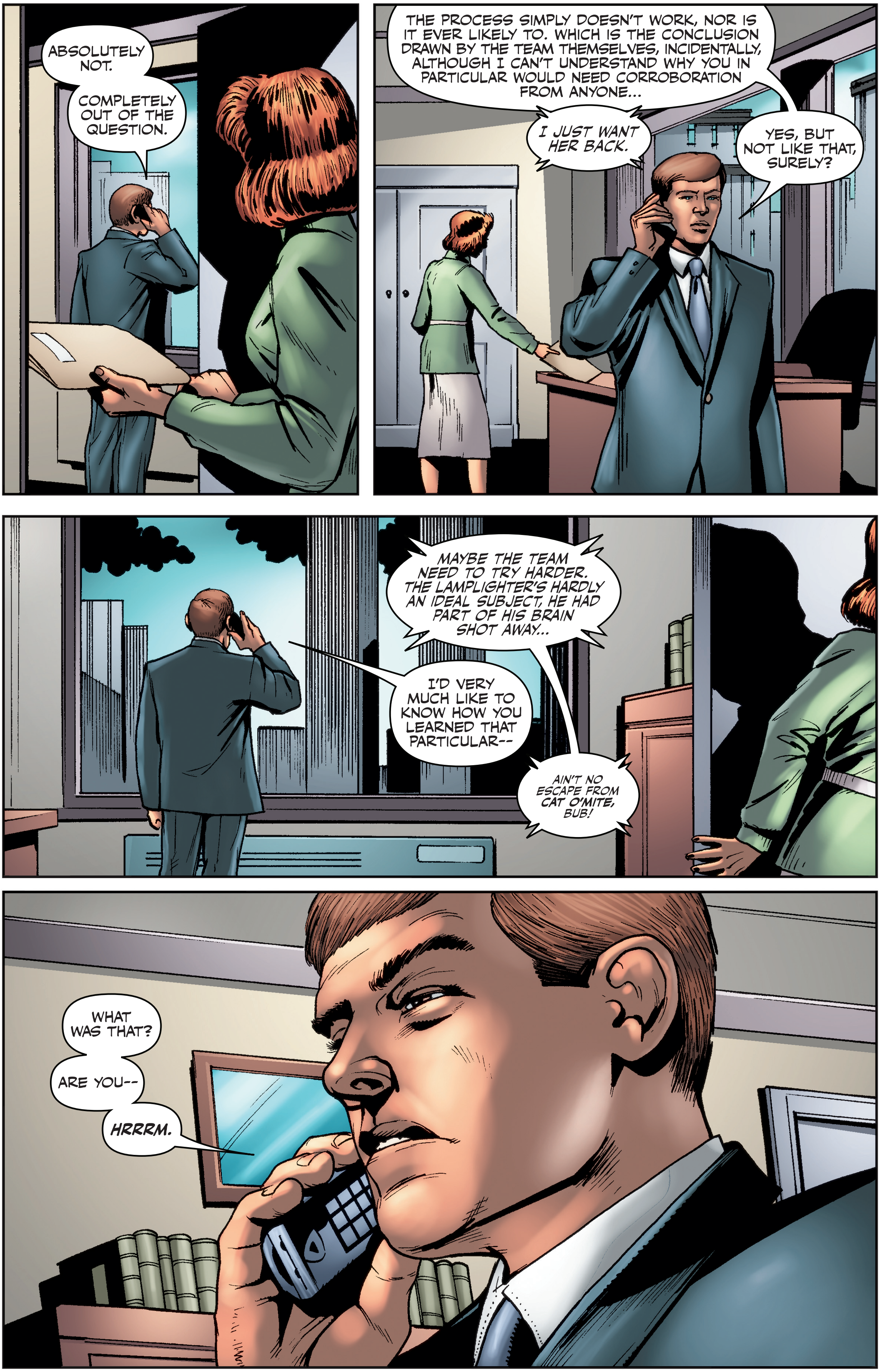

MY POINT EXACTLY.
HAPPY SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, HUGHIE.
next: LEAVING! WHAT A GOOD IDEA!

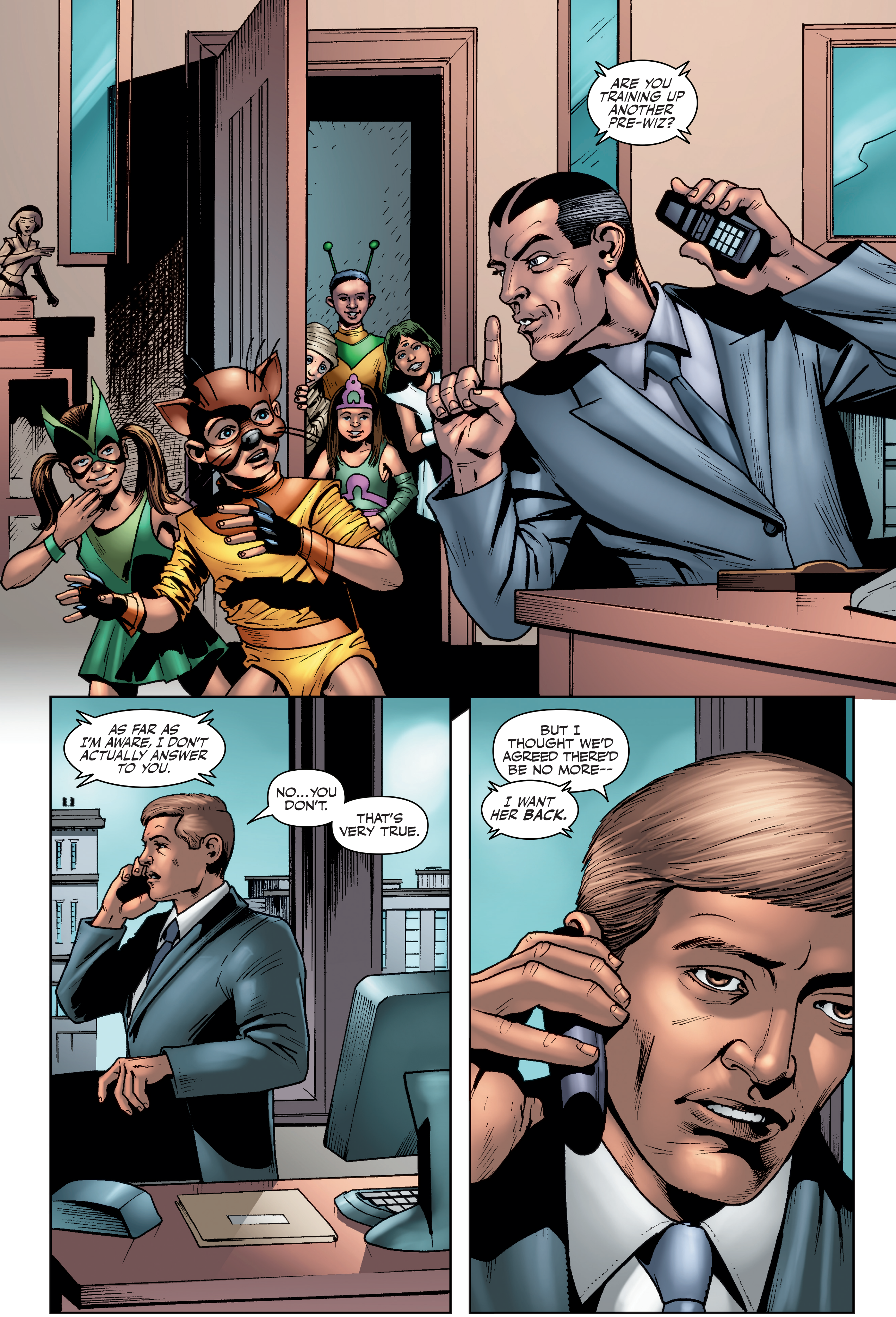

TWENTY-EIGHT
DARICK 2008

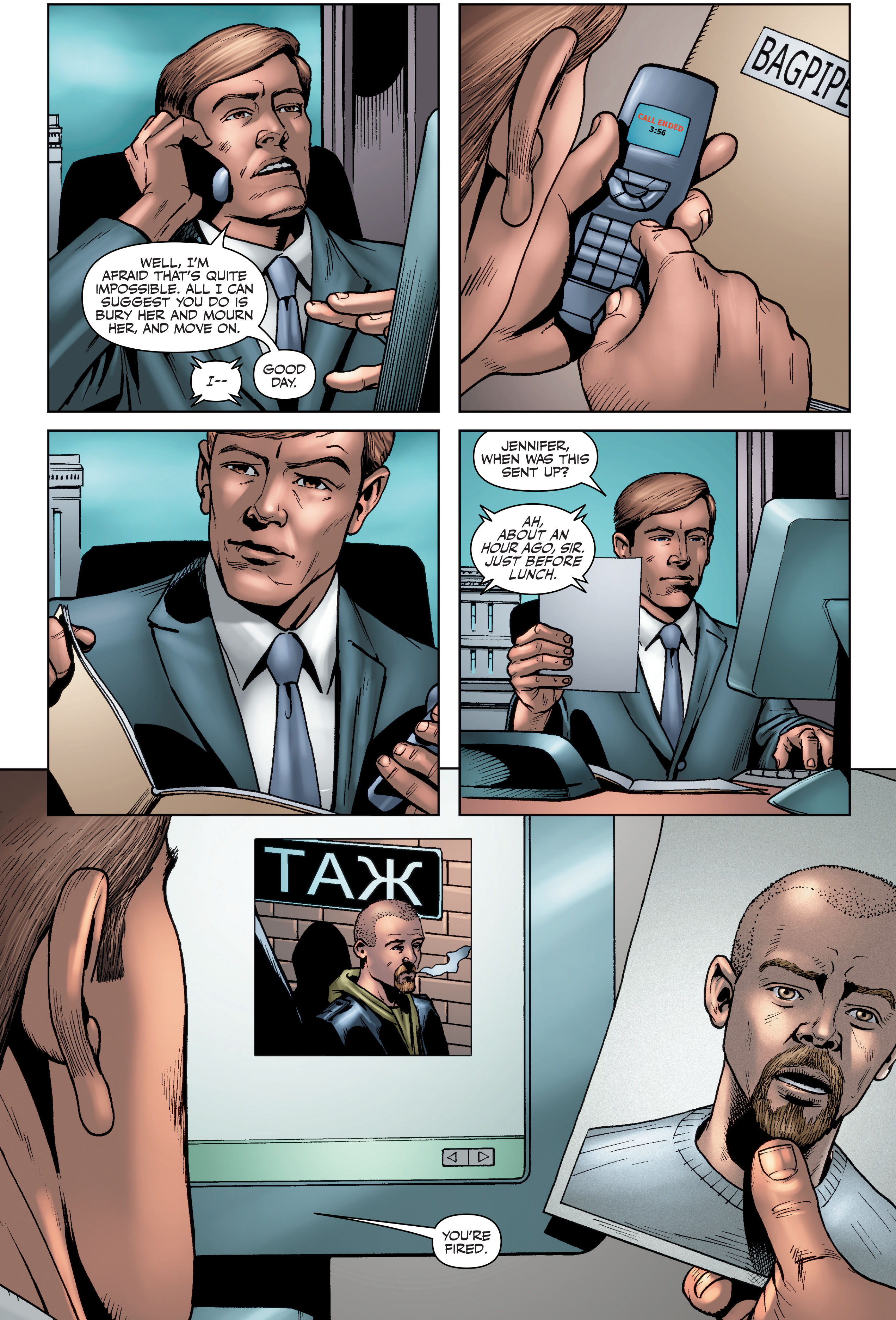
cover by Darick Robertson

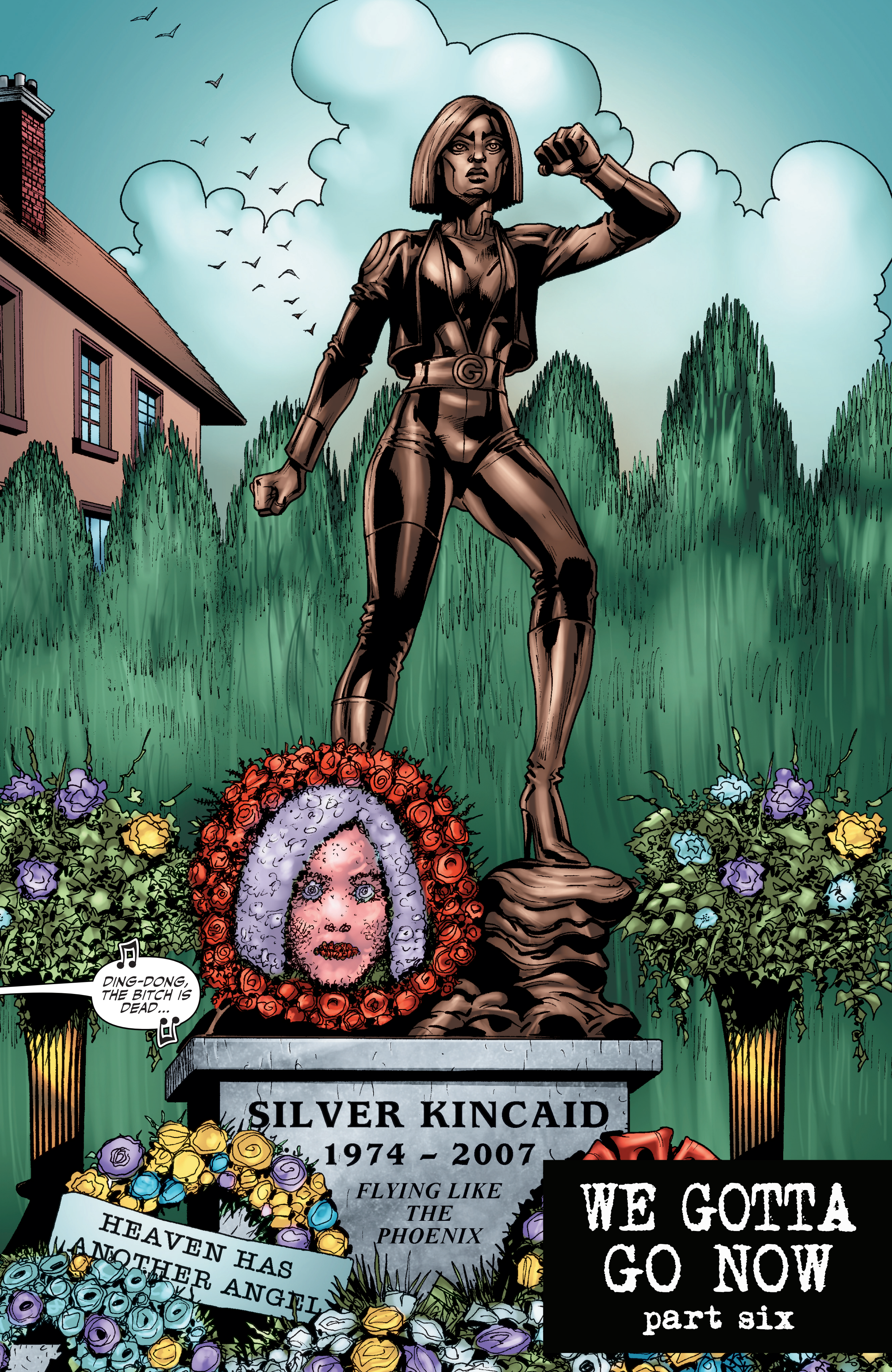
alternate cover by Dave Gibbons




ABSOLUTELY NOT.
COMPLETELY OUT OF THE QUESTION.
THE PROCESS SIMPLY DOESN'T WORK, NOR IS IT EVER LIKELY TO. WHICH IS THE CONCLUSION DRAWN BY THE TEAM THEMSELVES, INCIDENTALLY, ALTHOUGH I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU IN PARTICULAR WOULD NEED CORROBORATION FROM ANYONE...
I JUST WANT HER BACK.
YES, BUT NOT LIKE THAT, SURELY?
MAYBE THE TEAM NEED TO TRY HARDER. THE LAMPLIGHTER'S HARDLY AN IDEAL SUBJECT, HE HAD PART OF HIS BRAIN SHOT AWAY...
I'D VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU LEARNED THAT PARTICULAR--
AIN'T NO ESCAPE FROM CAT O'MITE, BUB!
WHAT WAS THAT?
ARE YOU--
HRRRM.


ARE YOU TRAINING UP ANOTHER PRE-WIZ?
AS FAR AS I'M AWARE, I DON'T ACTUALLY ANSWER TO YOU.
NO...YOU DON'T.
THAT'S VERY TRUE.
BUT I THOUGHT WE'D AGREED THERE'D BE NO MORE--
I WANT HER *BACK*.

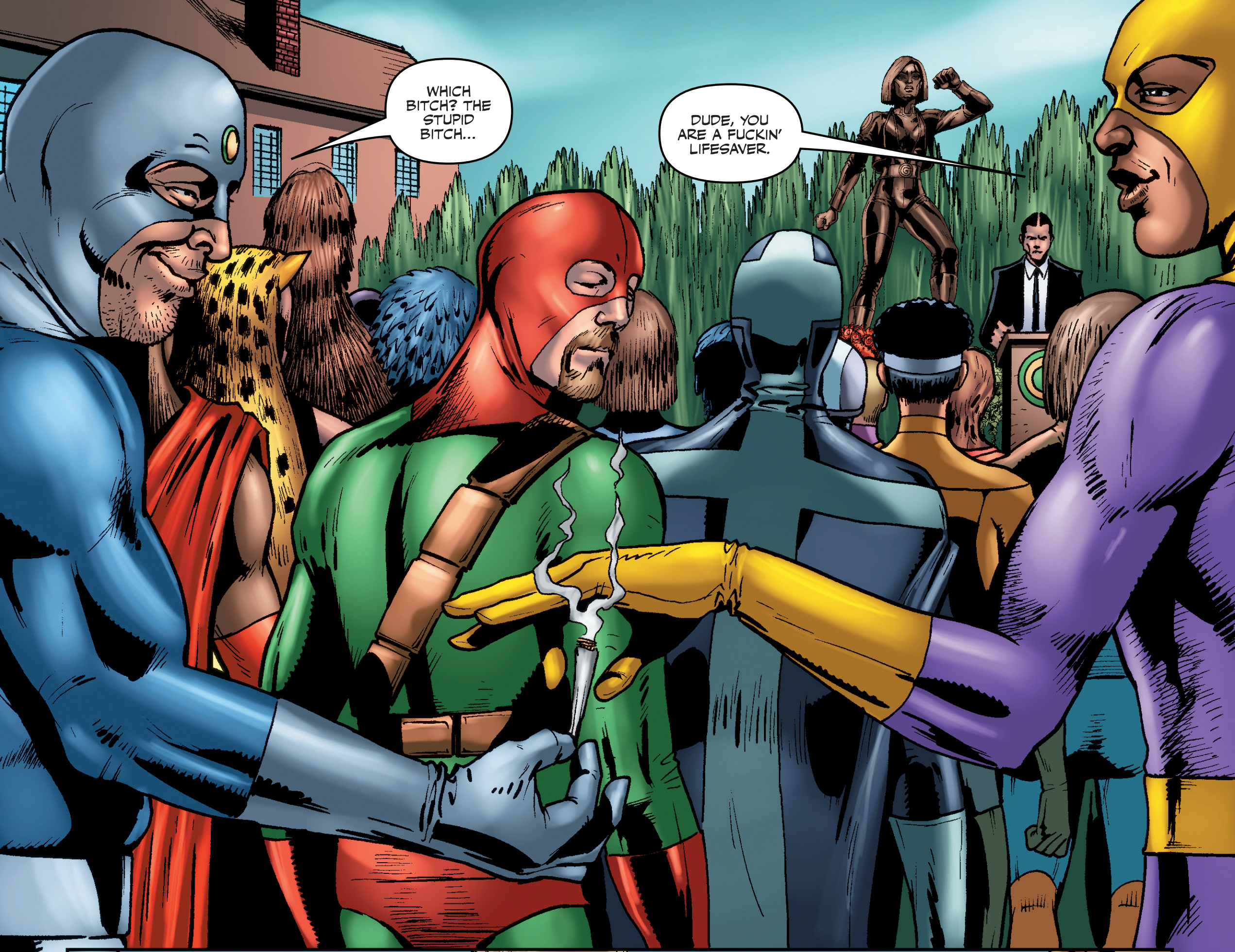

WELL, I'M AFRAID THAT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE. ALL I CAN SUGGEST YOU DO IS BURY HER AND MOURN HER, AND MOVE ON.
I--
GOOD DAY.
BAGPIPE
CALL ENDED 3:56
JENNIFER, WHEN WAS THIS SENT UP?
AH, ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, SIR. JUST BEFORE LUNCH.
TAЖ
YOU'RE FIRED.

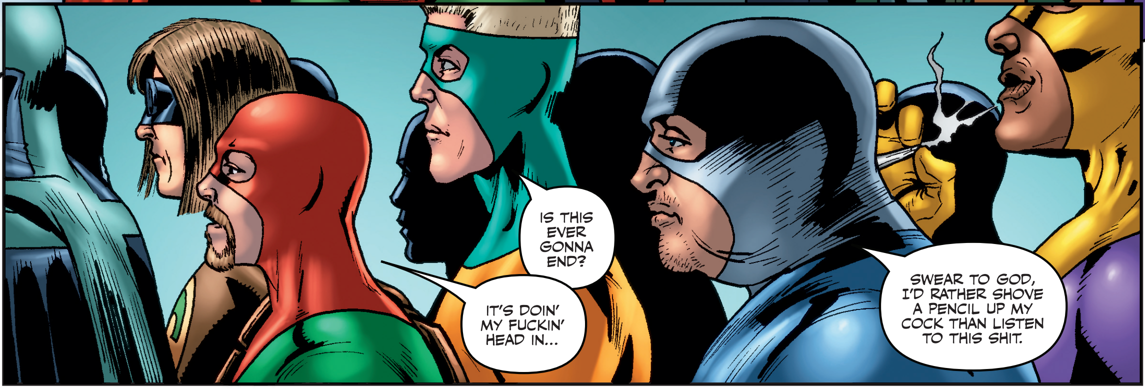


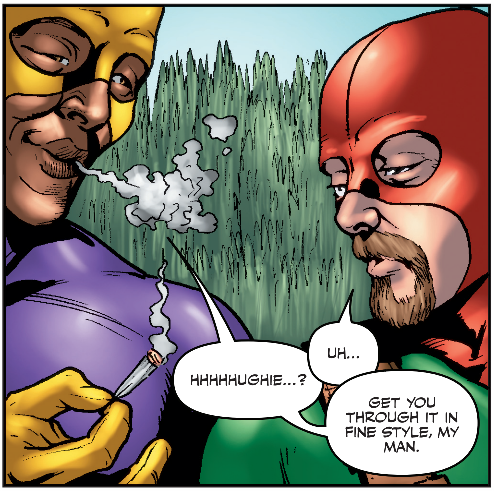
WE GOTTA GO NOW

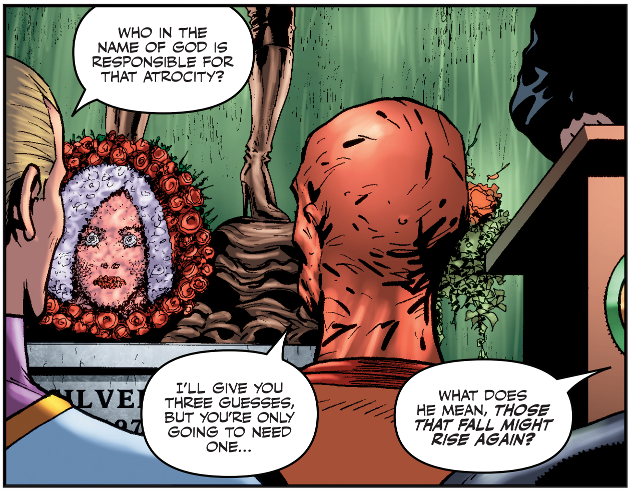
part six

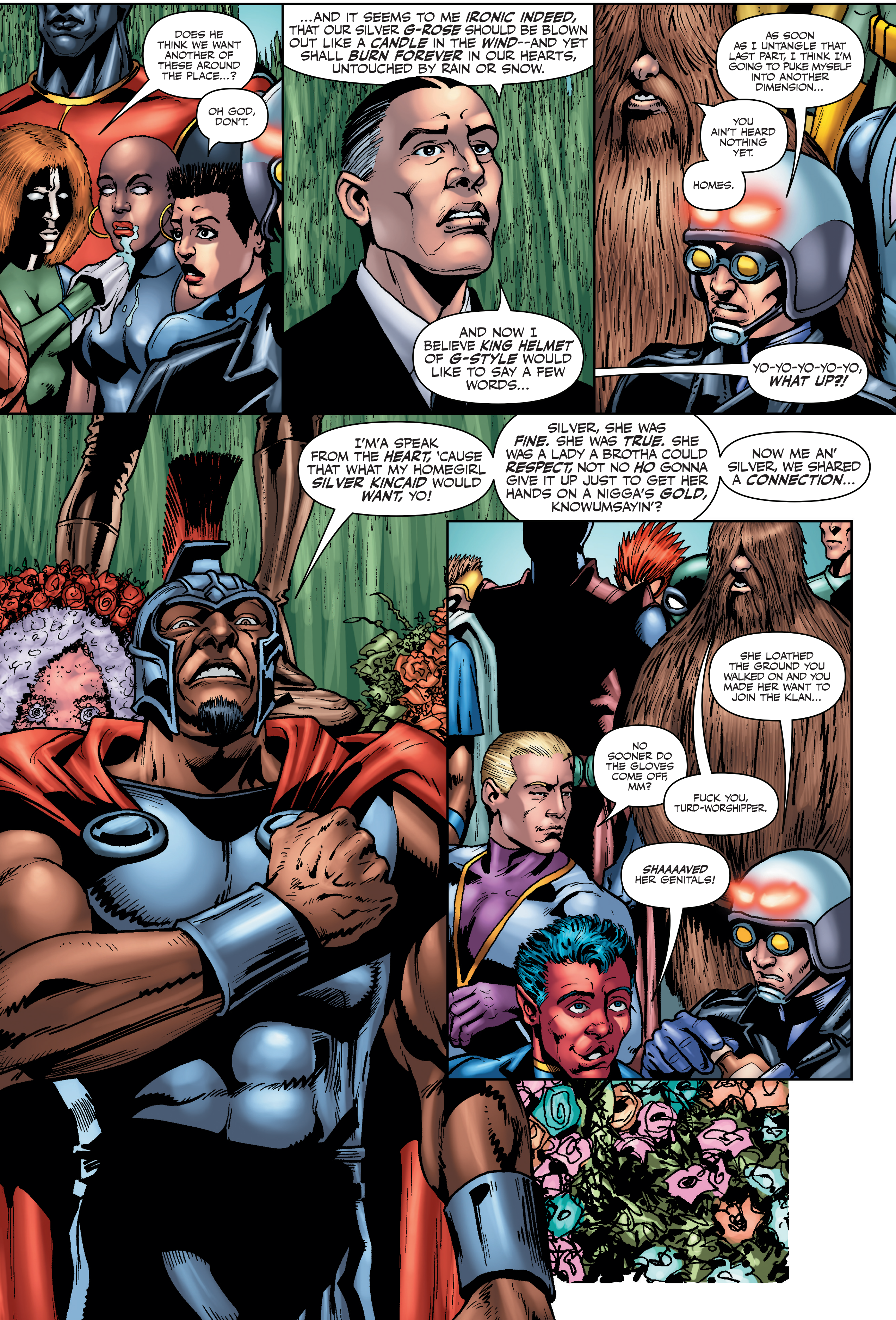
DING-DONG, THE BITCH IS DEAD...
SILVER KINCAID
1974 – 2007
FLYING LIKE THE PHOENIX
HEAVEN HAS ANOTHER ANGEL

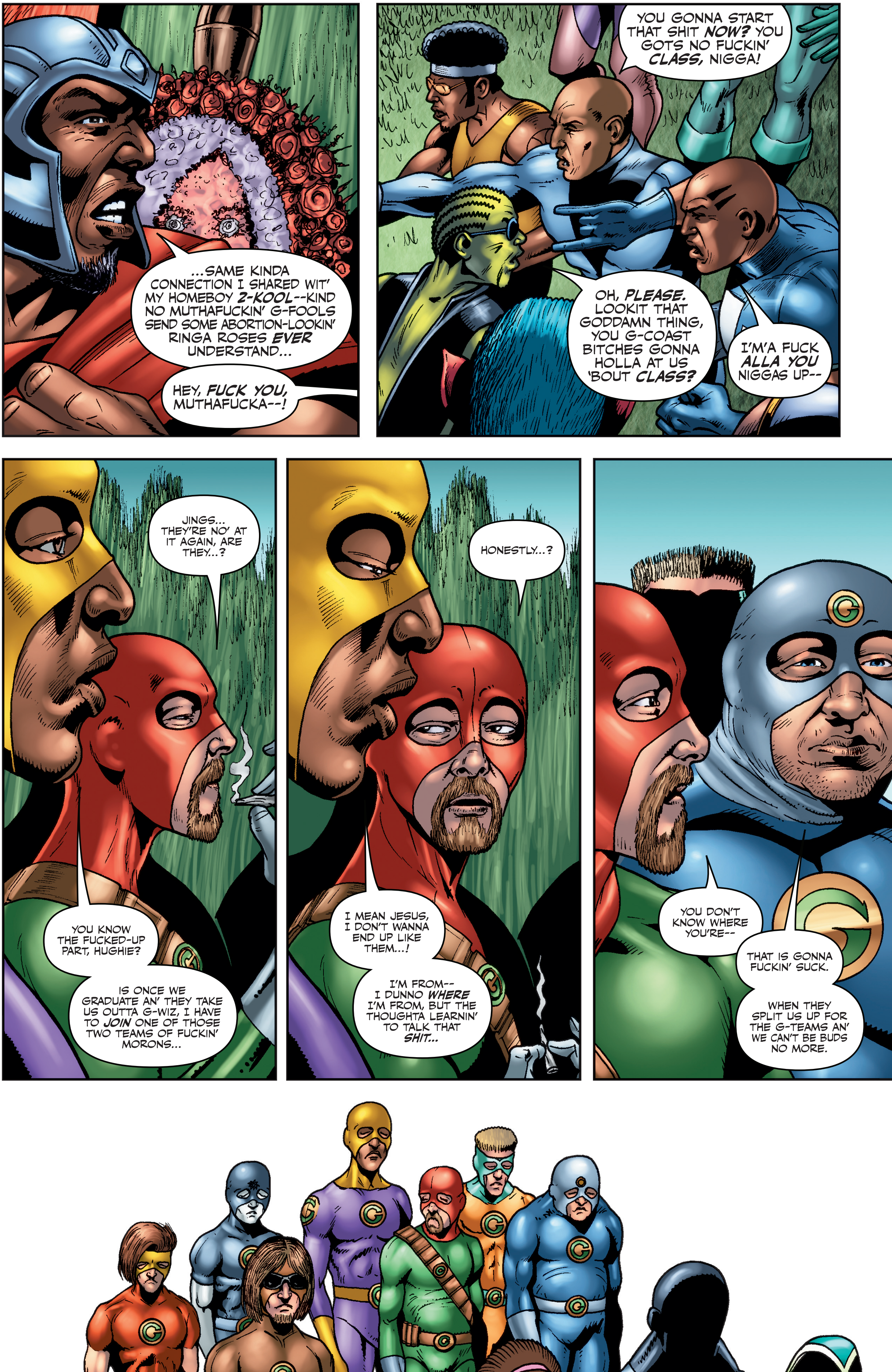

WHICH BITCH? THE STUPID BITCH...
DUDE, YOU ARE A FUCKIN' LIFESAVER.

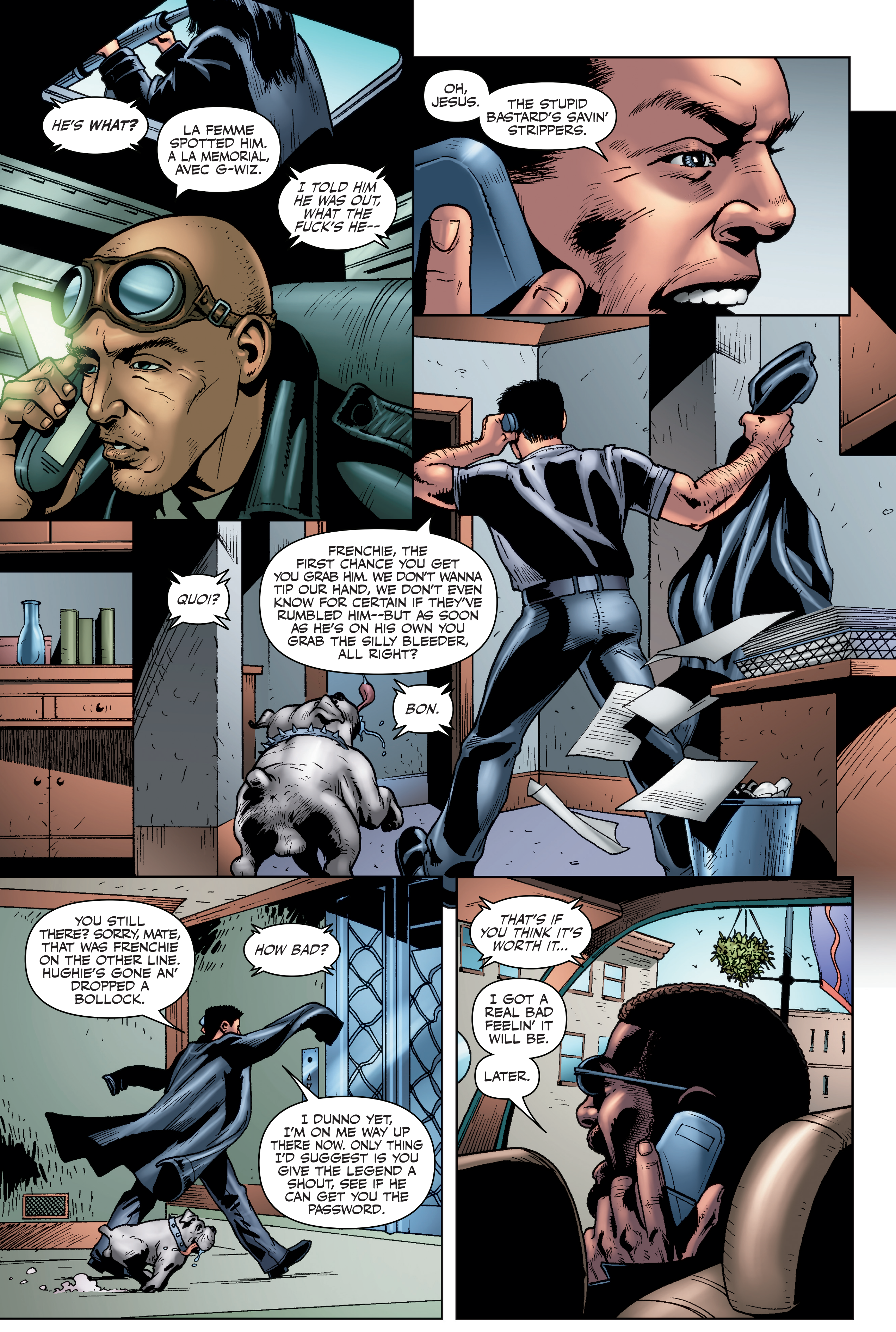

IS THIS EVER GONNA END?
IT'S DOIN' MY FUCKIN' HEAD IN...
SWEAR TO GOD, I'D RATHER SHOVE A PENCIL UP MY COCK THAN LISTEN TO THIS SHIT.

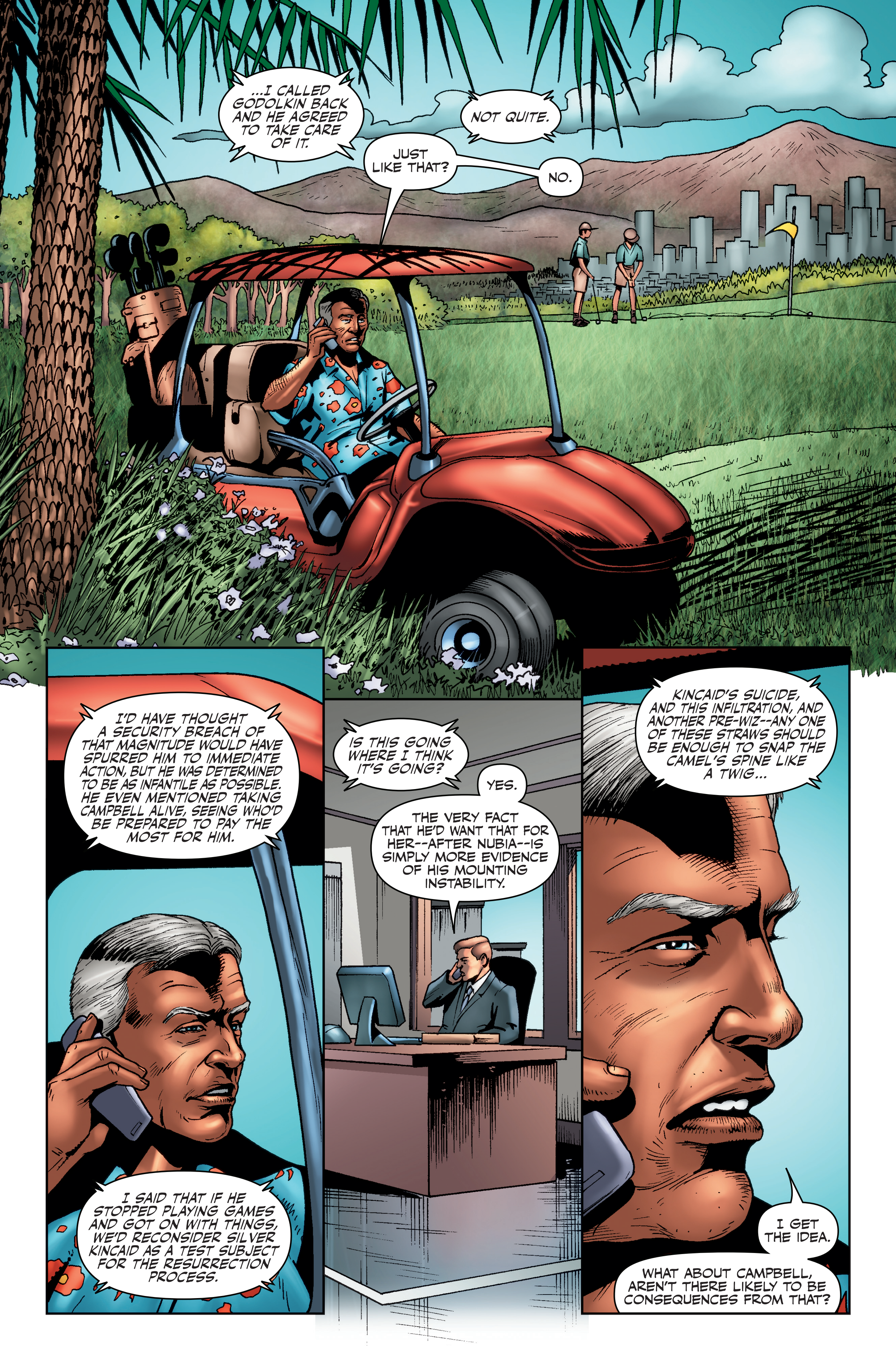

HHHHHUGHIE...?
UH...
GET YOU THROUGH IT IN FINE STYLE, MY MAN.

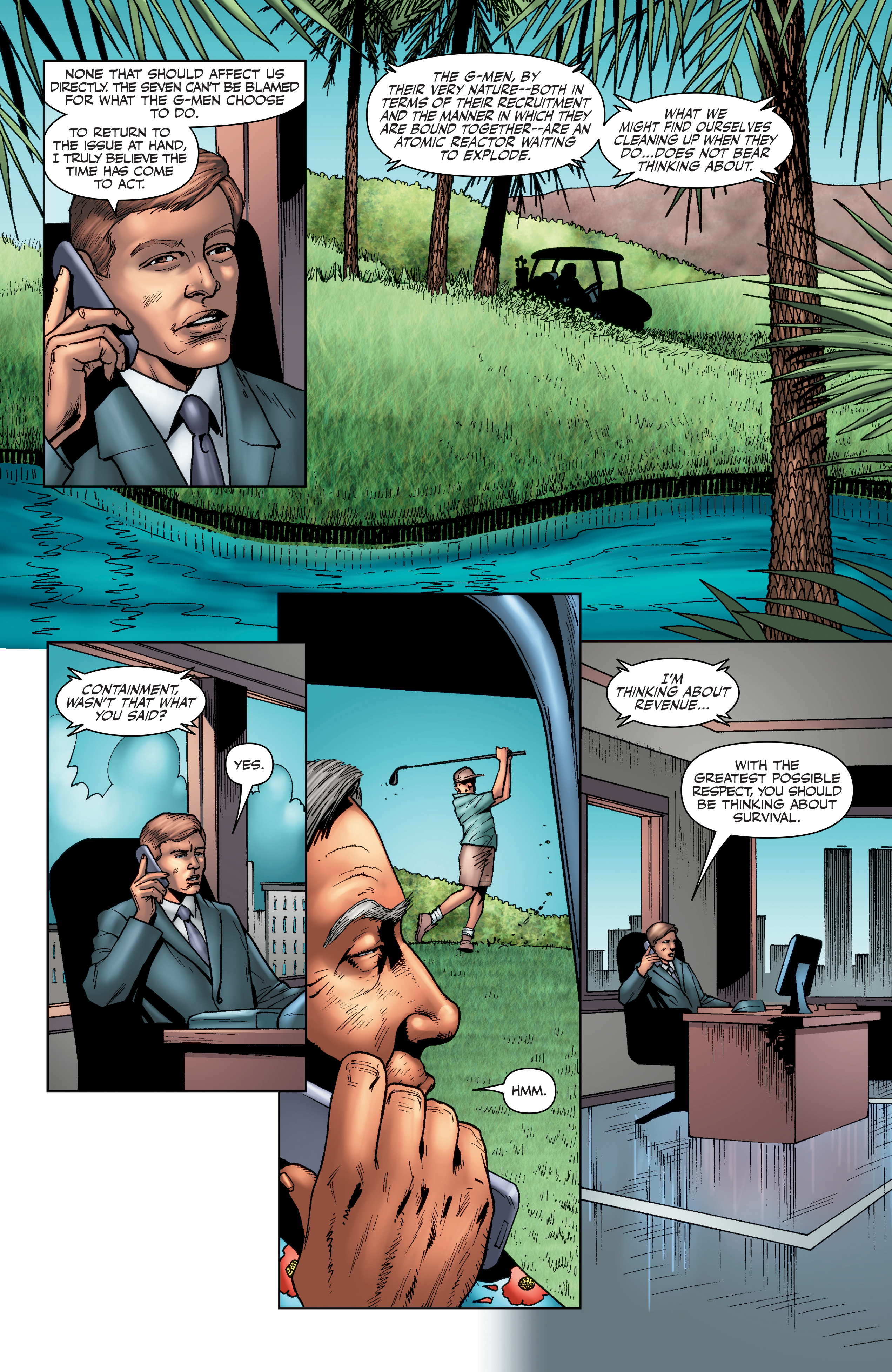

WHO IN THE NAME OF GOD IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT ATROCITY?
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES, BUT YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO NEED ONE...
WHAT DOES HE MEAN, *THOSE THAT FALL MIGHT RISE AGAIN?*

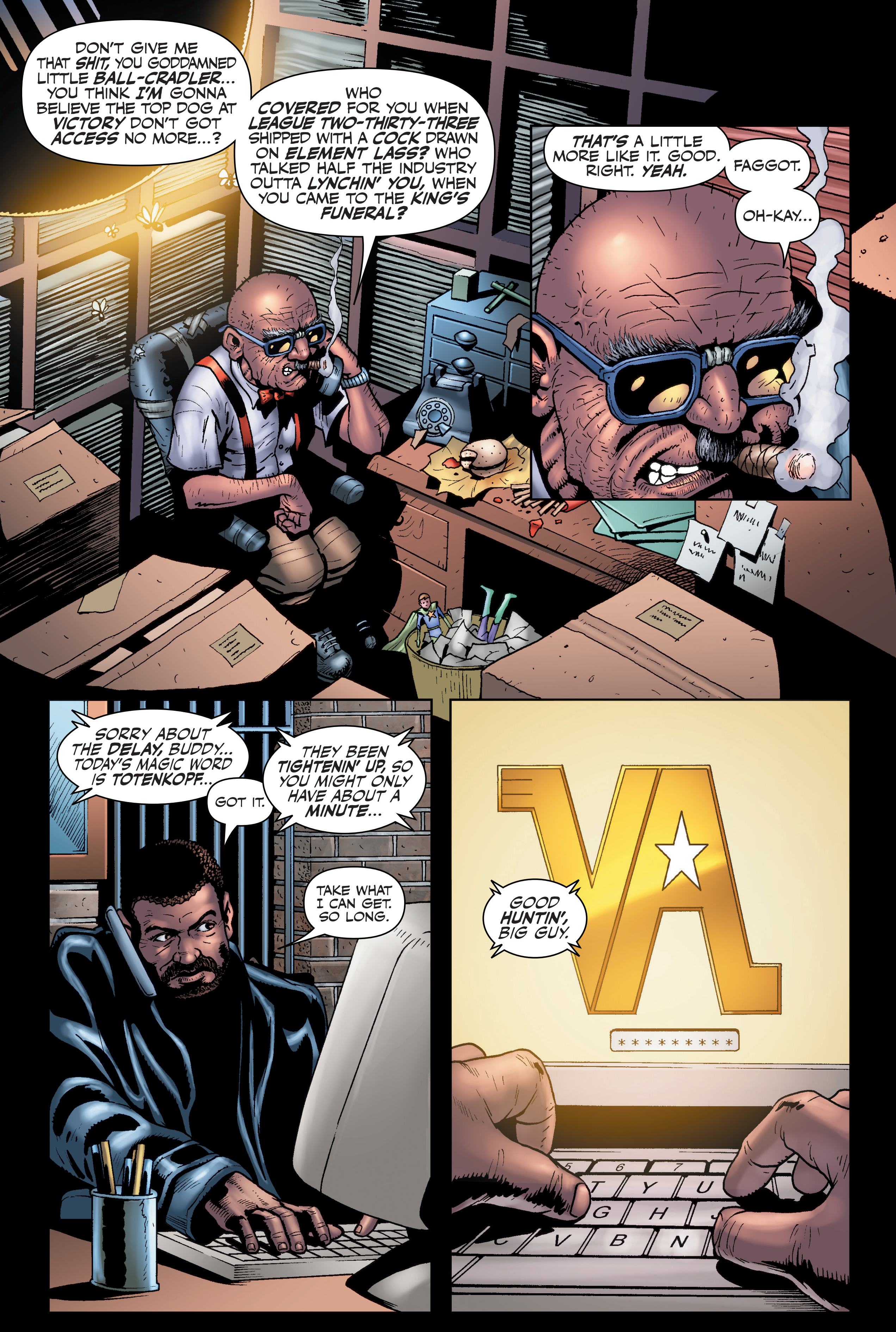

DOES HE THINK WE WANT ANOTHER OF THESE AROUND THE PLACE...?
OH GOD, DON'T.
...AND IT SEEMS TO ME *IRONIC INDEED,* THAT OUR SILVER *G-ROSE* SHOULD BE BLOWN OUT LIKE A *CANDLE* IN THE *WIND*--AND YET SHALL *BURN FOREVER* IN OUR HEARTS, UNTOUCHED BY RAIN OR SNOW.
AND NOW I BELIEVE *KING HELMET* OF *G-STYLE* WOULD LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS...
AS SOON AS I UNTANGLE THAT LAST PART, I THINK I'M GOING TO PUKE MYSELF INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION...
YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHING YET.
HOMES.
YO-YO-YO-YO-YO, *WHAT UP?!*
I'M'A SPEAK FROM THE *HEART,* 'CAUSE THAT WHAT MY HOMEGIRL *SILVER KINCAID* WOULD *WANT,* YO!
SILVER, SHE WAS *FINE.* SHE WAS *TRUE.* SHE WAS A LADY A BROTHA COULD *RESPECT,* NOT NO *HO* GONNA GIVE IT UP JUST TO GET HER HANDS ON A NIGGA'S *GOLD,* KNOWUMSAYIN'?
NOW ME AN' SILVER, WE SHARED A *CONNECTION...*
SHE LOATHED THE GROUND YOU WALKED ON AND YOU MADE HER WANT TO JOIN THE KLAN...
NO SOONER DO THE GLOVES COME OFF, MM?
FUCK YOU, TURD-WORSHIPPER.
SHAAAAVED HER GENITALS!

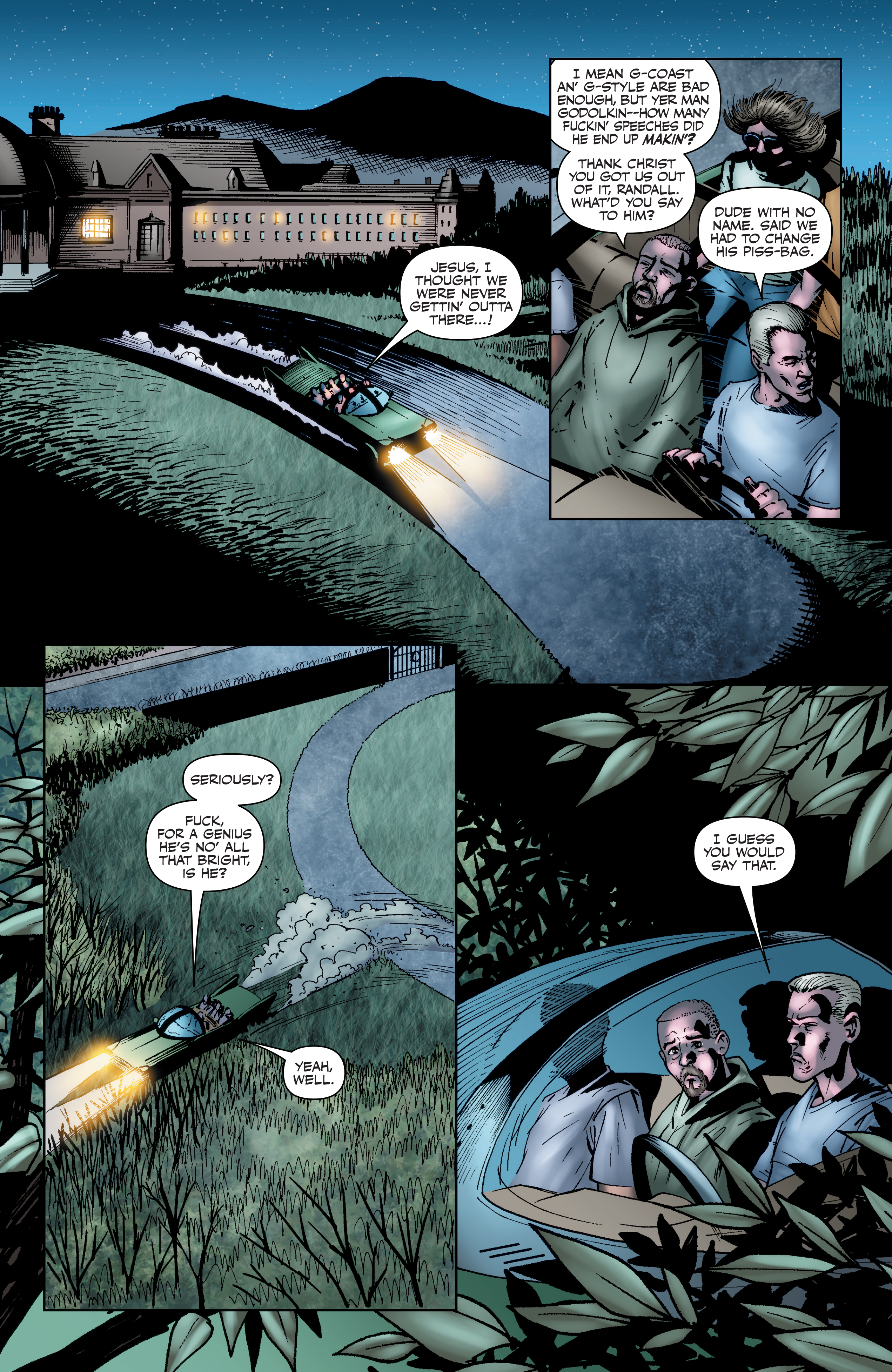

...SAME KINDA CONNECTION I SHARED WIT' MY HOMEBOY 2-KOOL--KIND NO MUTHAFUCKIN' G-FOOLS SEND SOME ABORTION-LOOKIN' RINGA ROSES EVER UNDERSTAND...
HEY, FUCK YOU, MUTHAFUCKA--!
YOU GONNA START THAT SHIT NOW? YOU GOTS NO FUCKIN' CLASS, NIGGA!
OH, PLEASE. LOOKIT THAT GODDAMN THING, YOU G-COAST BITCHES GONNA HOLLA AT US 'BOUT CLASS?
I'M'A FUCK ALLA YOU NIGGAS UP--
JINGS... THEY'RE NO' AT IT AGAIN, ARE THEY...?
YOU KNOW THE FUCKED-UP PART, HUGHIE?
IS ONCE WE GRADUATE AN' THEY TAKE US OUTTA G-WIZ, I HAVE TO JOIN ONE OF THOSE TWO TEAMS OF FUCKIN' MORONS...
HONESTLY...?
I MEAN JESUS, I DON'T WANNA END UP LIKE THEM...!
I'M FROM-- I DUNNO WHERE I'M FROM, BUT THE THOUGHTA LEARNIN' TO TALK THAT SHIT...
YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE--
THAT IS GONNA FUCKIN' SUCK.
WHEN THEY SPLIT US UP FOR THE G-TEAMS AN' WE CAN'T BE BUDS NO MORE.

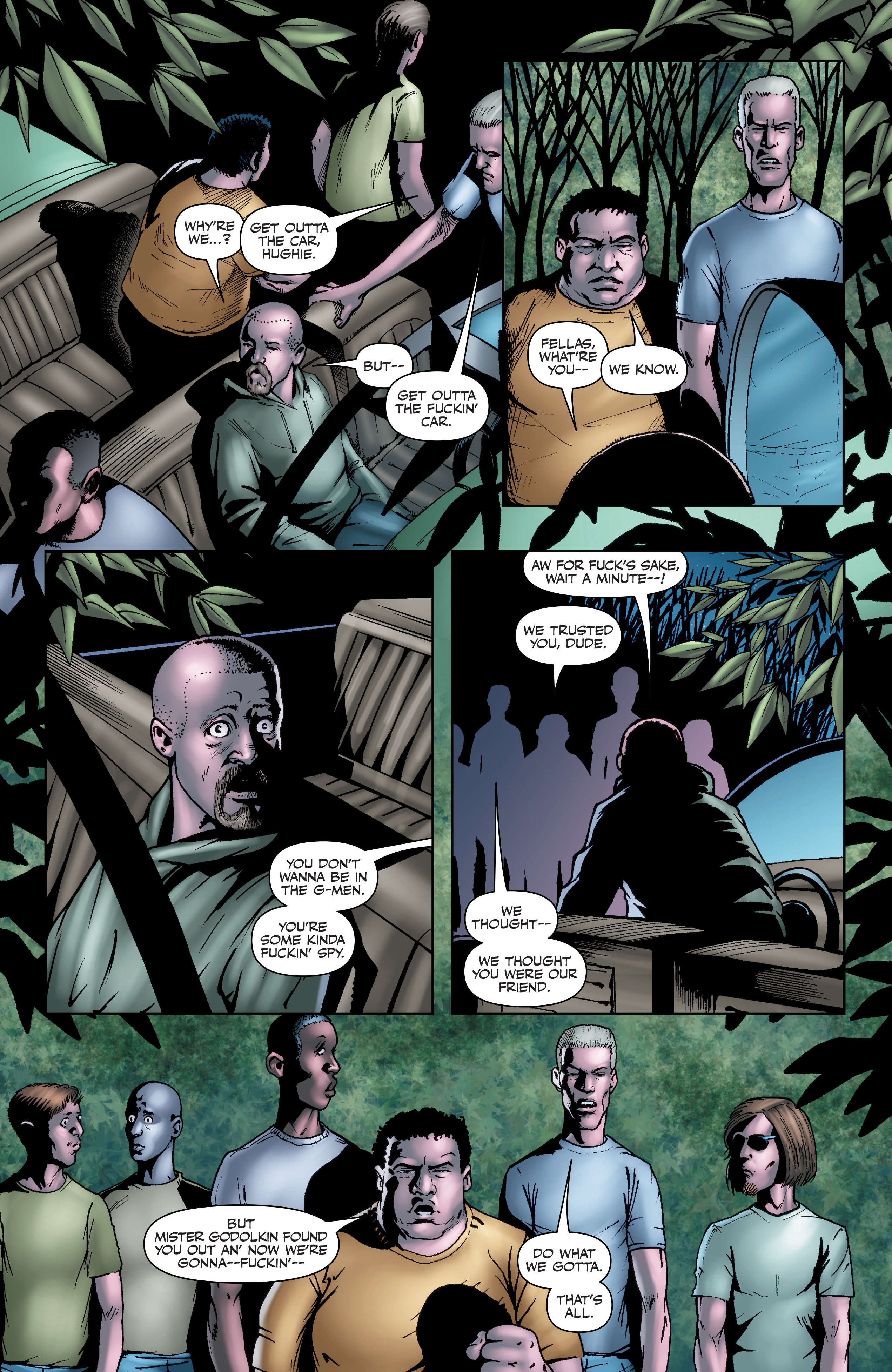

HE'S WHAT?
LA FEMME SPOTTED HIM. A LA MEMORIAL, AVEC G-WIZ.
I TOLD HIM HE WAS OUT, WHAT THE FUCK'S HE--
OH, JESUS.
THE STUPID BASTARD'S SAVIN' STRIPPERS.
QUOI?
FRENCHIE, THE FIRST CHANCE YOU GET YOU GRAB HIM. WE DON'T WANNA TIP OUR HAND, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR CERTAIN IF THEY'VE RUMBLED HIM--BUT AS SOON AS HE'S ON HIS OWN YOU GRAB THE SILLY BLEEDER, ALL RIGHT?
BON.
YOU STILL THERE? SORRY, MATE, THAT WAS FRENCHIE ON THE OTHER LINE. HUGHIE'S GONE AN' DROPPED A BOLLOCK.
HOW BAD?
I DUNNO YET, I'M ON ME WAY UP THERE NOW. ONLY THING I'D SUGGEST IS YOU GIVE THE LEGEND A SHOUT, SEE IF HE CAN GET YOU THE PASSWORD.
THAT'S IF YOU THINK IT'S WORTH IT...
I GOT A REAL BAD FEELIN' IT WILL BE.
LATER.

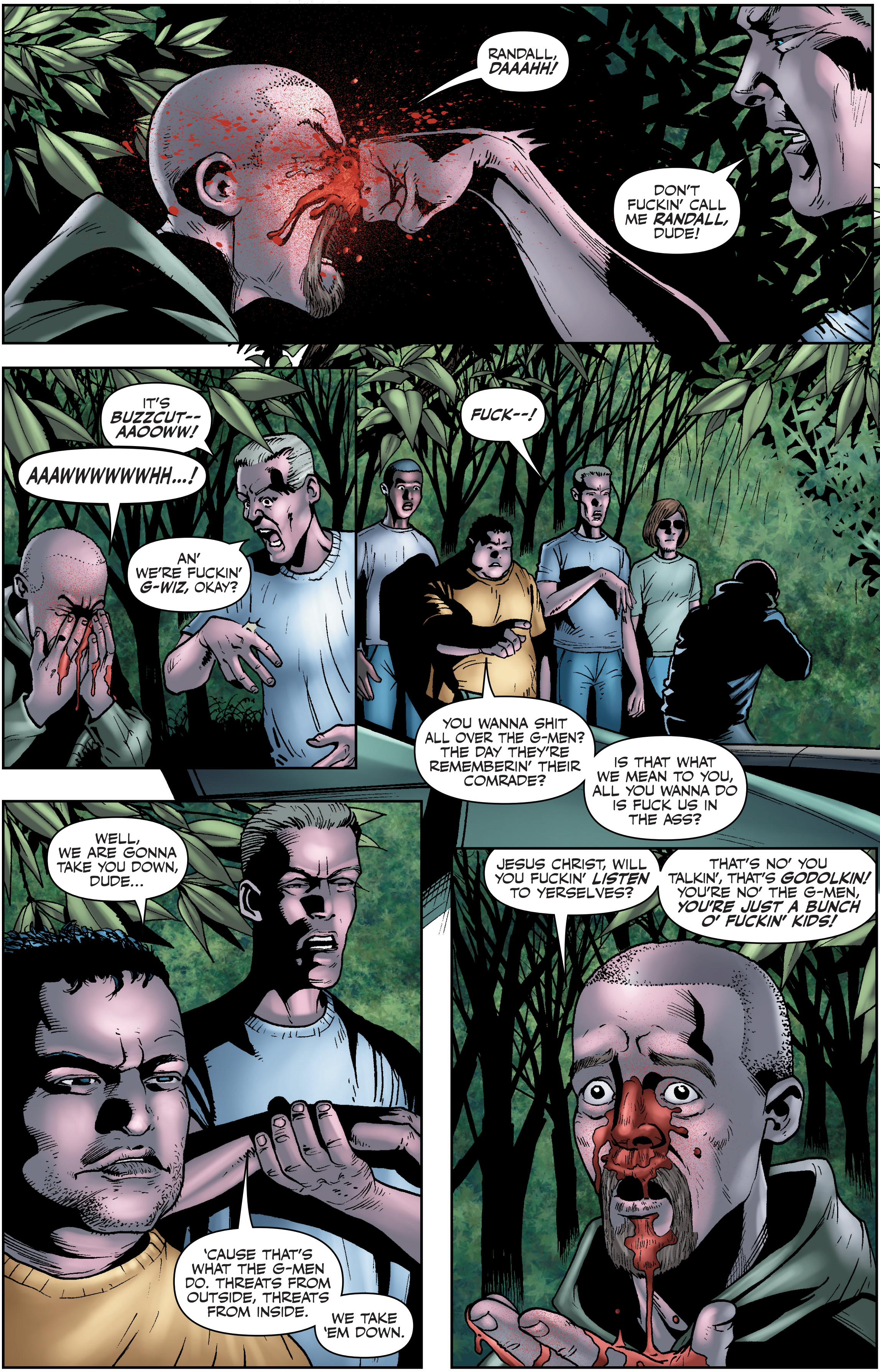

...I CALLED GODOLKIN BACK AND HE AGREED TO TAKE CARE OF IT.
JUST LIKE THAT?
NOT QUITE.
NO.
I'D HAVE THOUGHT A SECURITY BREACH OF THAT MAGNITUDE WOULD HAVE SPURRED HIM TO IMMEDIATE ACTION, BUT HE WAS DETERMINED TO BE AS INFANTILE AS POSSIBLE. HE EVEN MENTIONED TAKING CAMPBELL ALIVE, SEEING WHO'D BE PREPARED TO PAY THE MOST FOR HIM.
I SAID THAT IF HE STOPPED PLAYING GAMES AND GOT ON WITH THINGS, WE'D RECONSIDER SILVER KINCAID AS A TEST SUBJECT FOR THE RESURRECTION PROCESS.
IS THIS GOING WHERE I THINK IT'S GOING?
YES.
THE VERY FACT THAT HE'D WANT THAT FOR HER--AFTER NUBIA--IS SIMPLY MORE EVIDENCE OF HIS MOUNTING INSTABILITY.
KINCAID'S SUICIDE, AND THIS INFILTRATION, AND ANOTHER PRE-WIZ--ANY ONE OF THESE STRAWS SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO SNAP THE CAMEL'S SPINE LIKE A TWIG...
I GET THE IDEA.
WHAT ABOUT CAMPBELL, AREN'T THERE LIKELY TO BE CONSEQUENCES FROM THAT?

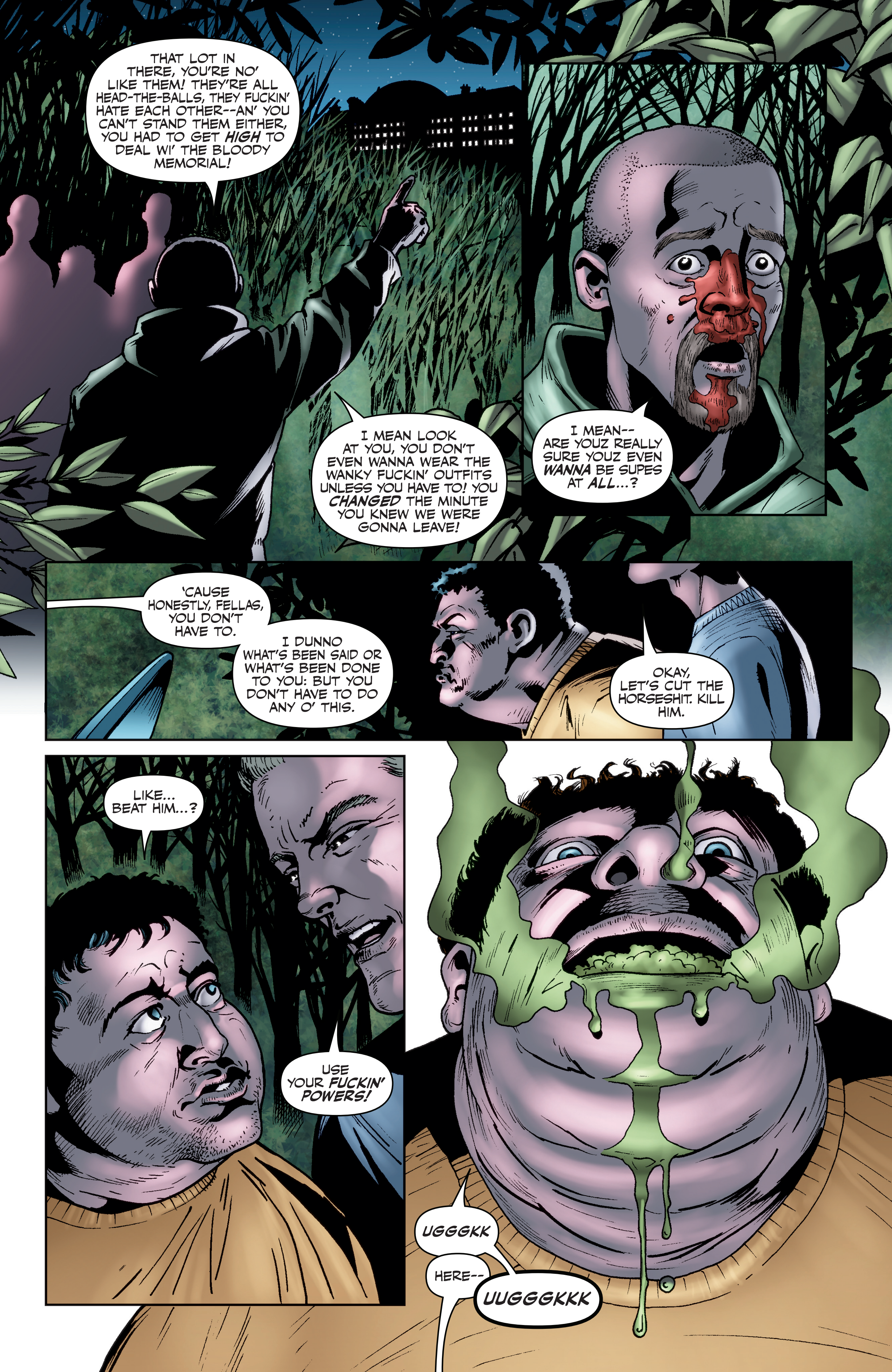

NONE THAT SHOULD AFFECT US DIRECTLY. THE SEVEN CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR WHAT THE G-MEN CHOOSE TO DO.
TO RETURN TO THE ISSUE AT HAND, I TRULY BELIEVE THE TIME HAS COME TO ACT.
THE G-MEN, BY THEIR VERY NATURE--BOTH IN TERMS OF THEIR RECRUITMENT AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY ARE BOUND TOGETHER--ARE AN ATOMIC REACTOR WAITING TO EXPLODE.
WHAT WE MIGHT FIND OURSELVES CLEANING UP WHEN THEY DO...DOES NOT BEAR THINKING ABOUT.
CONTAINMENT, WASN'T THAT WHAT YOU SAID?
YES.
HMM.
I'M THINKING ABOUT REVENUE...
WITH THE GREATEST POSSIBLE RESPECT, YOU SHOULD BE THINKING ABOUT SURVIVAL.

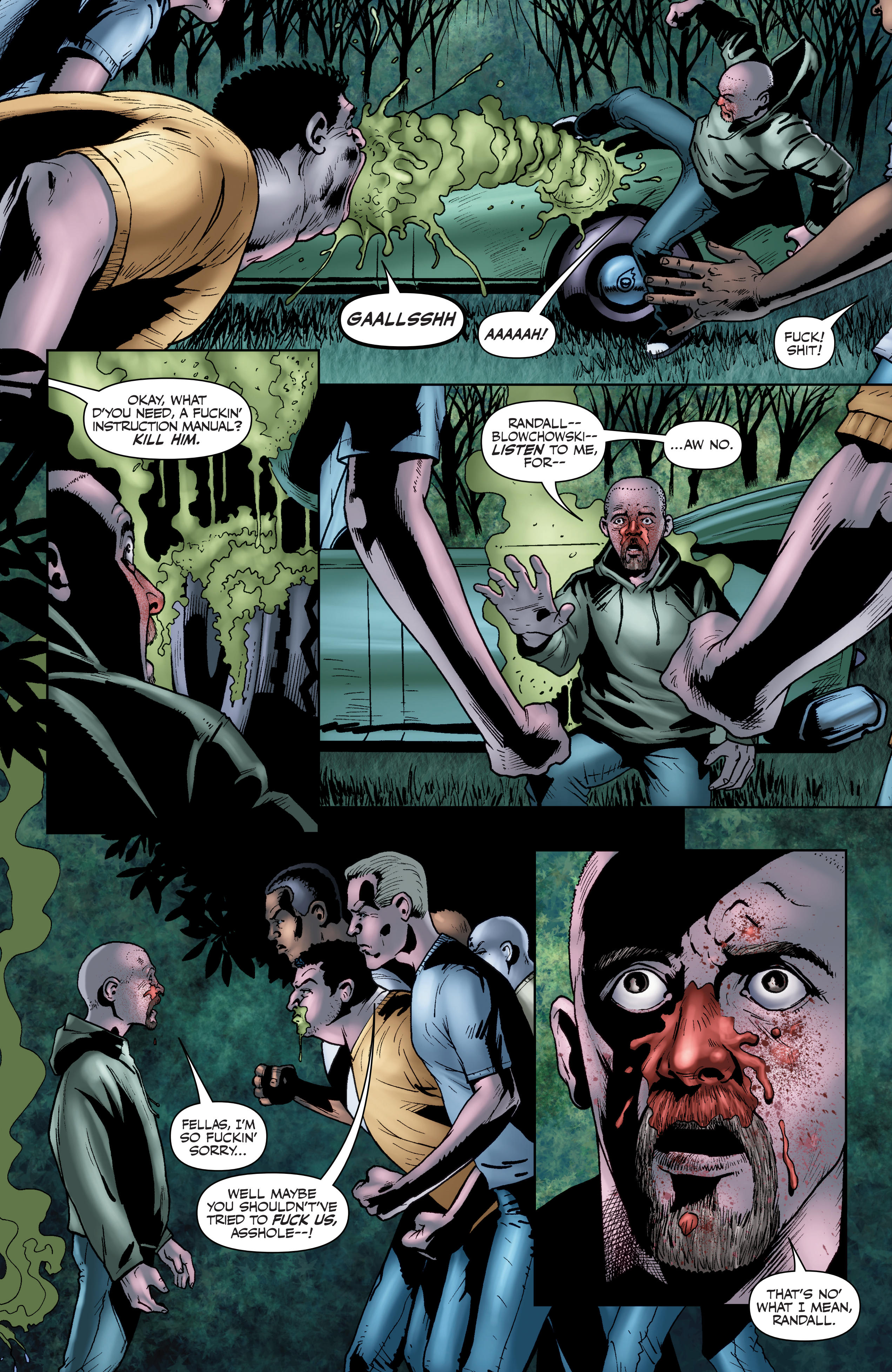

DON'T GIVE ME THAT **SHIT,** YOU GODDAMNED LITTLE **BALL-CRADLER**... YOU THINK **I'M** GONNA BELIEVE THE TOP DOG AT **VICTORY** DON'T GOT **ACCESS** NO MORE...?
WHO **COVERED** FOR YOU WHEN **LEAGUE TWO-THIRTY-THREE** SHIPPED WITH A **COCK** DRAWN ON **ELEMENT LASS?** WHO TALKED HALF THE INDUSTRY OUTTA **LYNCHIN' YOU,** WHEN YOU CAME TO THE **KING'S FUNERAL?**
THAT'S A LITTLE MORE LIKE IT. GOOD. RIGHT. **YEAH.**
FAGGOT.
OH-KAY...
SORRY ABOUT THE **DELAY,** BUDDY... TODAY'S MAGIC WORD IS **TOTENKOPF**...
GOT IT.
THEY BEEN **TIGHTENIN' UP,** SO YOU MIGHT ONLY HAVE ABOUT A **MINUTE**...
TAKE WHAT I CAN GET. SO LONG.
VA
****
GOOD **HUNTIN',** BIG GUY.

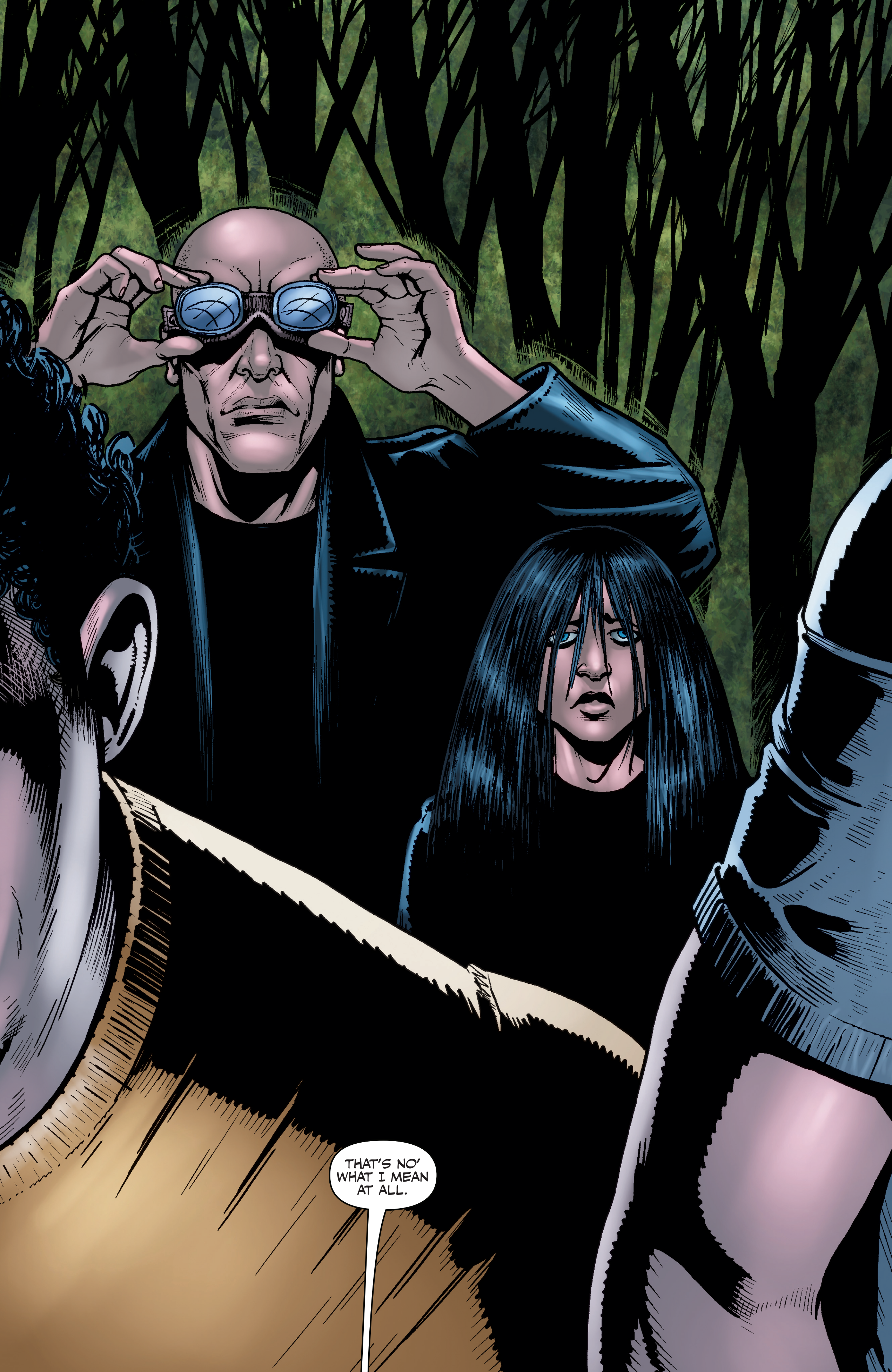

JESUS, I THOUGHT WE WERE NEVER GETTIN' OUTTA THERE...!
I MEAN G-COAST AN' G-STYLE ARE BAD ENOUGH, BUT YER MAN GODOLKIN--HOW MANY FUCKIN' SPEECHES DID HE END UP *MAKIN'?*
THANK CHRIST YOU GOT US OUT OF IT, RANDALL. WHAT'D YOU SAY TO HIM?
DUDE WITH NO NAME. SAID WE HAD TO CHANGE HIS PISS-BAG.
SERIOUSLY?
FUCK, FOR A GENIUS HE'S NO' ALL THAT BRIGHT, IS HE?
YEAH, WELL.
I GUESS YOU WOULD SAY THAT.

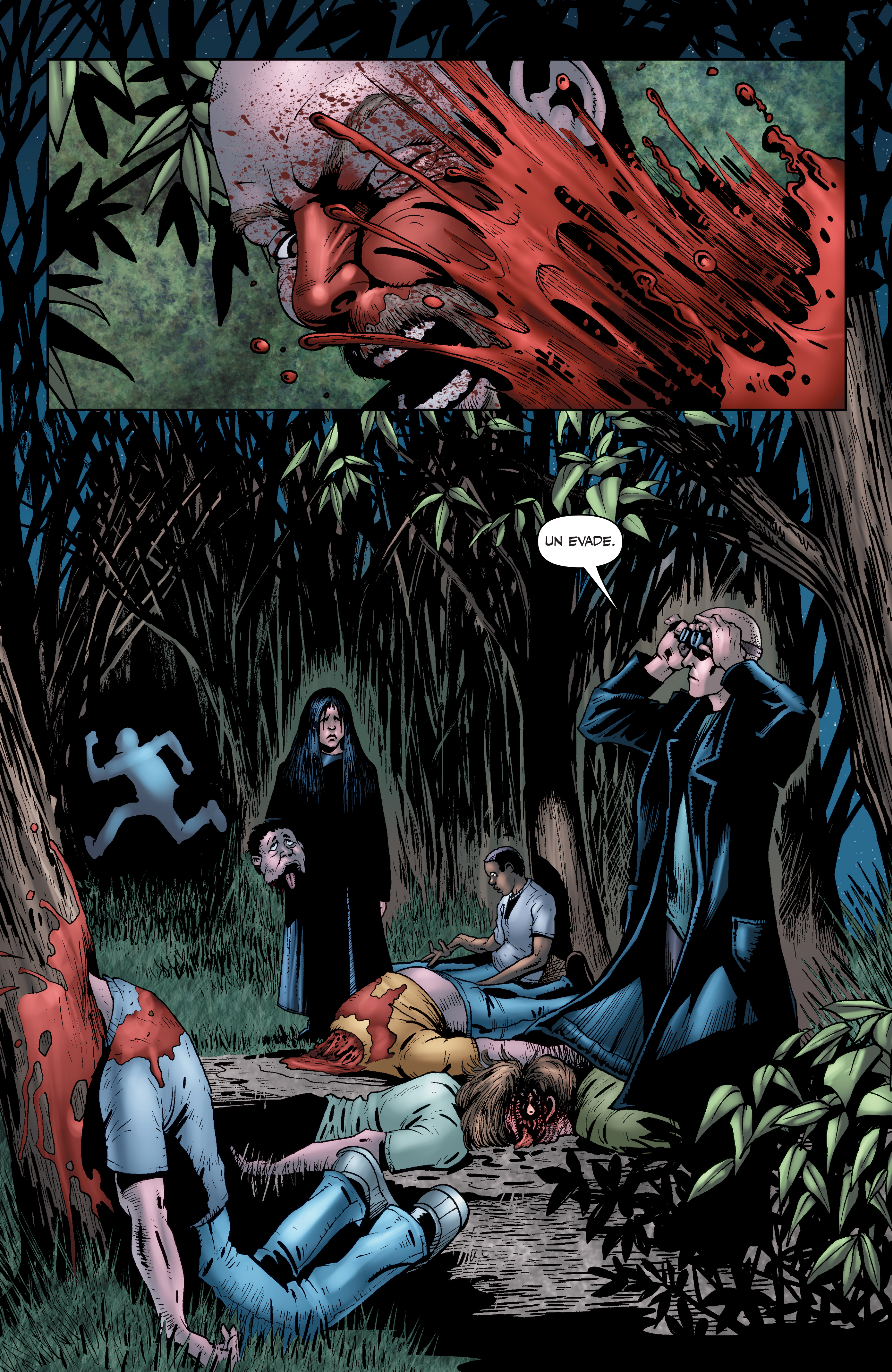

WHY'RE WE...?
GET OUTTA THE CAR, HUGHIE.
BUT--
GET OUTTA THE FUCKIN' CAR.
FELLAS, WHAT'RE YOU--
WE KNOW.
YOU DON'T WANNA BE IN THE G-MEN.
YOU'RE SOME KINDA FUCKIN' SPY.
AW FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WAIT A MINUTE--!
WE TRUSTED YOU, DUDE.
WE THOUGHT--
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE OUR FRIEND.
BUT MISTER GODOLKIN FOUND YOU OUT AN' NOW WE'RE GONNA--FUCKIN'--
DO WHAT WE GOTTA.
THAT'S ALL.

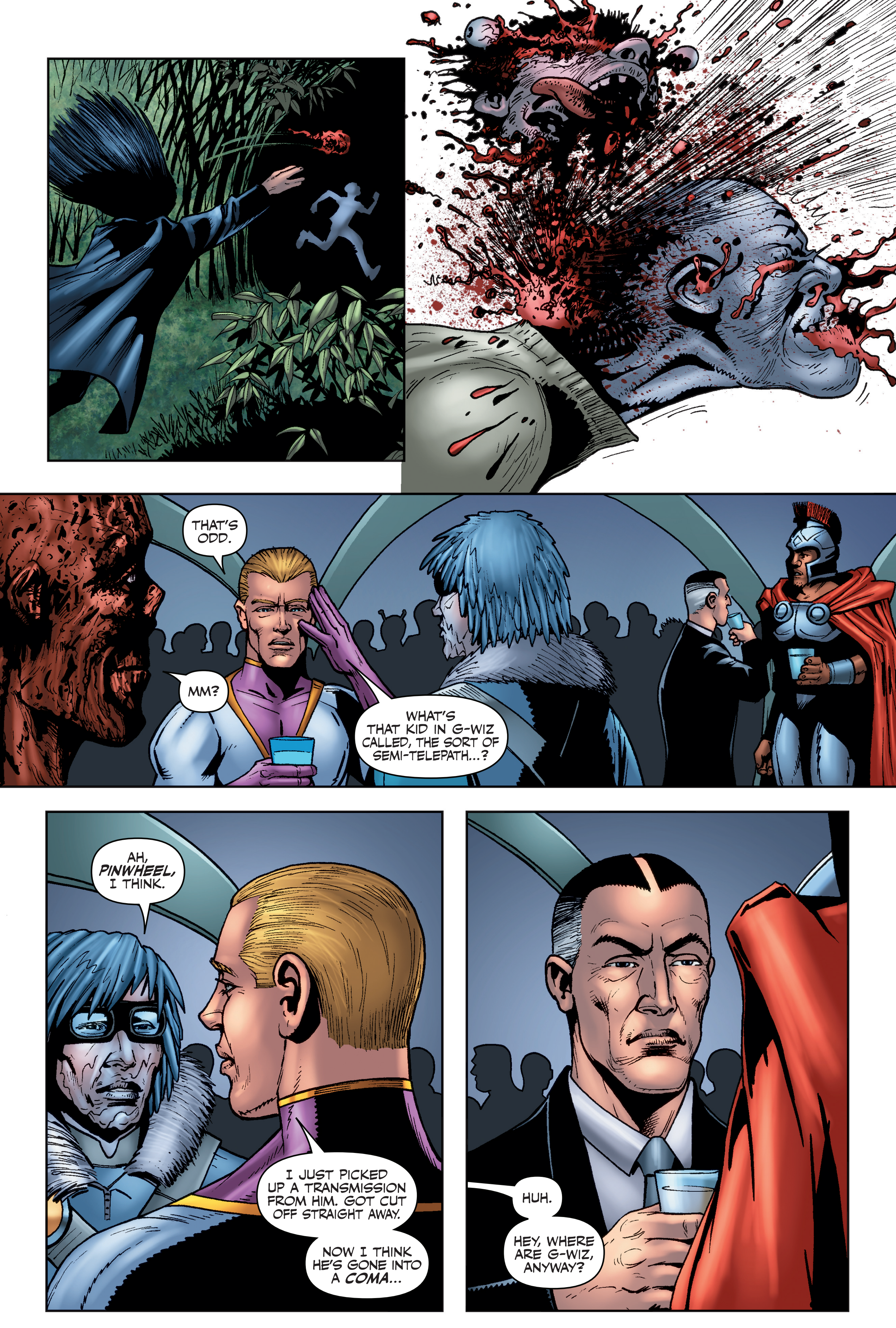

RANDALL, *DAAAHH!*
DON'T FUCKIN' CALL ME ***RANDALL,*** DUDE!
IT'S ***BUZZCUT--*** ***AAOOWW!***
AAAWWWWWWHH...!
AN' WE'RE FUCKIN' ***G-WIZ,*** OKAY?
FUCK--!
YOU WANNA SHIT ALL OVER THE G-MEN? THE DAY THEY'RE REMEMBERIN' THEIR COMRADE?
IS THAT WHAT WE MEAN TO YOU, ALL YOU WANNA DO IS FUCK US IN THE ASS?
WELL, WE ARE GONNA TAKE YOU DOWN, DUDE...
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE G-MEN DO. THREATS FROM OUTSIDE, THREATS FROM INSIDE.
WE TAKE 'EM DOWN.
JESUS CHRIST, WILL YOU FUCKIN' ***LISTEN*** TO YERSELVES?
THAT'S NO' YOU TALKIN', THAT'S ***GODOLKIN!*** YOU'RE NO' THE G-MEN, ***YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH O' FUCKIN' KIDS!***

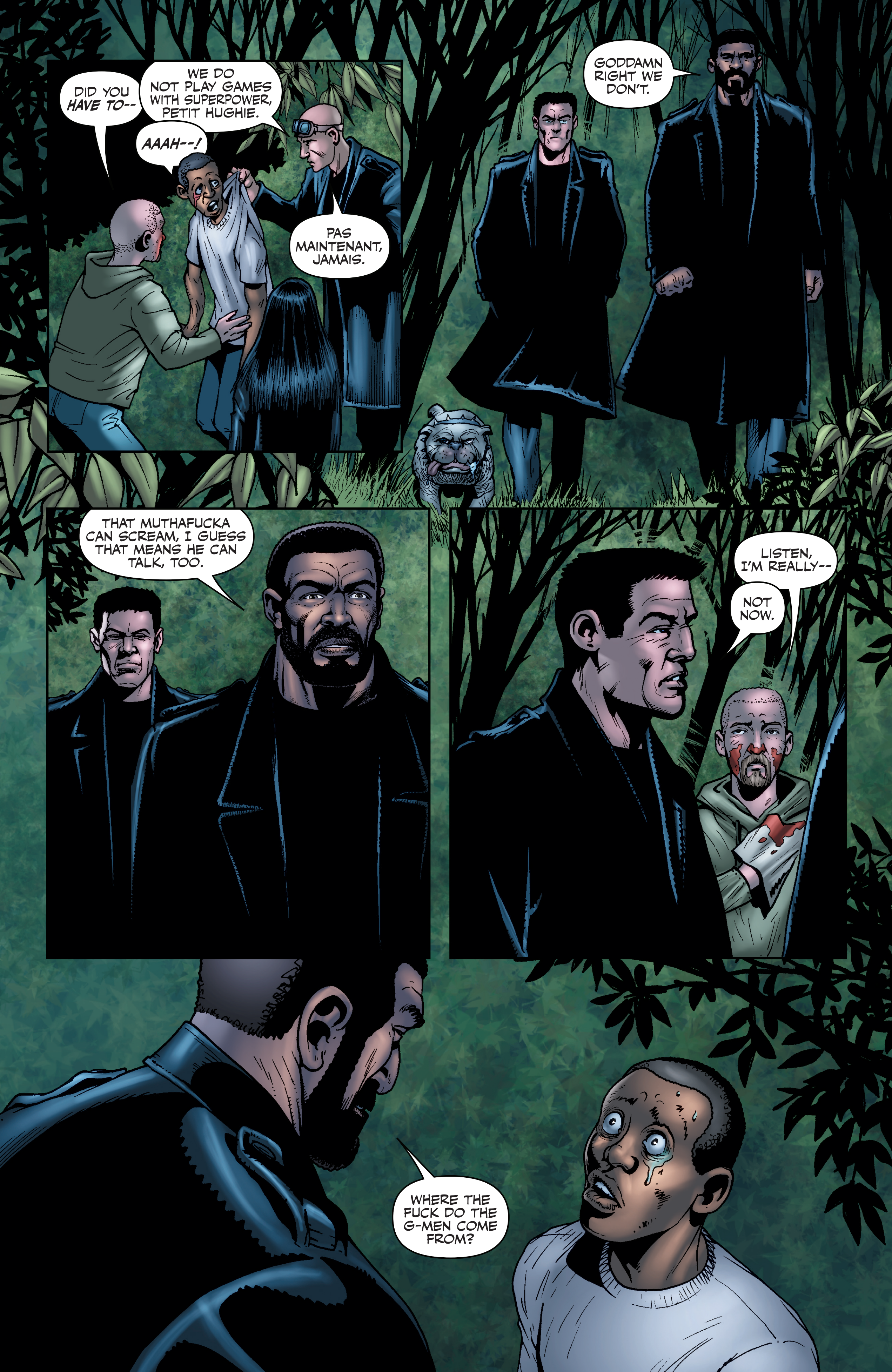

THAT LOT IN THERE, YOU'RE NO' LIKE THEM! THEY'RE ALL HEAD-THE-BALLS, THEY FUCKIN' HATE EACH OTHER--AN' YOU CAN'T STAND THEM EITHER, YOU HAD TO GET *HIGH* TO DEAL WI' THE BLOODY MEMORIAL!
I MEAN LOOK AT YOU, YOU DON'T EVEN WANNA WEAR THE WANKY FUCKIN' OUTFITS UNLESS YOU HAVE TO! YOU *CHANGED* THE MINUTE YOU KNEW WE WERE GONNA LEAVE!
I MEAN-- ARE YOUZ REALLY SURE YOUZ EVEN *WANNA* BE SUPES AT *ALL*...?
'CAUSE HONESTLY, FELLAS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO.
I DUNNO WHAT'S BEEN SAID OR WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO YOU: BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANY O' THIS.
OKAY, LET'S CUT THE HORSESHIT. KILL HIM.
LIKE... BEAT HIM...?
USE YOUR *FUCKIN'* *POWERS!*
UGGGKK
HERE--
UUGGGKKK

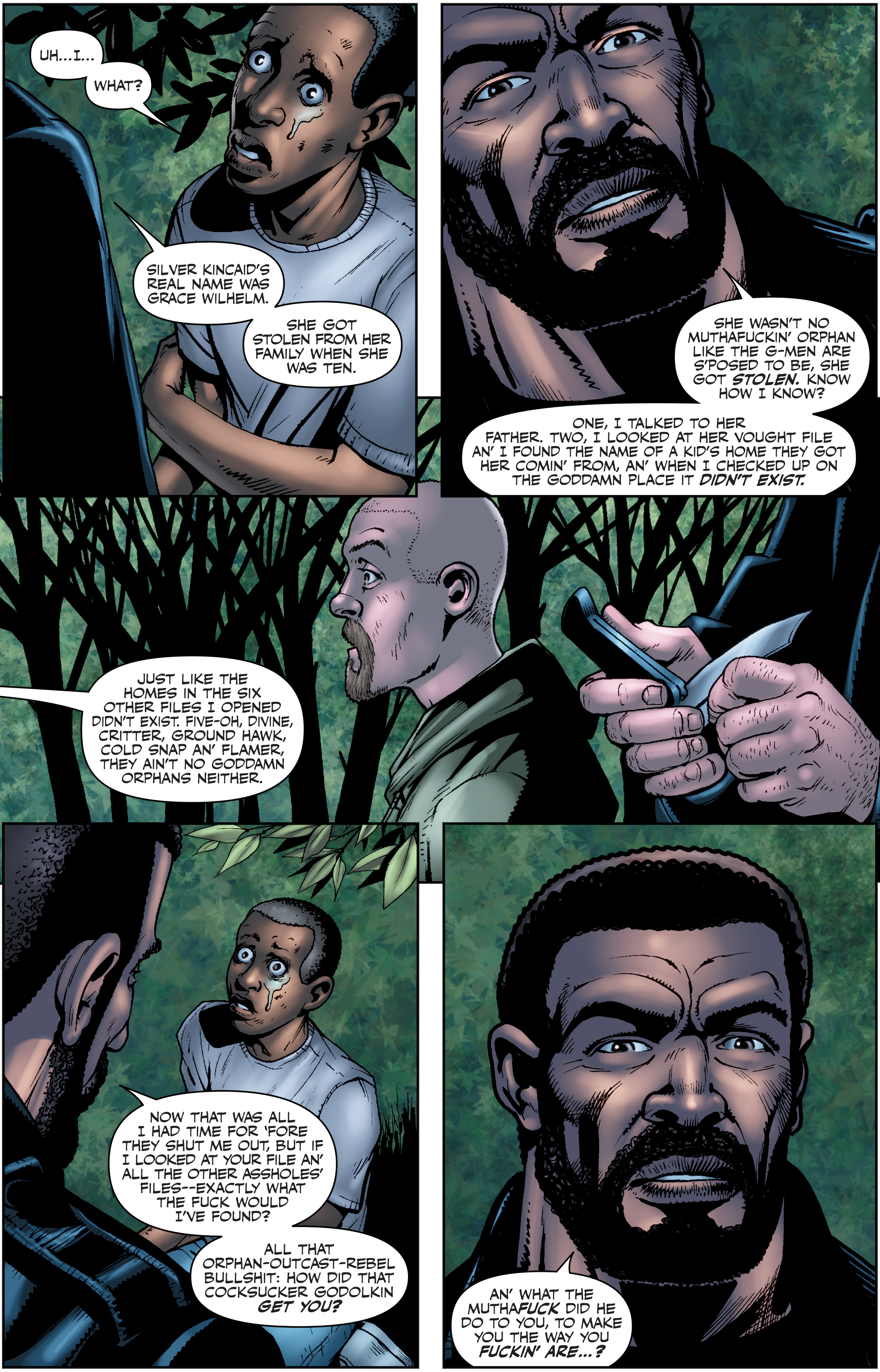

GAALLSSHH
AAAAAH!
FUCK! SHIT!
OKAY, WHAT D'YOU NEED, A FUCKIN' INSTRUCTION MANUAL? ***KILL HIM.***
RANDALL-- BLOWCHOWSKI-- ***LISTEN*** TO ME, FOR--
...AW NO.
FELLAS, I'M SO FUCKIN' SORRY...
WELL MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T'VE TRIED TO ***FUCK US,*** ASSHOLE--!
THAT'S NO' WHAT I MEAN, RANDALL.

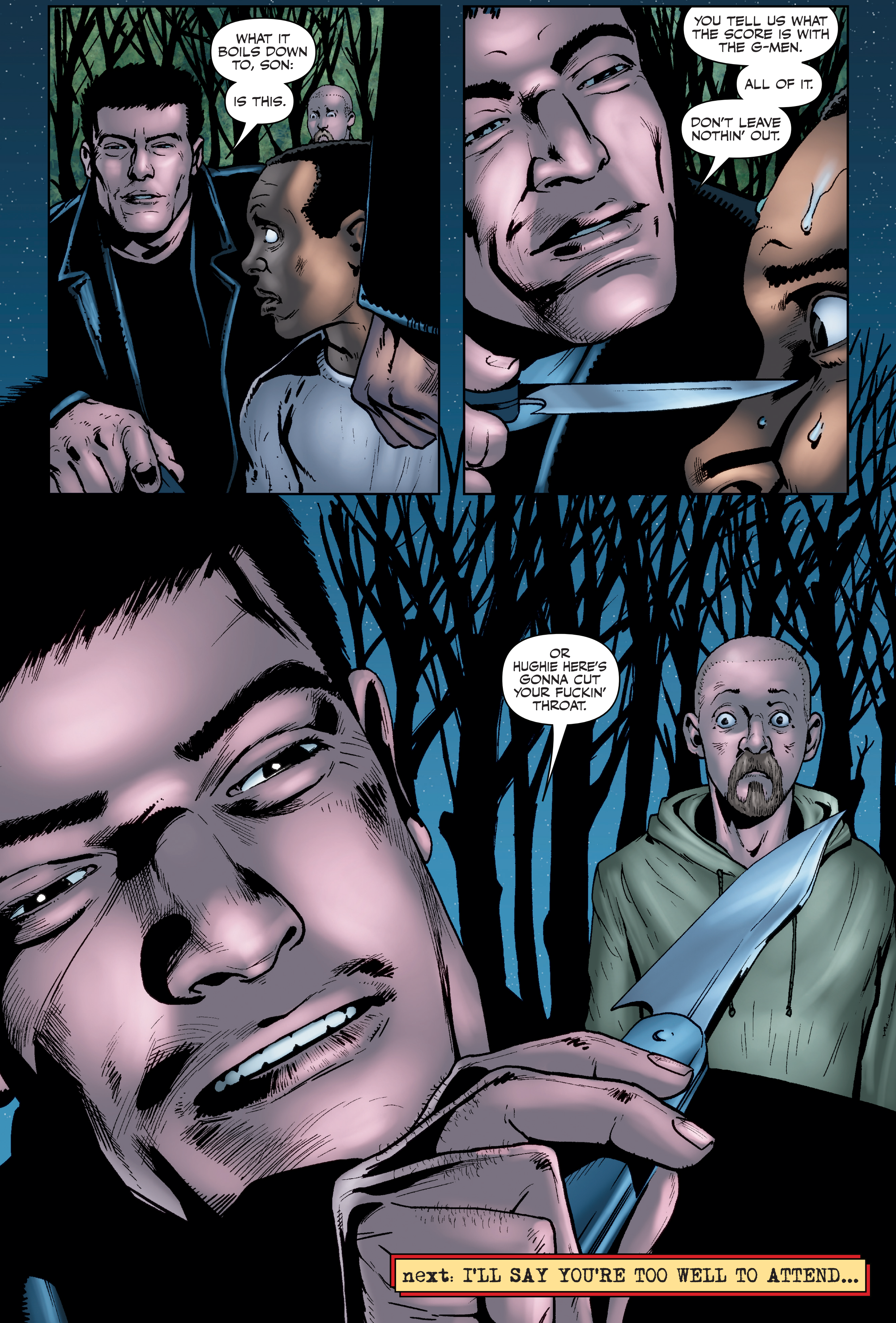

THAT'S NO' WHAT I MEAN AT ALL.


UN EVADE.


THAT'S ODD.
MM?
WHAT'S THAT KID IN G-WIZ CALLED, THE SORT OF SEMI-TELEPATH...?
AH, *PINWHEEL,* I THINK.
I JUST PICKED UP A TRANSMISSION FROM HIM. GOT CUT OFF STRAIGHT AWAY.
NOW I THINK HE'S GONE INTO A *COMA*...
HUH.
HEY, WHERE ARE G-WIZ, ANYWAY?


DID YOU *HAVE TO*--
WE DO NOT PLAY GAMES WITH SUPERPOWER, PETIT HUGHIE.
AAAH--!
PAS MAINTENANT, JAMAIS.
GODDAMN RIGHT WE DON'T.
THAT MUTHAFUCKA CAN SCREAM, I GUESS THAT MEANS HE CAN TALK, TOO.
LISTEN, I'M REALLY--
NOT NOW.
WHERE THE FUCK DO THE G-MEN COME FROM?

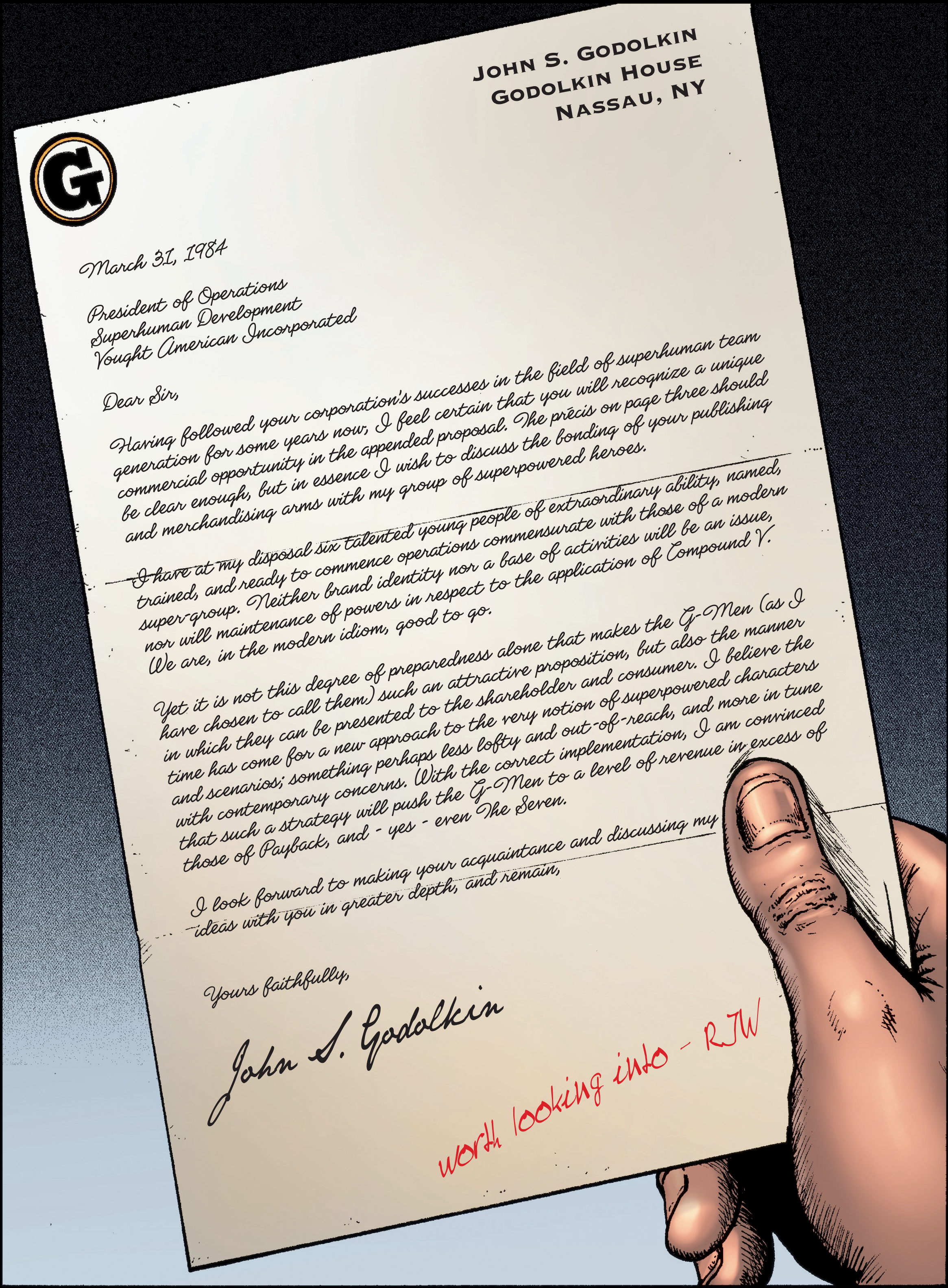

UH...I...
WHAT?
SILVER KINCAID'S REAL NAME WAS GRACE WILHELM.
SHE GOT STOLEN FROM HER FAMILY WHEN SHE WAS TEN.
SHE WASN'T NO MUTHAFUCKIN' ORPHAN LIKE THE G-MEN ARE S'POSED TO BE, SHE GOT *STOLEN.* KNOW HOW I KNOW?
ONE, I TALKED TO HER FATHER. TWO, I LOOKED AT HER VOUGHT FILE AN' I FOUND THE NAME OF A KID'S HOME THEY GOT HER COMIN' FROM, AN' WHEN I CHECKED UP ON THE GODDAMN PLACE IT *DIDN'T EXIST.*
JUST LIKE THE HOMES IN THE SIX OTHER FILES I OPENED DIDN'T EXIST. FIVE-OH, DIVINE, CRITTER, GROUND HAWK, COLD SNAP AN' FLAMER, THEY AIN'T NO GODDAMN ORPHANS NEITHER.
NOW THAT WAS ALL I HAD TIME FOR 'FORE THEY SHUT ME OUT, BUT IF I LOOKED AT YOUR FILE AN' ALL THE OTHER ASSHOLES' FILES--EXACTLY WHAT THE FUCK WOULD I'VE FOUND?
ALL THAT ORPHAN-OUTCAST-REBEL BULLSHIT: HOW DID THAT COCKSUCKER GODOLKIN *GET YOU?*
AN' WHAT THE MUTHA*FUCK* DID HE DO TO YOU, TO MAKE YOU THE WAY YOU *FUCKIN' ARE...?*


WHAT IT BOILS DOWN TO, SON:
IS THIS.
YOU TELL US WHAT THE SCORE IS WITH THE G-MEN.
ALL OF IT.
DON'T LEAVE NOTHIN' OUT.
OR HUGHIE HERE'S GONNA CUT YOUR FUCKIN' THROAT.
next: I'LL SAY YOU'RE TOO WELL TO ATTEND...

TWENTY-NINE
DARICK 2008

cover by Darick Robertson

alternate cover by David Lloyd



JOHN S. GODOLKIN
GODOLKIN HOUSE
NASSAU, NY

March 31, 1984

President of Operations
Superhuman Development
Vought American Incorporated

Dear Sir,

Having followed your corporation's successes in the field of superhuman team generation for some years now, I feel certain that you will recognize a unique commercial opportunity in the appended proposal. The précis on page three should be clear enough, but in essence I wish to discuss the bonding of your publishing and merchandising arms with my group of superpowered heroes.

I have at my disposal six talented young people of extraordinary ability, named, trained, and ready to commence operations commensurate with those of a modern super-group. Neither brand identity nor a base of activities will be an issue, nor will maintenance of powers in respect to the application of Compound V. We are, in the modern idiom, good to go.

Yet it is not this degree of preparedness alone that makes the G-Men (as I have chosen to call them) such an attractive proposition, but also the manner in which they can be presented to the shareholder and consumer. I believe the time has come for a new approach to the very notion of superpowered characters and scenarios; something perhaps less lofty and out-of-reach, and more in tune with contemporary concerns. With the correct implementation, I am convinced that such a strategy will push the G-Men to a level of revenue in excess of those of Payback, and - yes - even The Seven.

I look forward to making your acquaintance and discussing my ideas with you in greater depth, and remain,

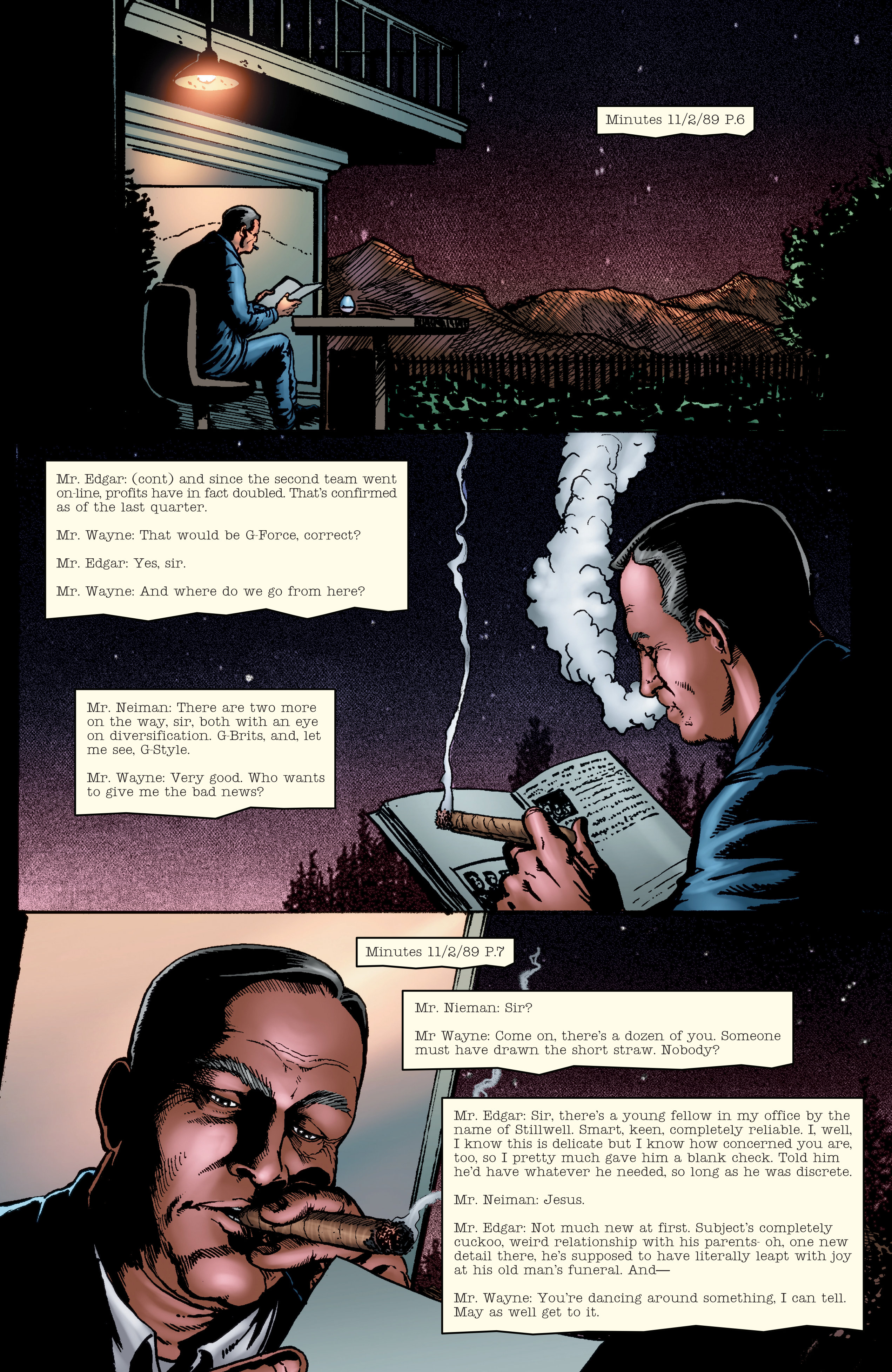
Yours faithfully,

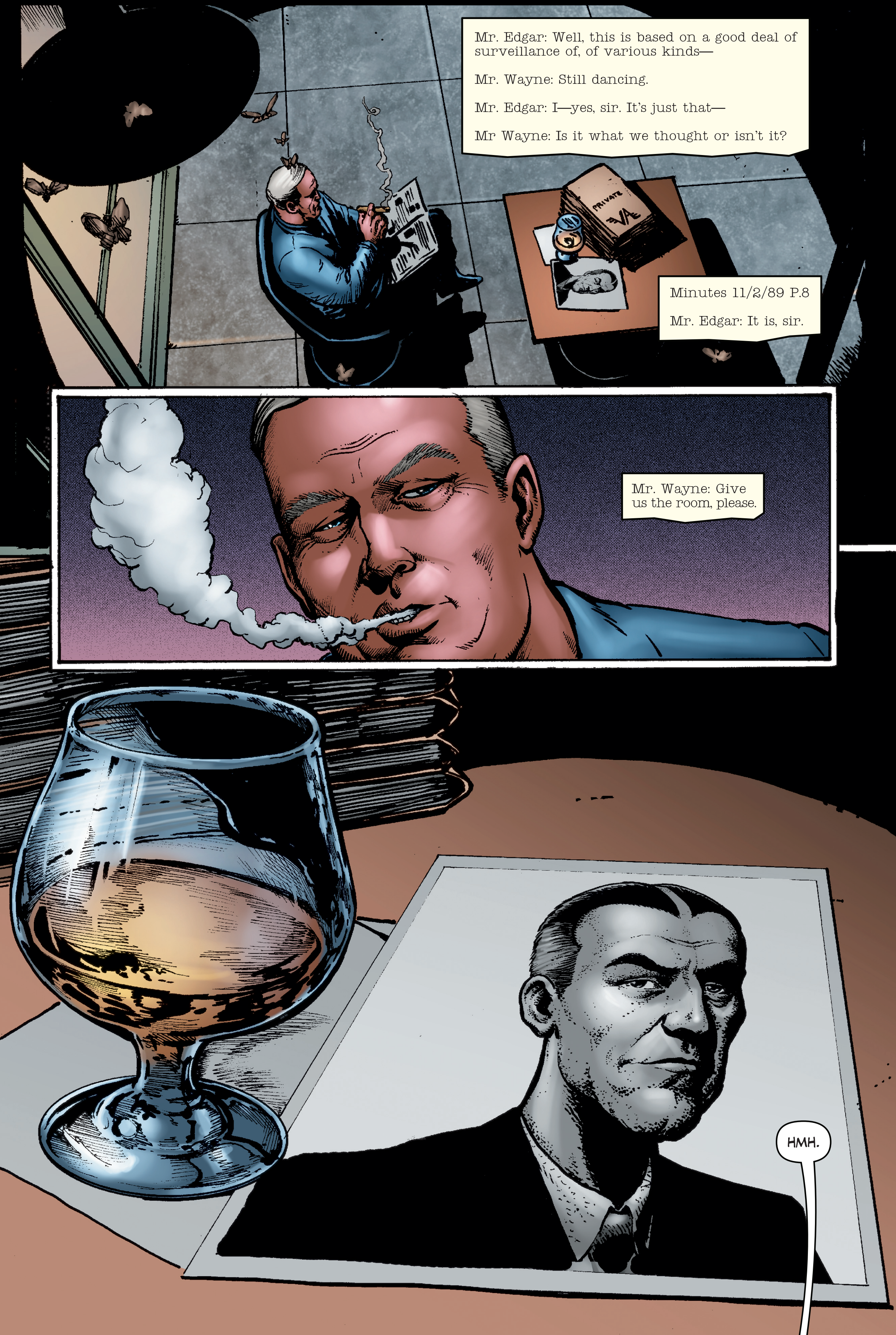
John S. Godolkin

worth looking into - RJW

WE GOTTA GO NOW

conclusion


Minutes 11/2/89 P.6
Mr. Edgar: (cont) and since the second team went on-line, profits have in fact doubled. That's confirmed as of the last quarter.
Mr. Wayne: That would be G-Force, correct?
Mr. Edgar: Yes, sir.
Mr. Wayne: And where do we go from here?
Mr. Neiman: There are two more on the way, sir, both with an eye on diversification. G-Brits, and, let me see, G-Style.
Mr. Wayne: Very good. Who wants to give me the bad news?
Minutes 11/2/89 P.7
Mr. Nieman: Sir?
Mr Wayne: Come on, there's a dozen of you. Someone must have drawn the short straw. Nobody?
Mr. Edgar: Sir, there's a young fellow in my office by the name of Stillwell. Smart, keen, completely reliable. I, well, I know this is delicate but I know how concerned you are, too, so I pretty much gave him a blank check. Told him he'd have whatever he needed, so long as he was discrete.
Mr. Neiman: Jesus.
Mr. Edgar: Not much new at first. Subject's completely cuckoo, weird relationship with his parents- oh, one new detail there, he's supposed to have literally leapt with joy at his old man's funeral. And—
Mr. Wayne: You're dancing around something, I can tell. May as well get to it.

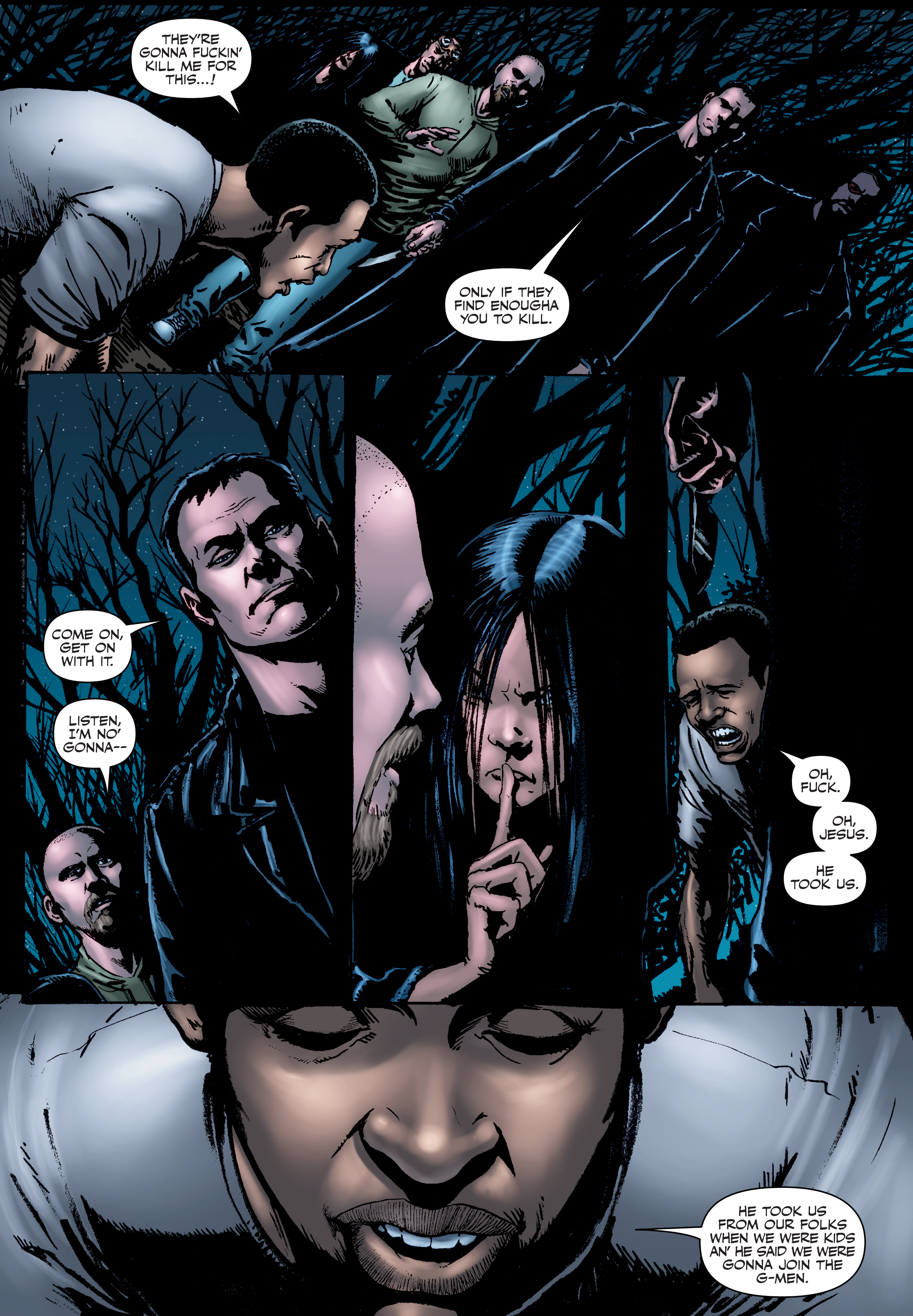

Mr. Edgar: Well, this is based on a good deal of surveillance of, of various kinds—

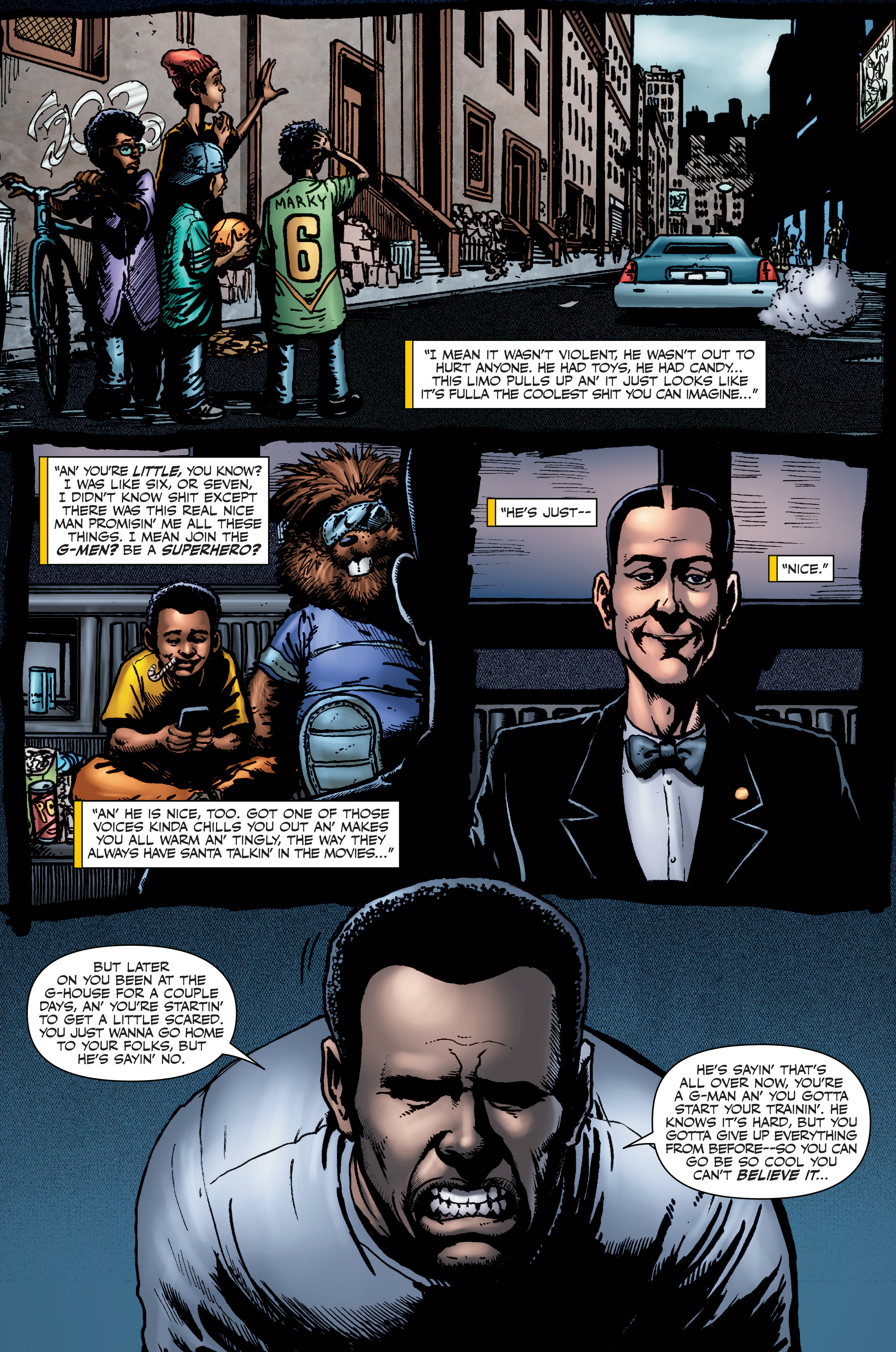
Mr. Wayne: Still dancing.

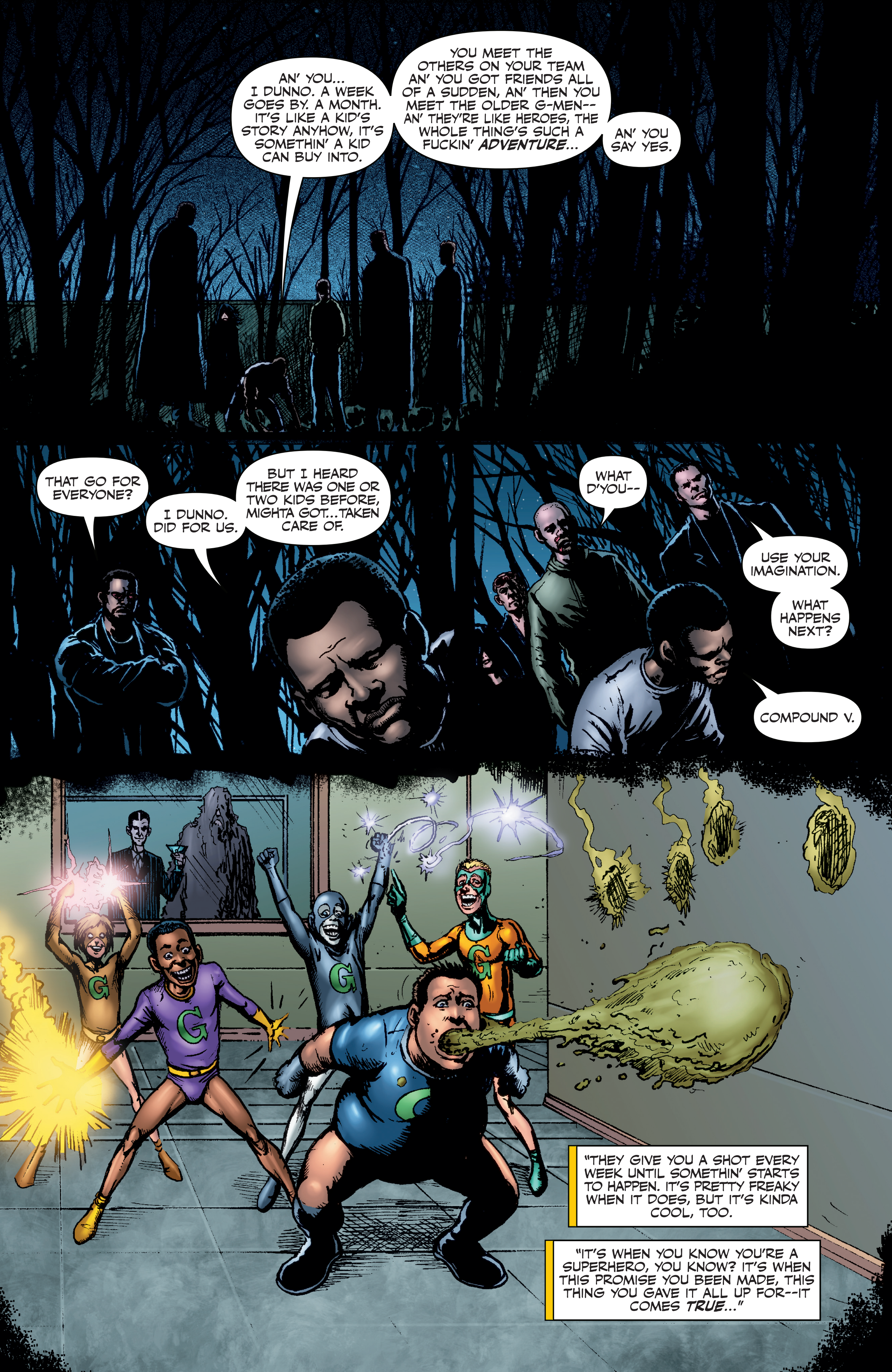
Mr. Edgar: I—yes, sir. It's just that—

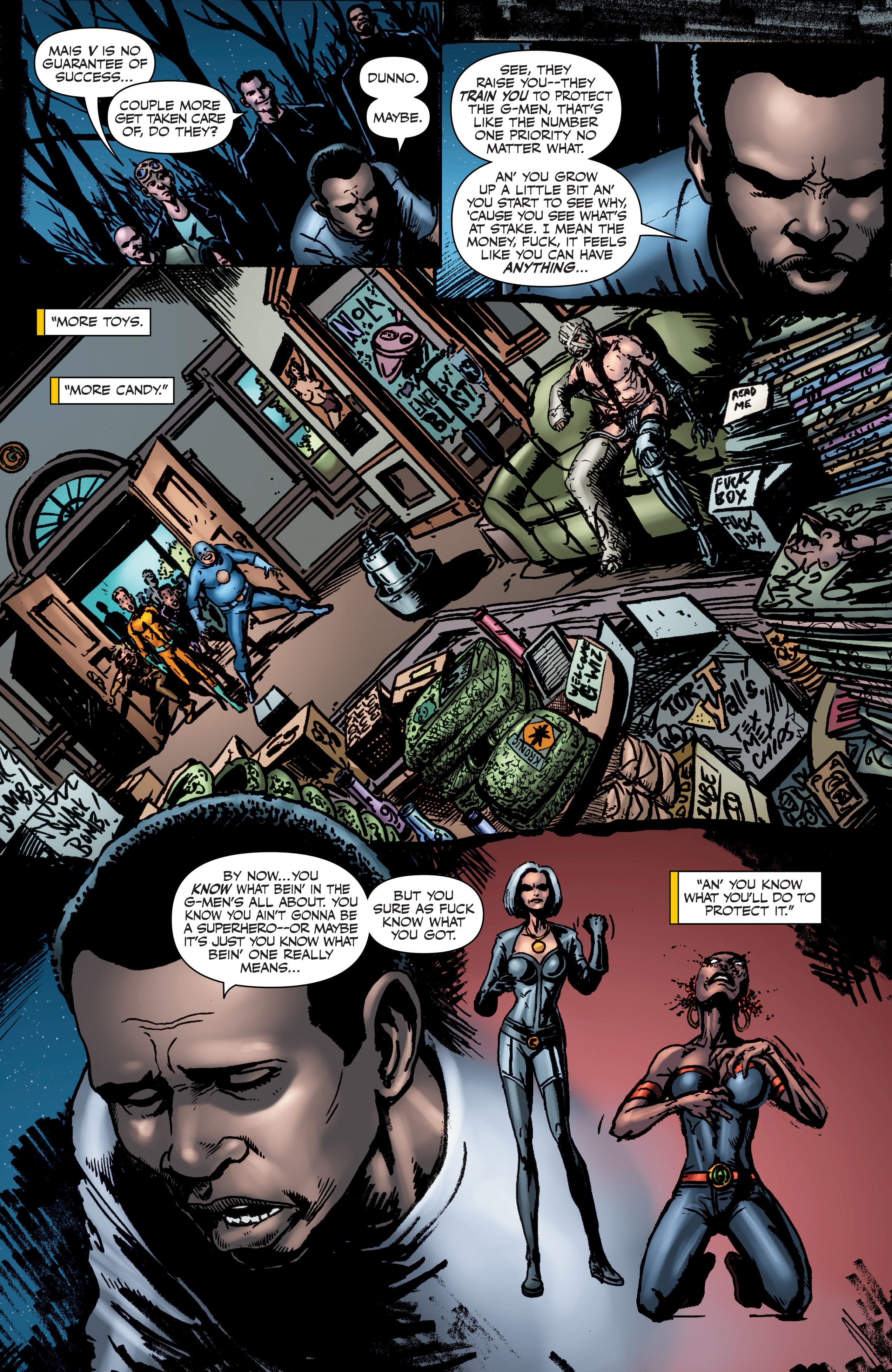
Mr Wayne: Is it what we thought or isn't it?
PRIVATE
Minutes 11/2/89 P.8

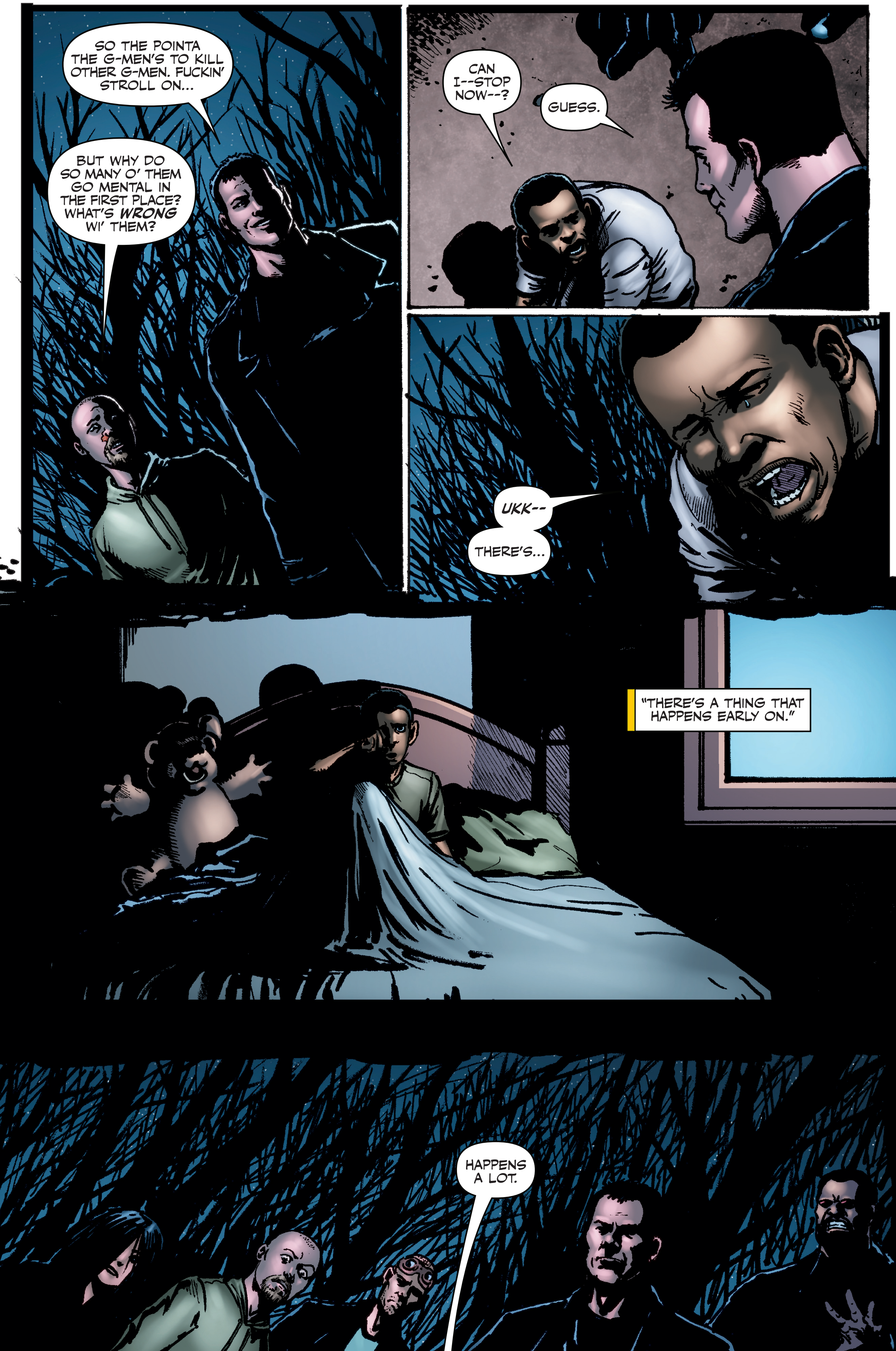
Mr. Edgar: It is, sir.
Mr. Wayne: Give us the room, please.
HMH.

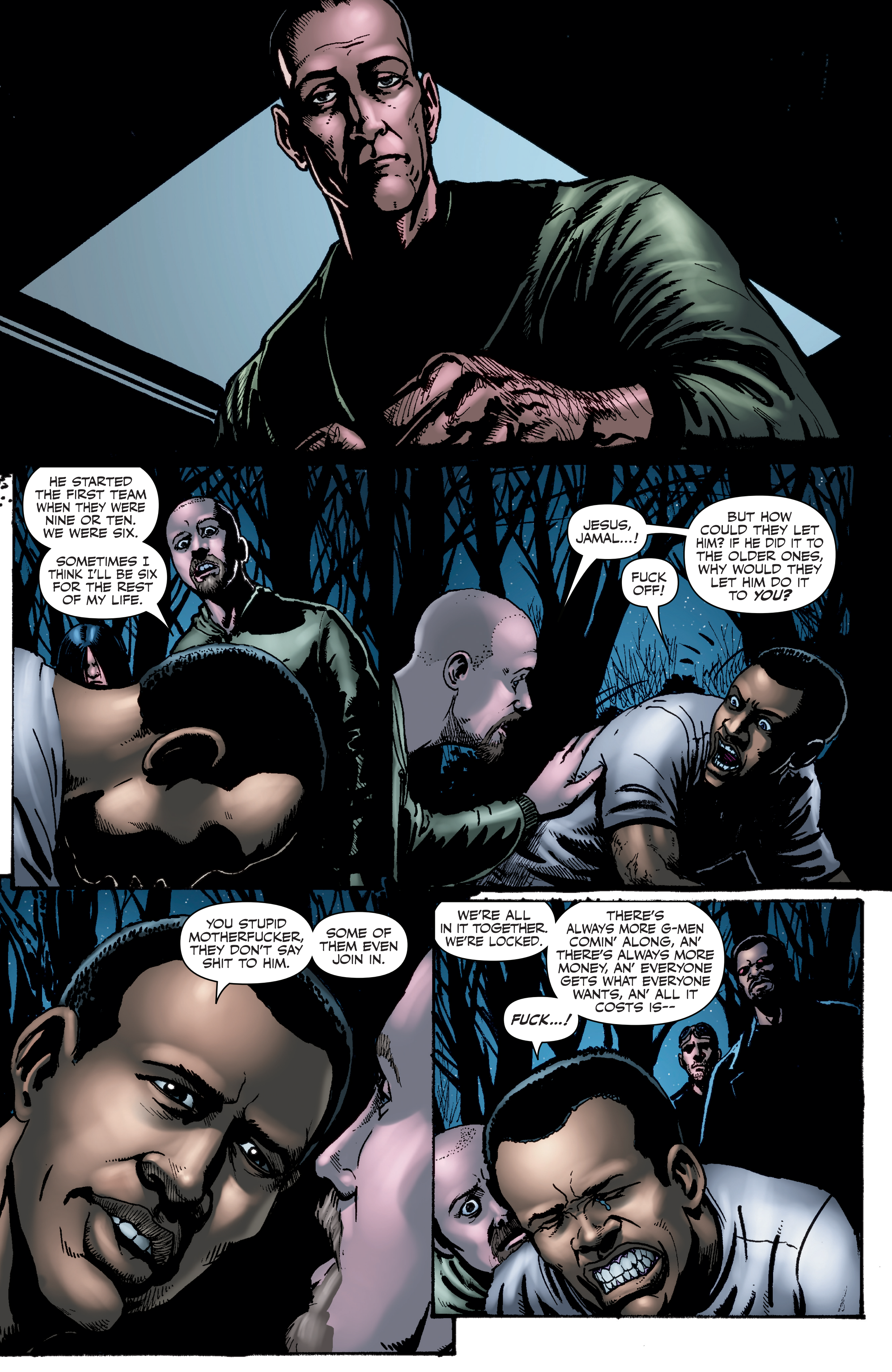

THEY'RE GONNA FUCKIN' KILL ME FOR THIS...!
ONLY IF THEY FIND ENOUGHA YOU TO KILL.
COME ON, GET ON WITH IT.
LISTEN, I'M NO' GONNA--
OH, FUCK.
OH, JESUS.
HE TOOK US.
HE TOOK US FROM OUR FOLKS WHEN WE WERE KIDS AN' HE SAID WE WERE GONNA JOIN THE G-MEN.

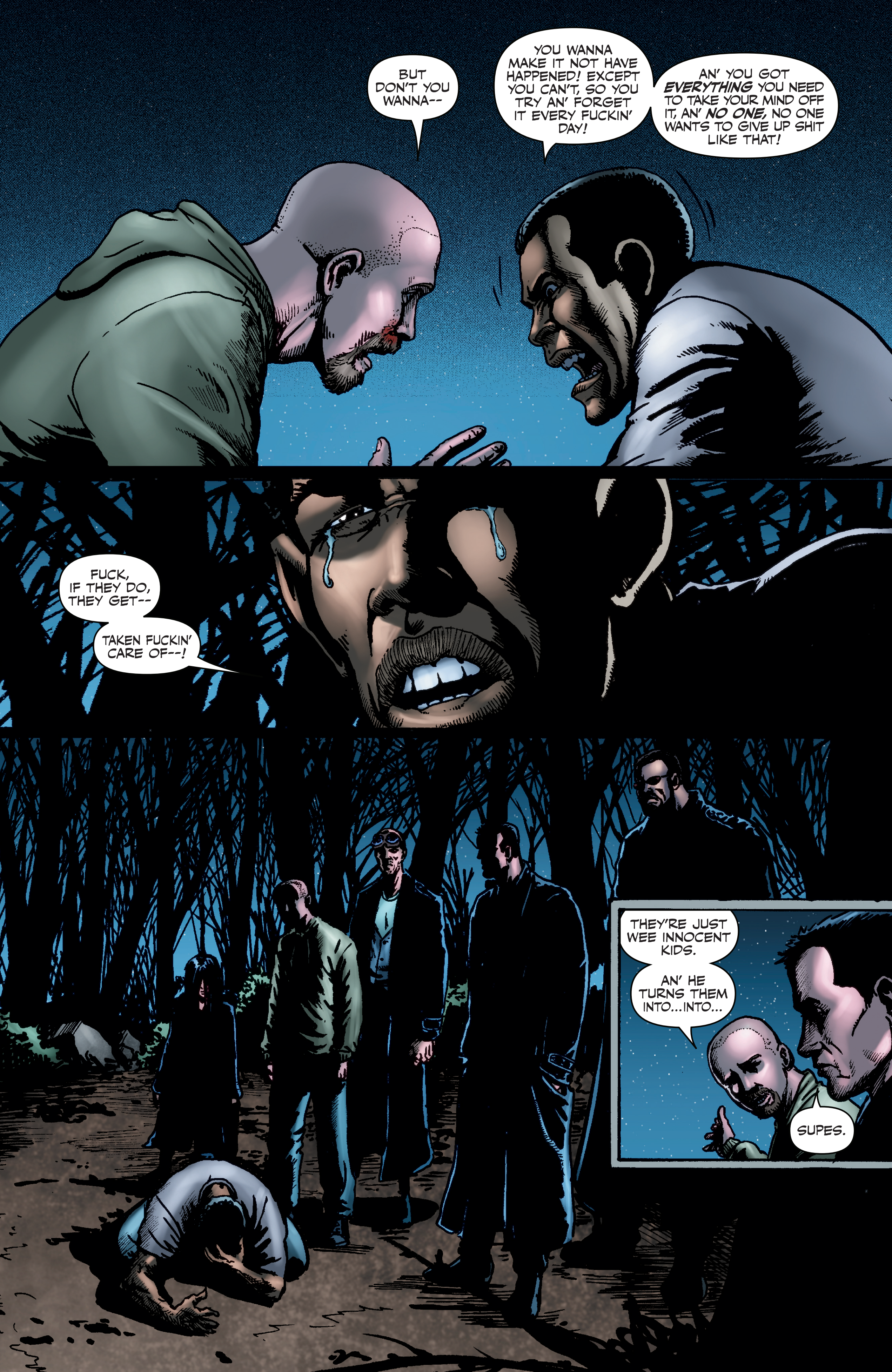

"I MEAN IT WASN'T VIOLENT, HE WASN'T OUT TO HURT ANYONE. HE HAD TOYS, HE HAD CANDY... THIS LIMO PULLS UP AN' IT JUST LOOKS LIKE IT'S FULLA THE COOLEST SHIT YOU CAN IMAGINE..."
MARKY
6
"AN' YOU'RE *LITTLE,* YOU KNOW? I WAS LIKE SIX, OR SEVEN, I DIDN'T KNOW SHIT EXCEPT THERE WAS THIS REAL NICE MAN PROMISIN' ME ALL THESE THINGS. I MEAN JOIN THE *G-MEN?* BE A *SUPERHERO?*
"AN' HE IS NICE, TOO. GOT ONE OF THOSE VOICES KINDA CHILLS YOU OUT AN' MAKES YOU ALL WARM AN' TINGLY, THE WAY THEY ALWAYS HAVE SANTA TALKIN' IN THE MOVIES..."
"HE'S JUST--
"NICE."
BUT LATER ON YOU BEEN AT THE G-HOUSE FOR A COUPLE DAYS, AN' YOU'RE STARTIN' TO GET A LITTLE SCARED. YOU JUST WANNA GO HOME TO YOUR FOLKS, BUT HE'S SAYIN' NO.
HE'S SAYIN' THAT'S ALL OVER NOW, YOU'RE A G-MAN AN' YOU GOTTA START YOUR TRAININ'. HE KNOWS IT'S HARD, BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE UP EVERYTHING FROM BEFORE--SO YOU CAN GO BE SO COOL YOU CAN'T *BELIEVE IT...*

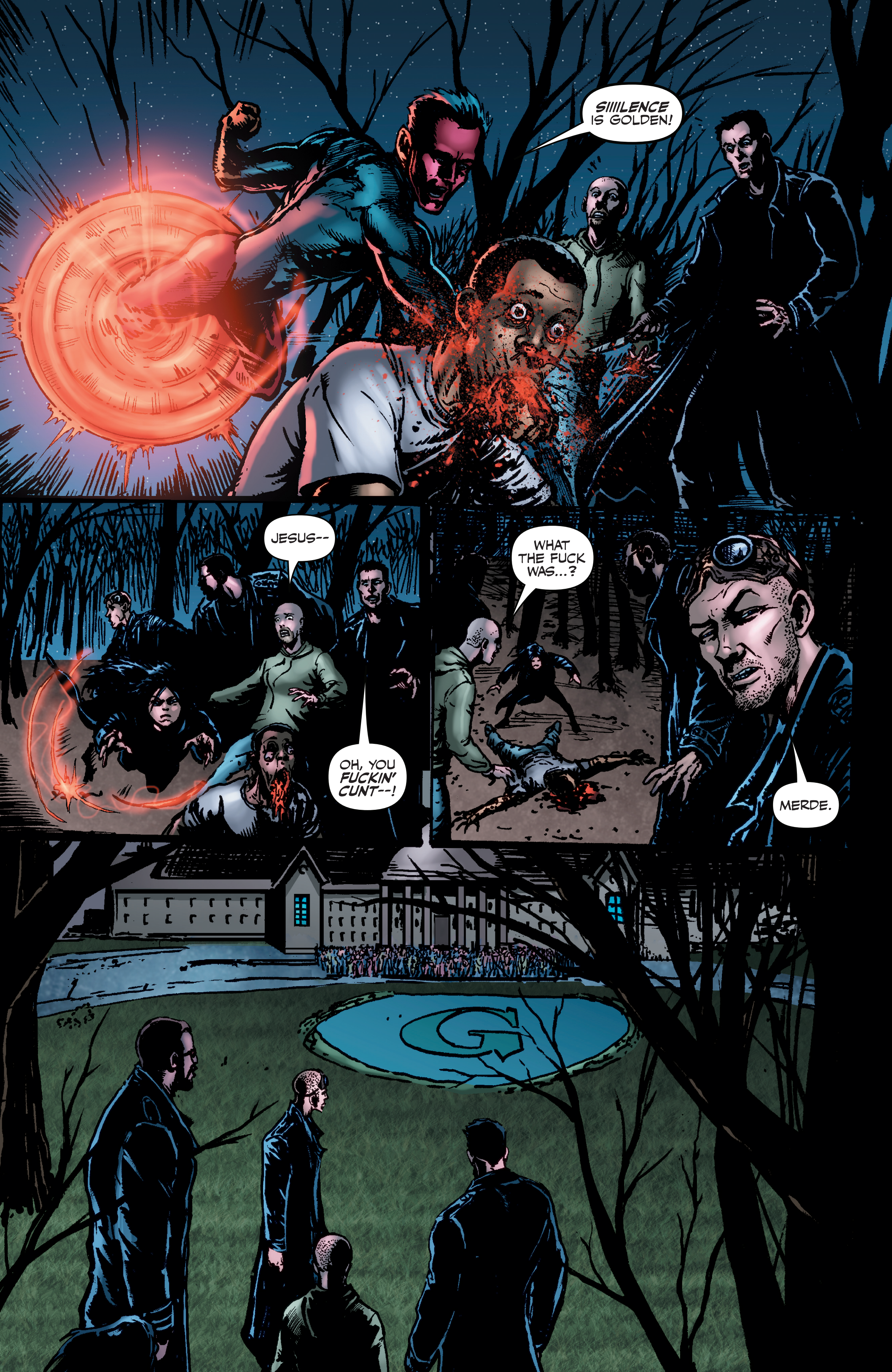

AN' YOU... I DUNNO. A WEEK GOES BY. A MONTH. IT'S LIKE A KID'S STORY ANYHOW, IT'S SOMETHIN' A KID CAN BUY INTO.
YOU MEET THE OTHERS ON YOUR TEAM AN' YOU GOT FRIENDS ALL OF A SUDDEN, AN' THEN YOU MEET THE OLDER G-MEN--AN' THEY'RE LIKE HEROES, THE WHOLE THING'S SUCH A FUCKIN' *ADVENTURE*...
AN' YOU SAY YES.
THAT GO FOR EVERYONE?
I DUNNO. DID FOR US.
BUT I HEARD THERE WAS ONE OR TWO KIDS BEFORE, MIGHTA GOT...TAKEN CARE OF.
WHAT D'YOU--
USE YOUR IMAGINATION.
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
COMPOUND V.
G
G
G
G
G
"THEY GIVE YOU A SHOT EVERY WEEK UNTIL SOMETHIN' STARTS TO HAPPEN. IT'S PRETTY FREAKY WHEN IT DOES, BUT IT'S KINDA COOL, TOO.
"IT'S WHEN YOU KNOW YOU'RE A SUPERHERO, YOU KNOW? IT'S WHEN THIS PROMISE YOU BEEN MADE, THIS THING YOU GAVE IT ALL UP FOR--IT COMES *TRUE*..."

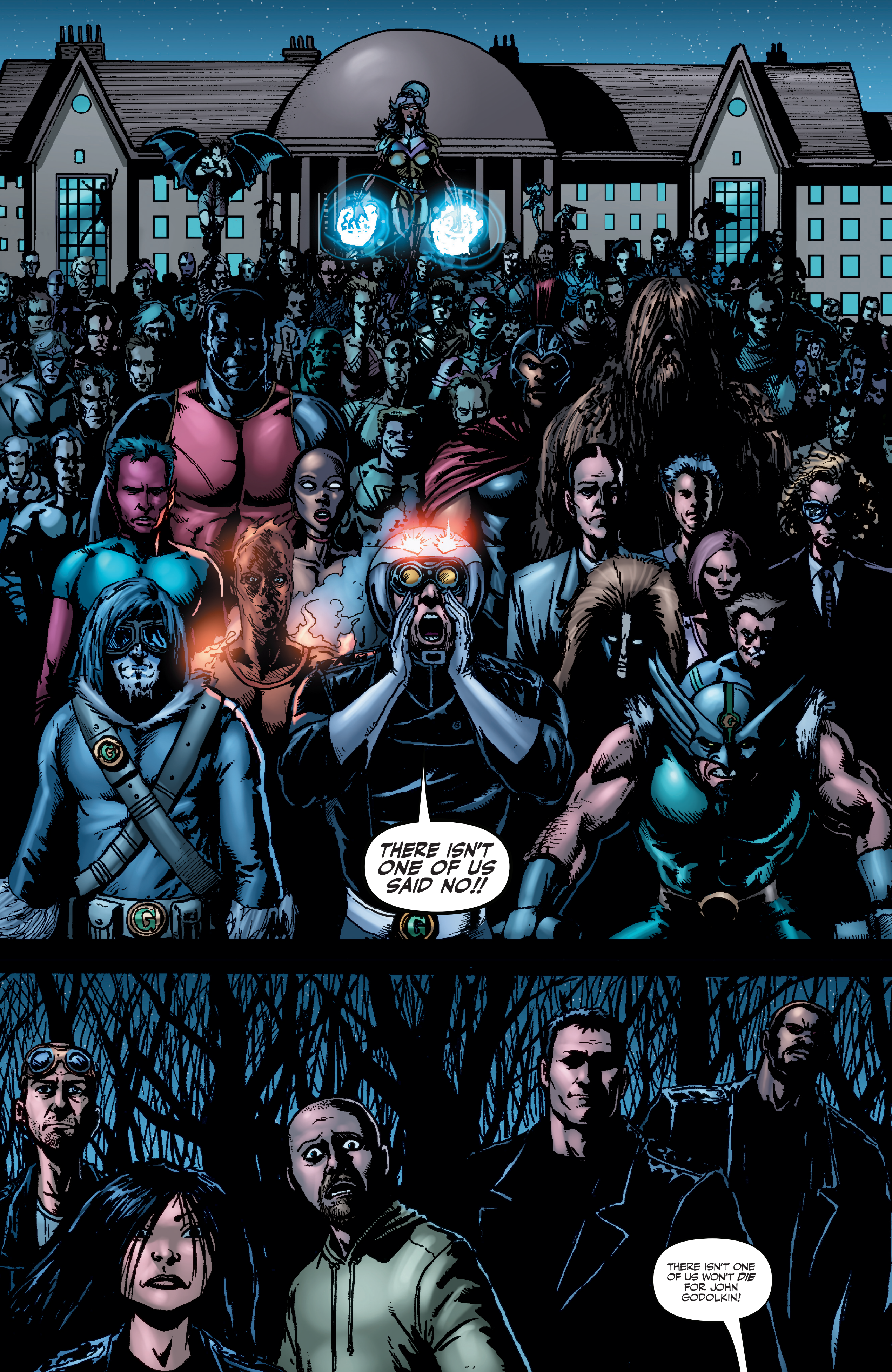

MAIS *V* IS NO GUARANTEE OF SUCCESS...
COUPLE MORE GET TAKEN CARE OF, DO THEY?
DUNNO.
MAYBE.
SEE, THEY RAISE YOU--THEY *TRAIN YOU* TO PROTECT THE G-MEN, THAT'S LIKE THE NUMBER ONE PRIORITY NO MATTER WHAT.
AN' YOU GROW UP A LITTLE BIT AN' YOU START TO SEE WHY, 'CAUSE YOU SEE WHAT'S AT STAKE. I MEAN THE MONEY, FUCK, IT FEELS LIKE YOU CAN HAVE *ANYTHING*...
"MORE TOYS.
"MORE CANDY."
READ ME
FUCK BOX
FUCK BOX
WELCOME G-WIZ
KRONIC
TOR-T Yall's TEX MEX CHIPS
LUBE
DUDE
SNACK BOMB
BY NOW...YOU *KNOW* WHAT BEIN' IN THE G-MEN'S ALL ABOUT. YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T GONNA BE A SUPERHERO--OR MAYBE IT'S JUST YOU KNOW WHAT BEIN' ONE REALLY MEANS...
BUT YOU SURE AS FUCK KNOW WHAT YOU GOT.
"AN' YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'LL DO TO PROTECT IT."

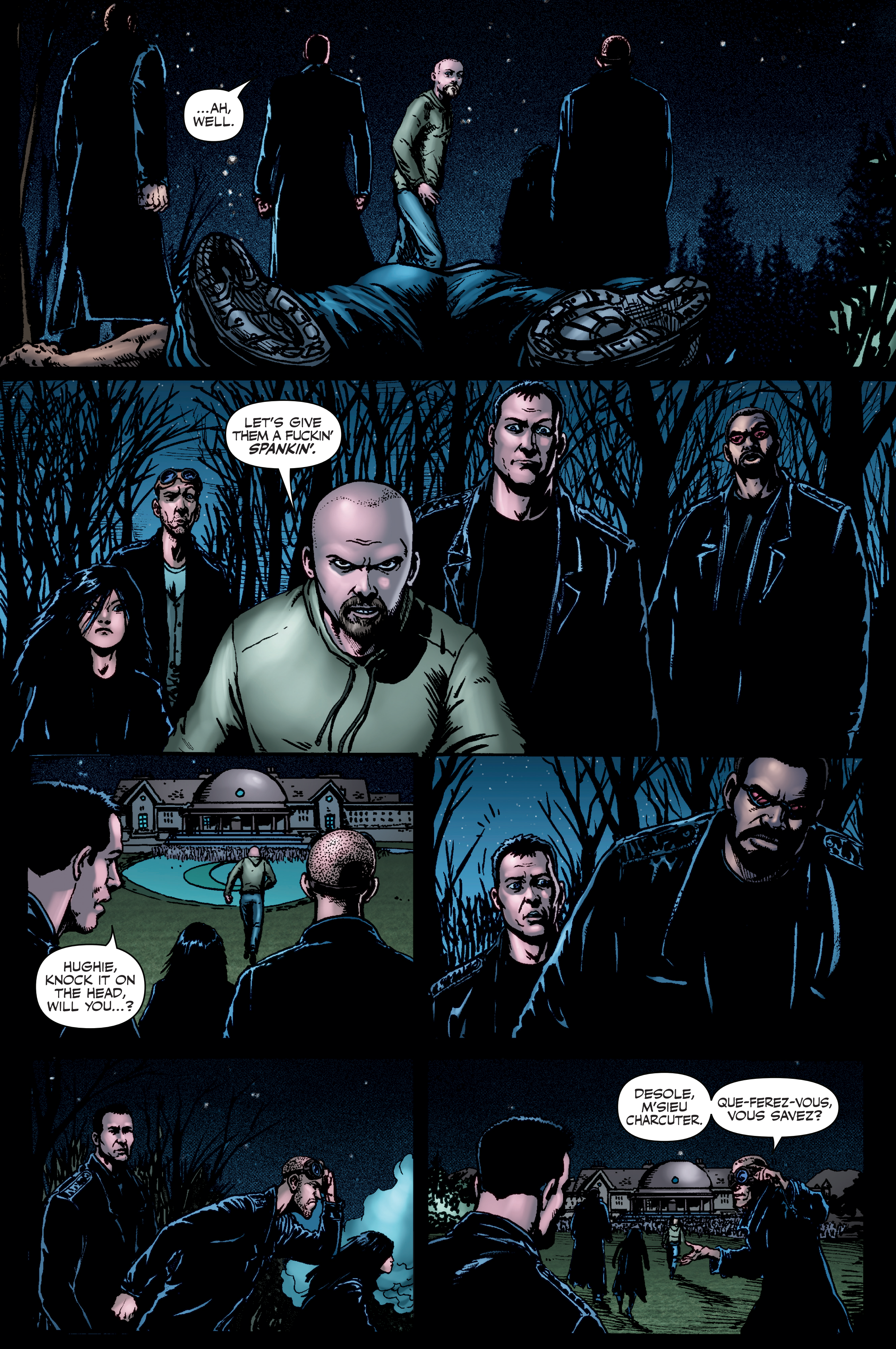

SO THE POINTA THE G-MEN'S TO KILL OTHER G-MEN. FUCKIN' STROLL ON...
BUT WHY DO SO MANY O' THEM GO MENTAL IN THE FIRST PLACE? WHAT'S *WRONG* WI' THEM?
CAN I--STOP NOW--?
GUESS.
UKK--
THERE'S...
"THERE'S A THING THAT HAPPENS EARLY ON."
HAPPENS A LOT.

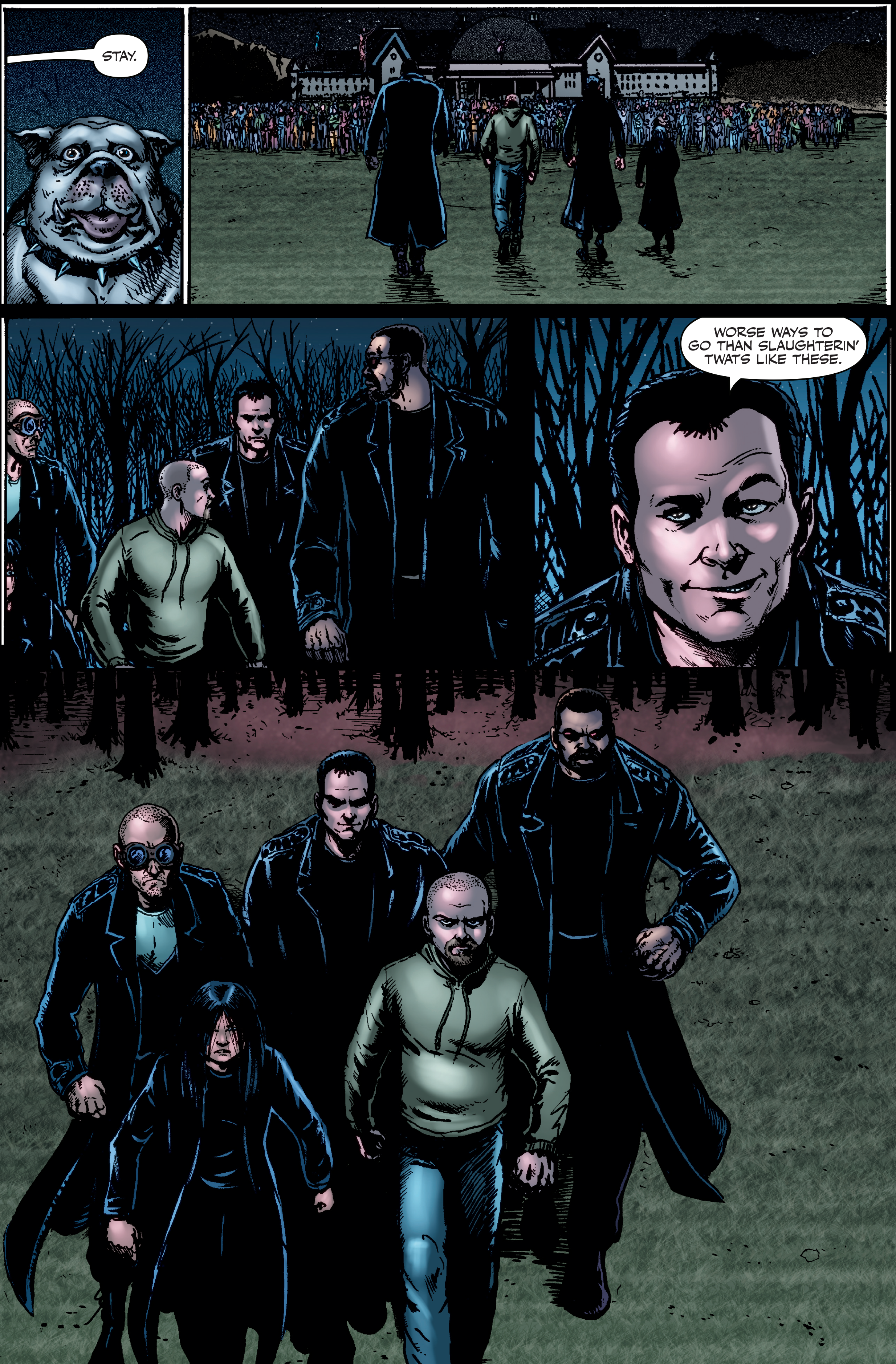

HE STARTED THE FIRST TEAM WHEN THEY WERE NINE OR TEN. WE WERE SIX.
SOMETIMES I THINK I'LL BE SIX FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
JESUS, JAMAL...!
BUT HOW COULD THEY LET HIM? IF HE DID IT TO THE OLDER ONES, WHY WOULD THEY LET HIM DO IT TO *YOU?*
FUCK OFF!
YOU STUPID MOTHERFUCKER, THEY DON'T SAY SHIT TO HIM.
SOME OF THEM EVEN JOIN IN.
WE'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER. WE'RE LOCKED.
THERE'S ALWAYS MORE G-MEN COMIN' ALONG, AN' THERE'S ALWAYS MORE MONEY, AN' EVERYONE GETS WHAT EVERYONE WANTS, AN' ALL IT COSTS IS--
FUCK...!

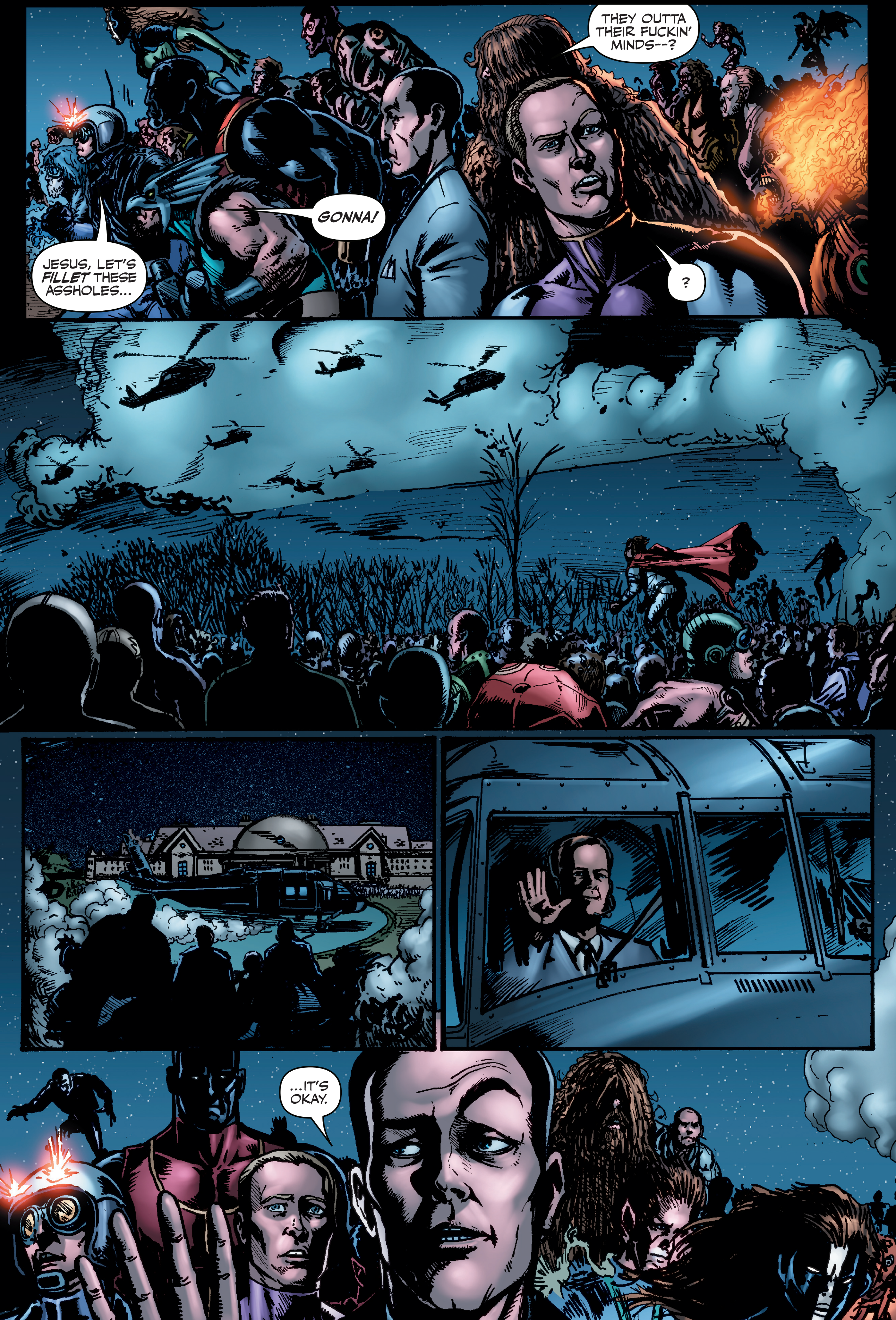

BUT DON'T YOU WANNA--
YOU WANNA MAKE IT NOT HAVE HAPPENED! EXCEPT YOU CAN'T, SO YOU TRY AN' FORGET IT EVERY FUCKIN' DAY!
AN' YOU GOT *EVERYTHING* YOU NEED TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF IT, AN' *NO ONE,* NO ONE WANTS TO GIVE UP SHIT LIKE THAT!
FUCK, IF THEY DO, THEY GET--
TAKEN FUCKIN' CARE OF--!
THEY'RE JUST WEE INNOCENT KIDS.
AN' HE TURNS THEM INTO...INTO...
SUPES.

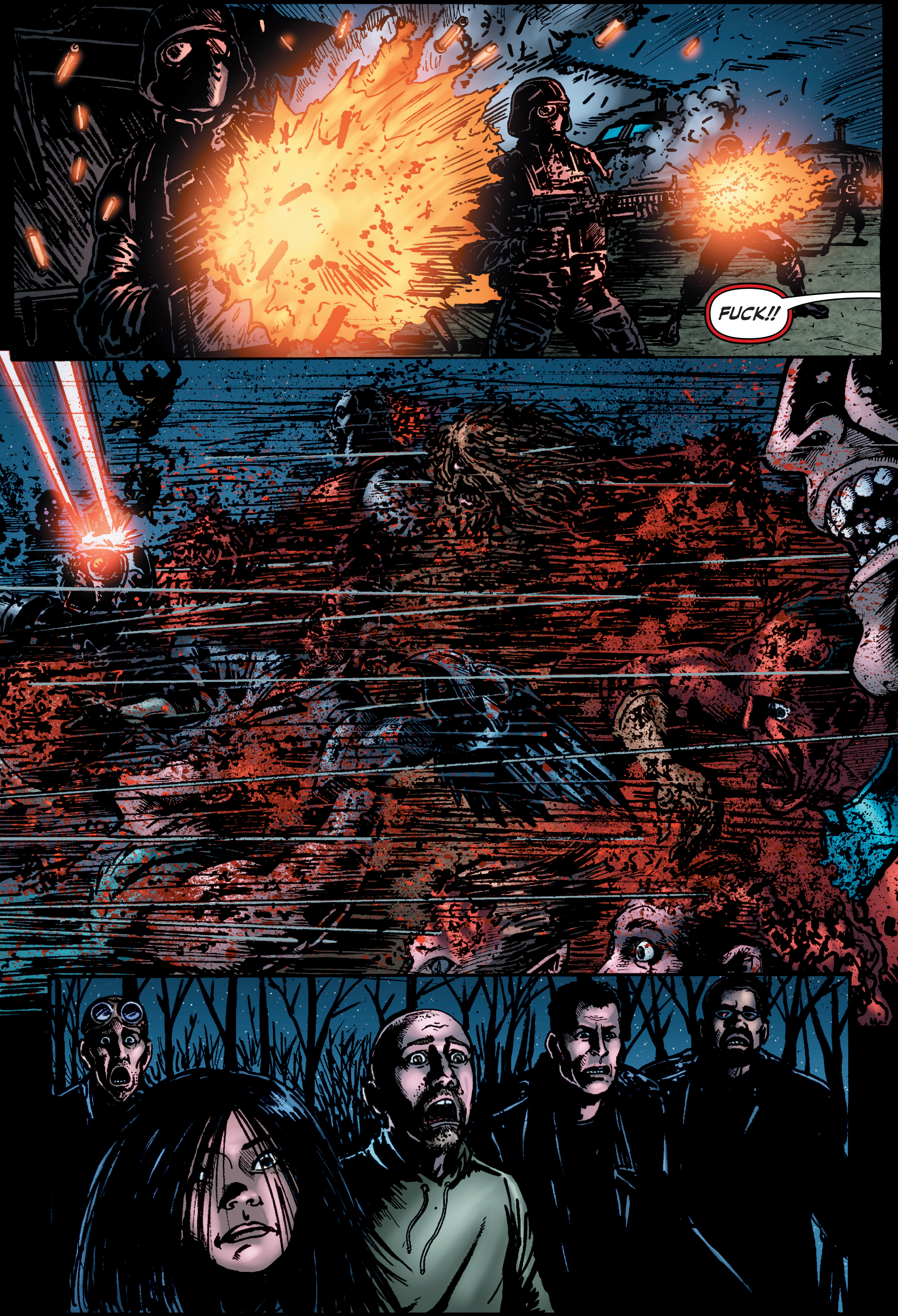

SIIIILENCE IS GOLDEN!
JESUS--
OH, YOU FUCKIN' CUNT--!
WHAT THE FUCK WAS...?
MERDE.

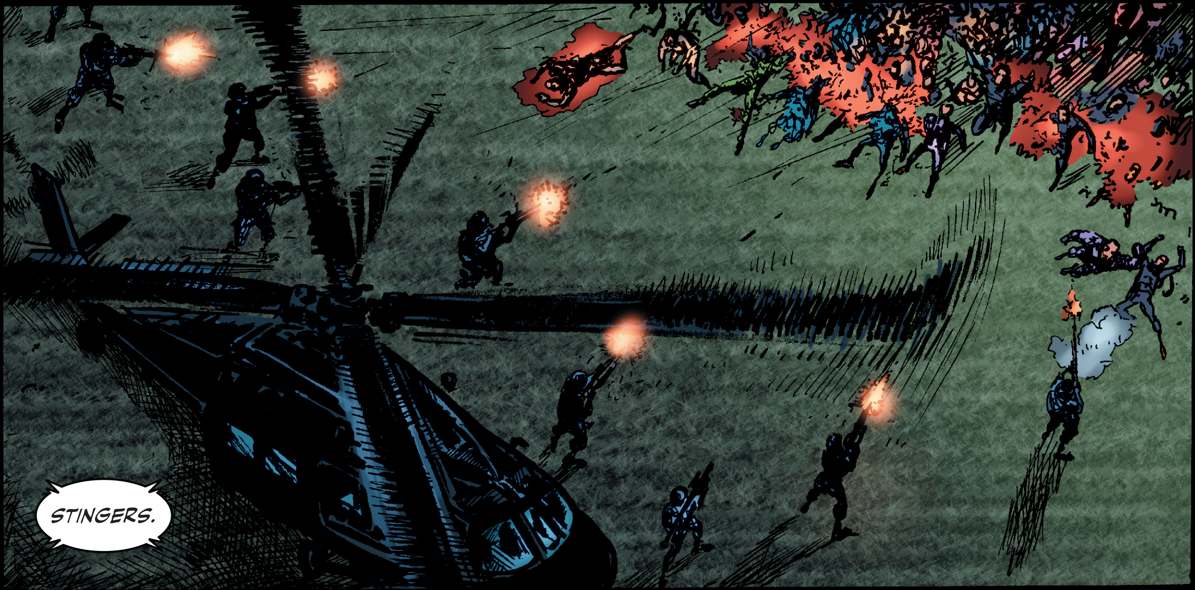

THERE ISN'T ONE OF US SAID NO!!
THERE ISN'T ONE OF US WON'T *DIE* FOR JOHN GODOLKIN!

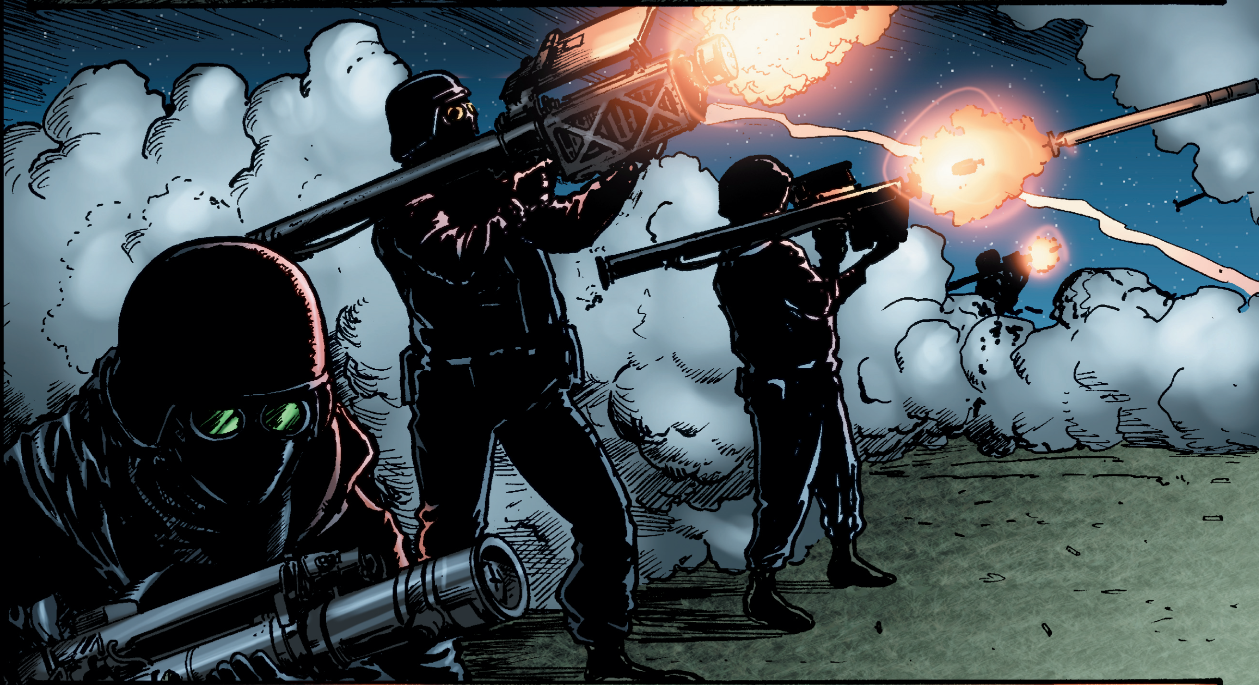

...AH, WELL.
LET'S GIVE THEM A FUCKIN' *SPANKIN'.*
HUGHIE, KNOCK IT ON THE HEAD, WILL YOU...?
DESOLE, M'SIEU CHARCUTER.
QUE-FEREZ-VOUS, VOUS SAVEZ?

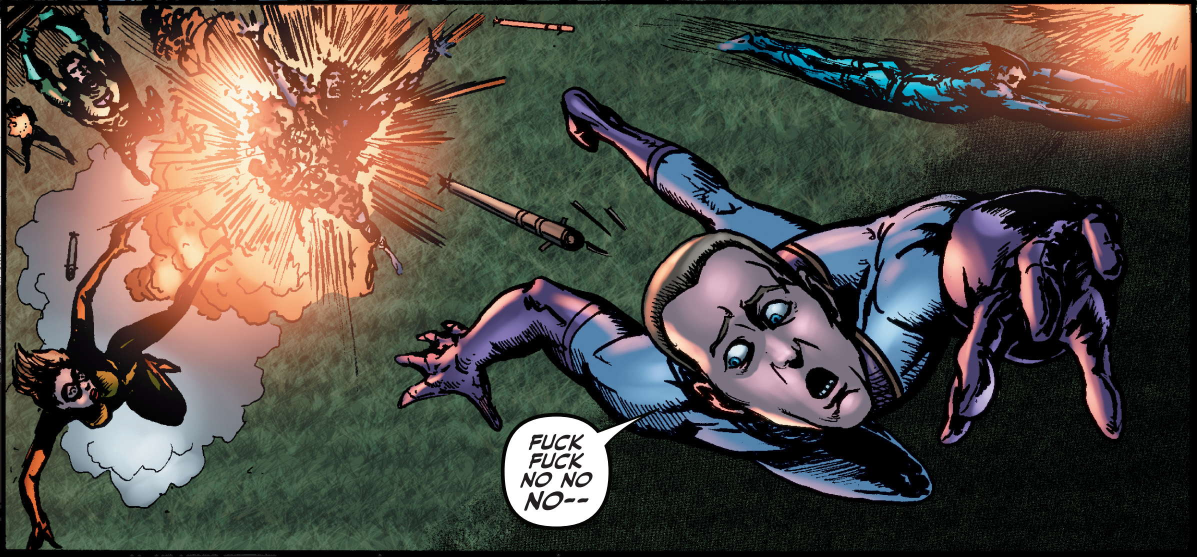

STAY.
WORSE WAYS TO GO THAN SLAUGHTERIN' TWATS LIKE THESE.

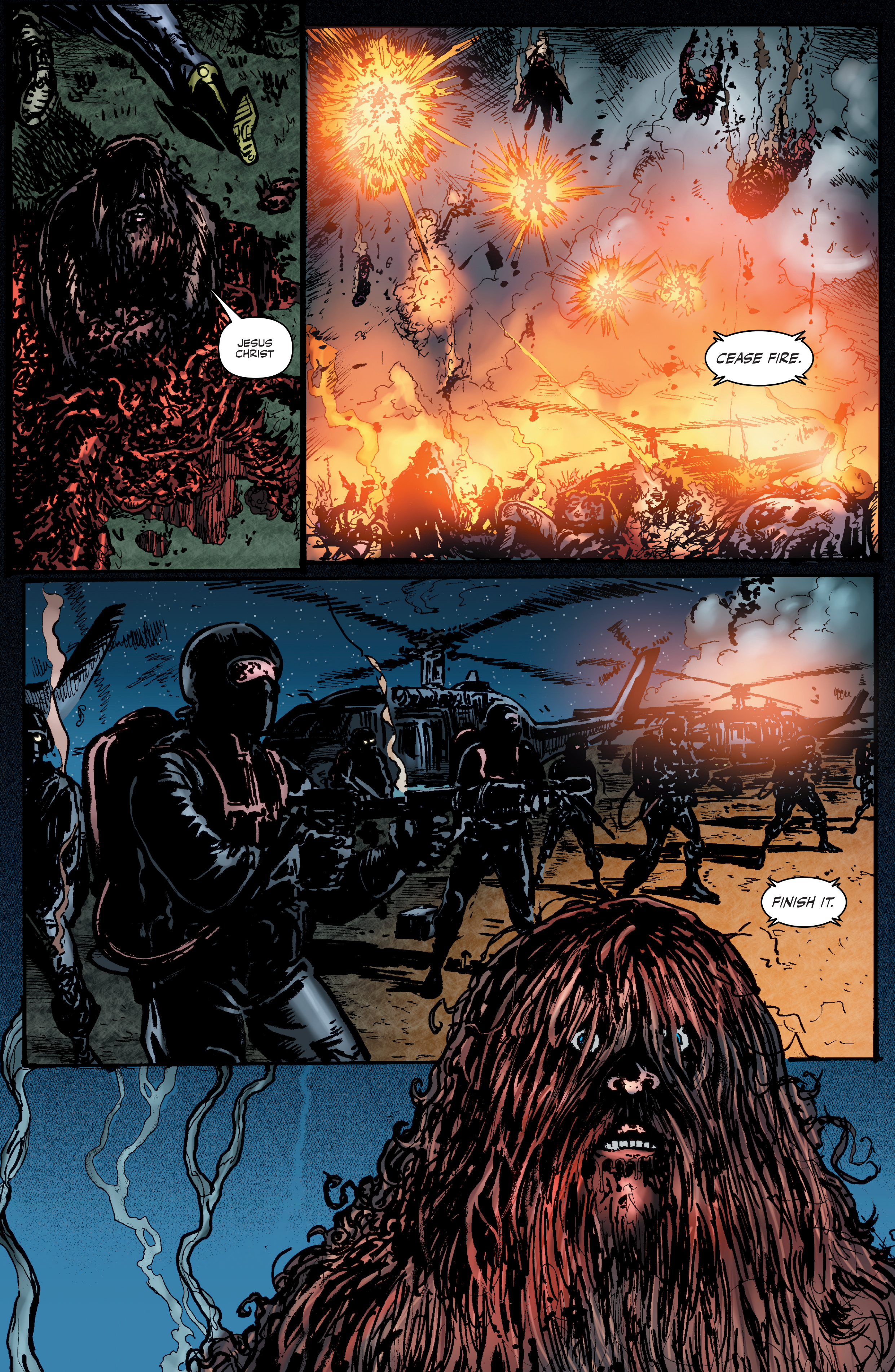

JESUS, LET'S *FILLET* THESE ASSHOLES...
GONNA!
THEY OUTTA THEIR FUCKIN' MINDS--?
?
...IT'S OKAY.

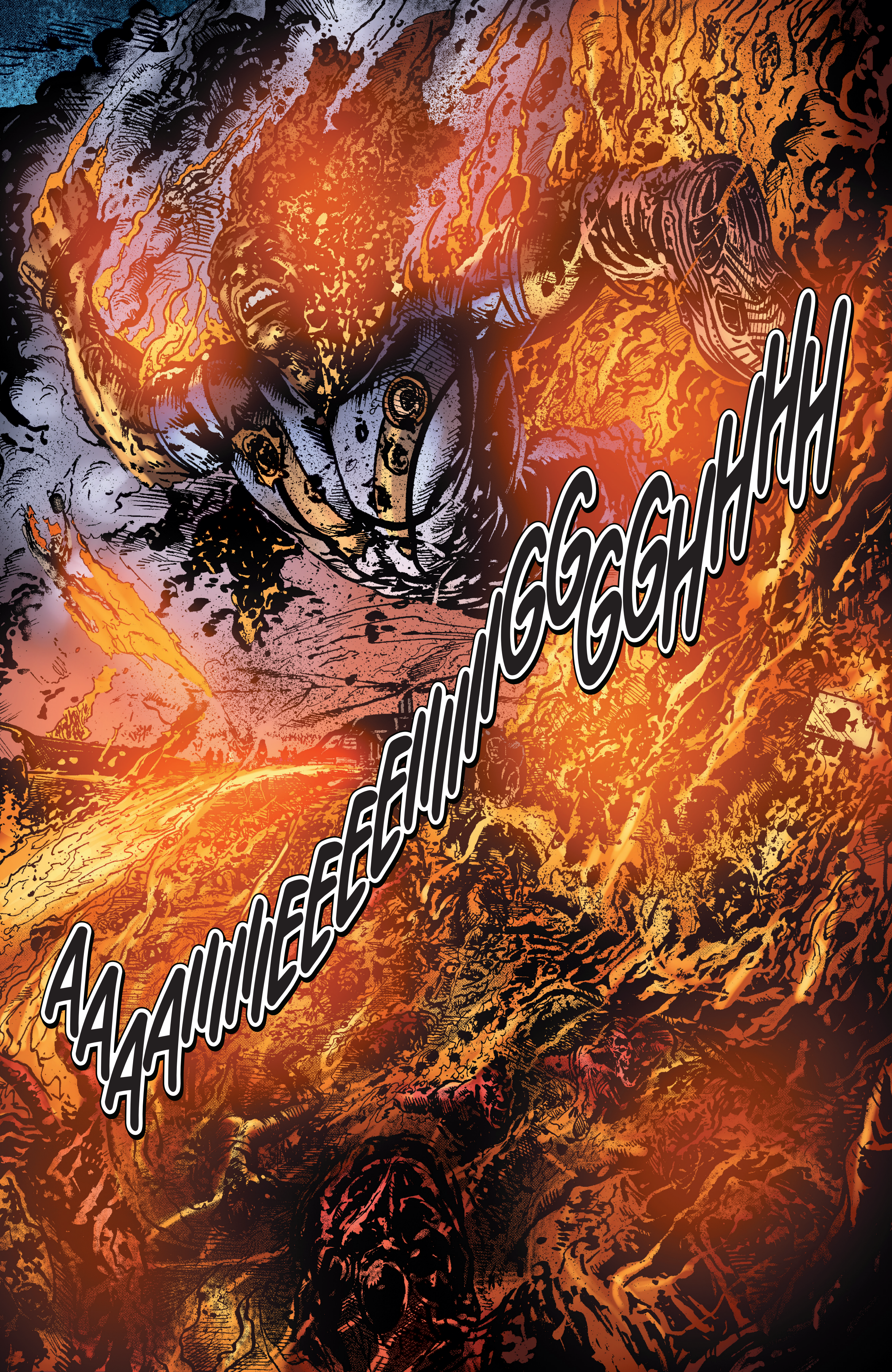

FUCK!!

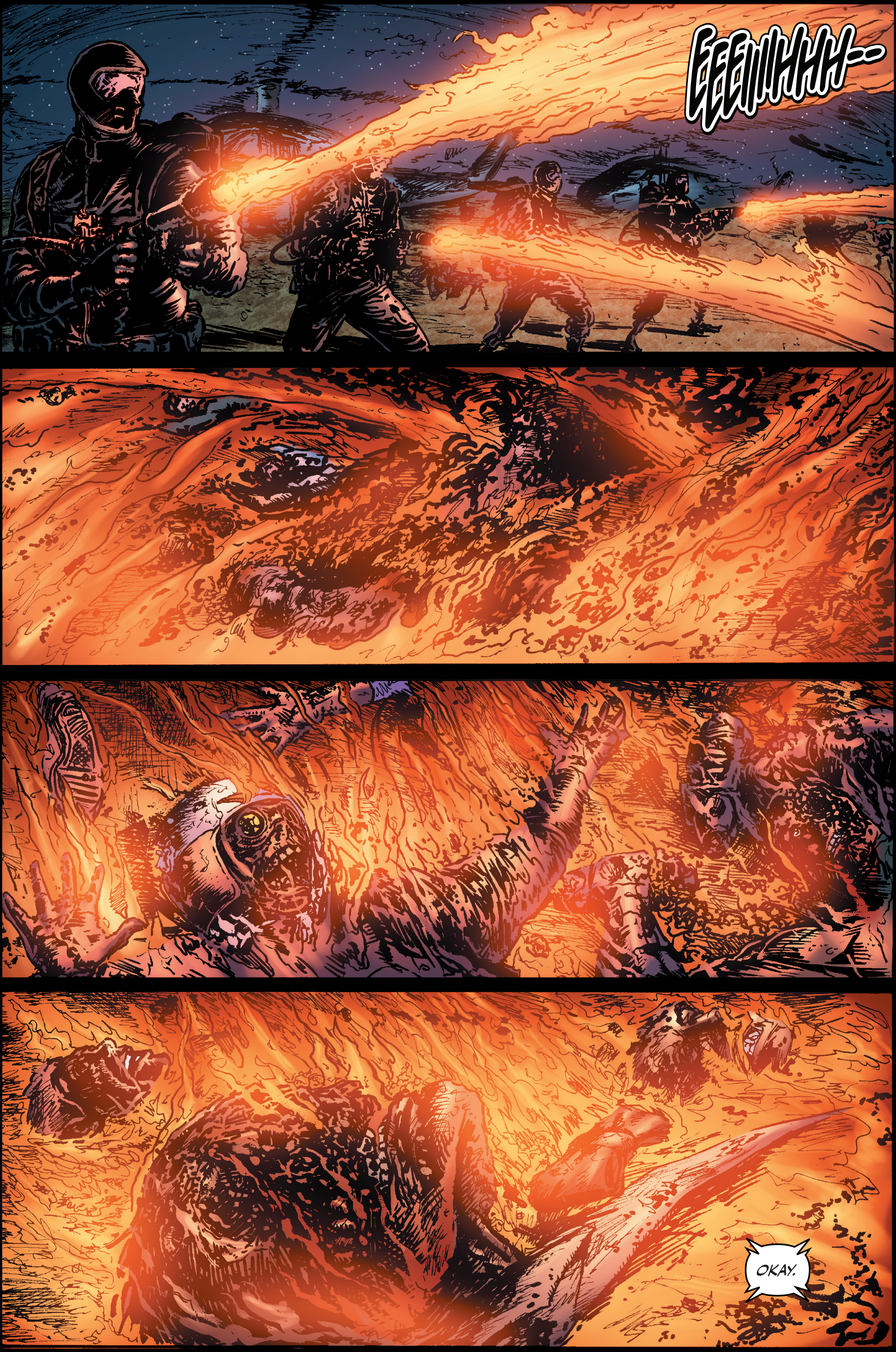

STINGERS.

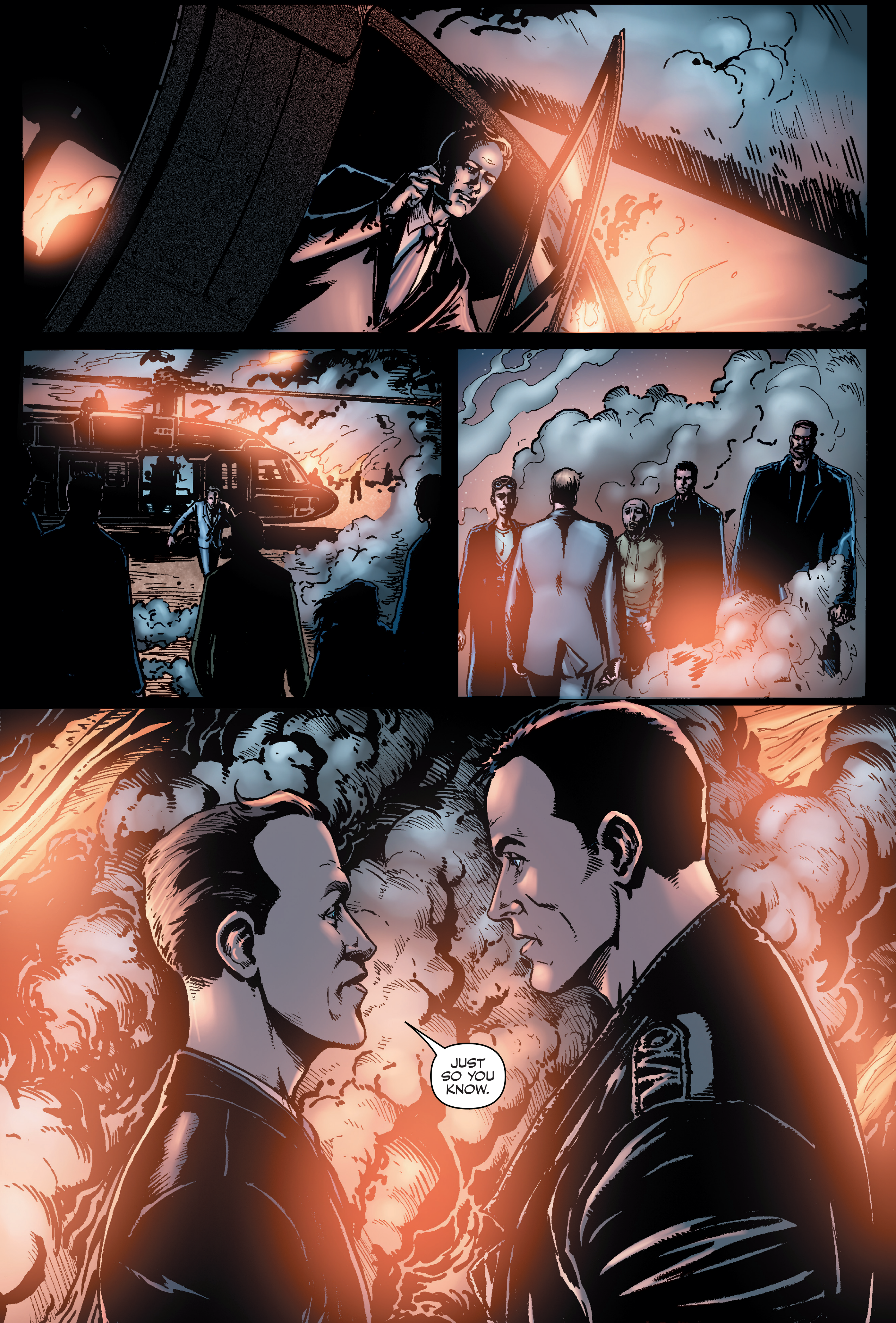


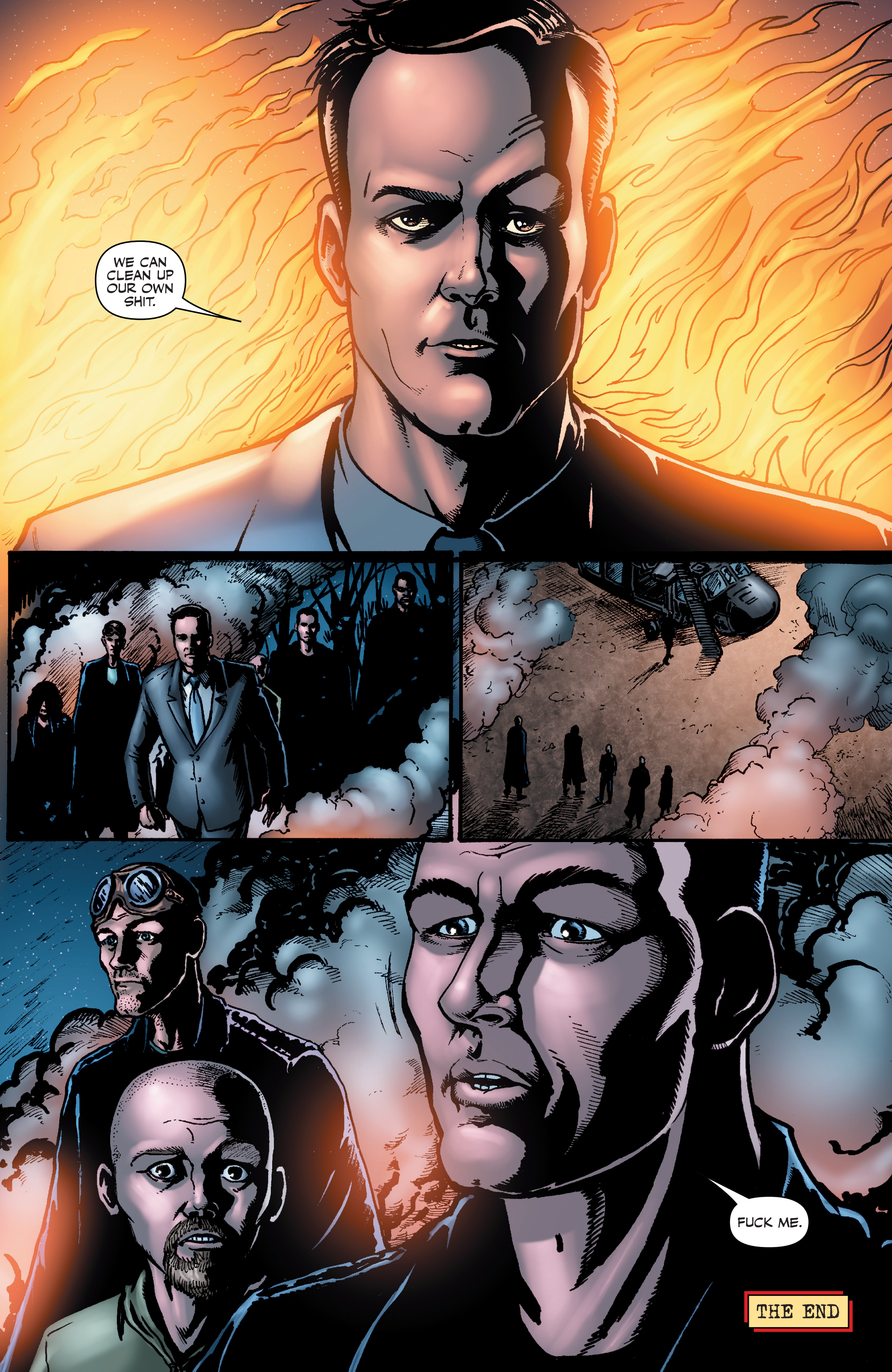

FUCK FUCK NO NO NO--


JESUS CHRIST
CEASE FIRE.
FINISH IT.

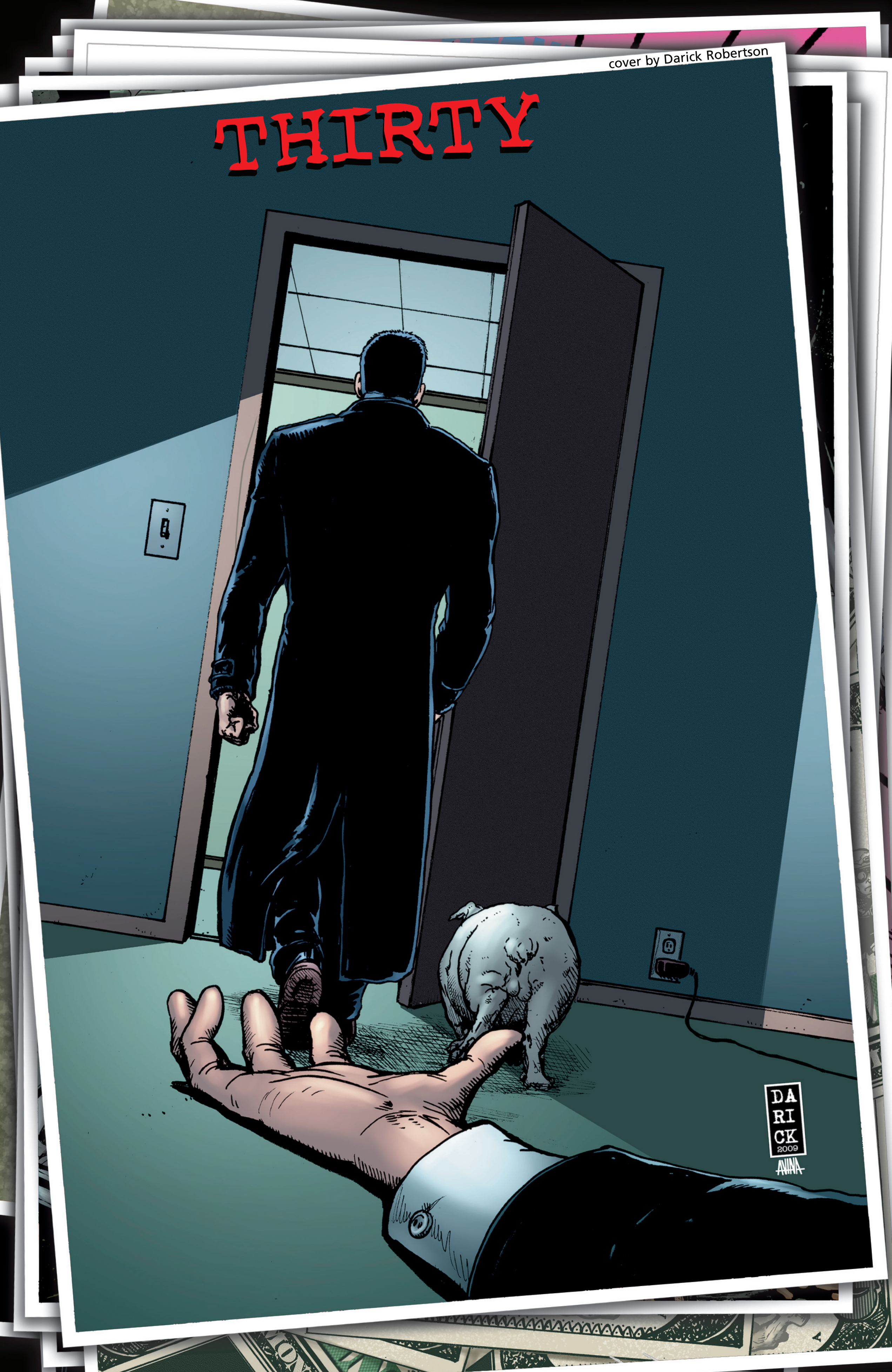

AAAIIIIEEEEIIIIIGGGHHHH


EEEIIIHHHH--
OKAY.


JUST SO YOU KNOW.


WE CAN CLEAN UP OUR OWN SHIT.
FUCK ME.
THE END

cover by Darick Robertson


THIRTY
DA
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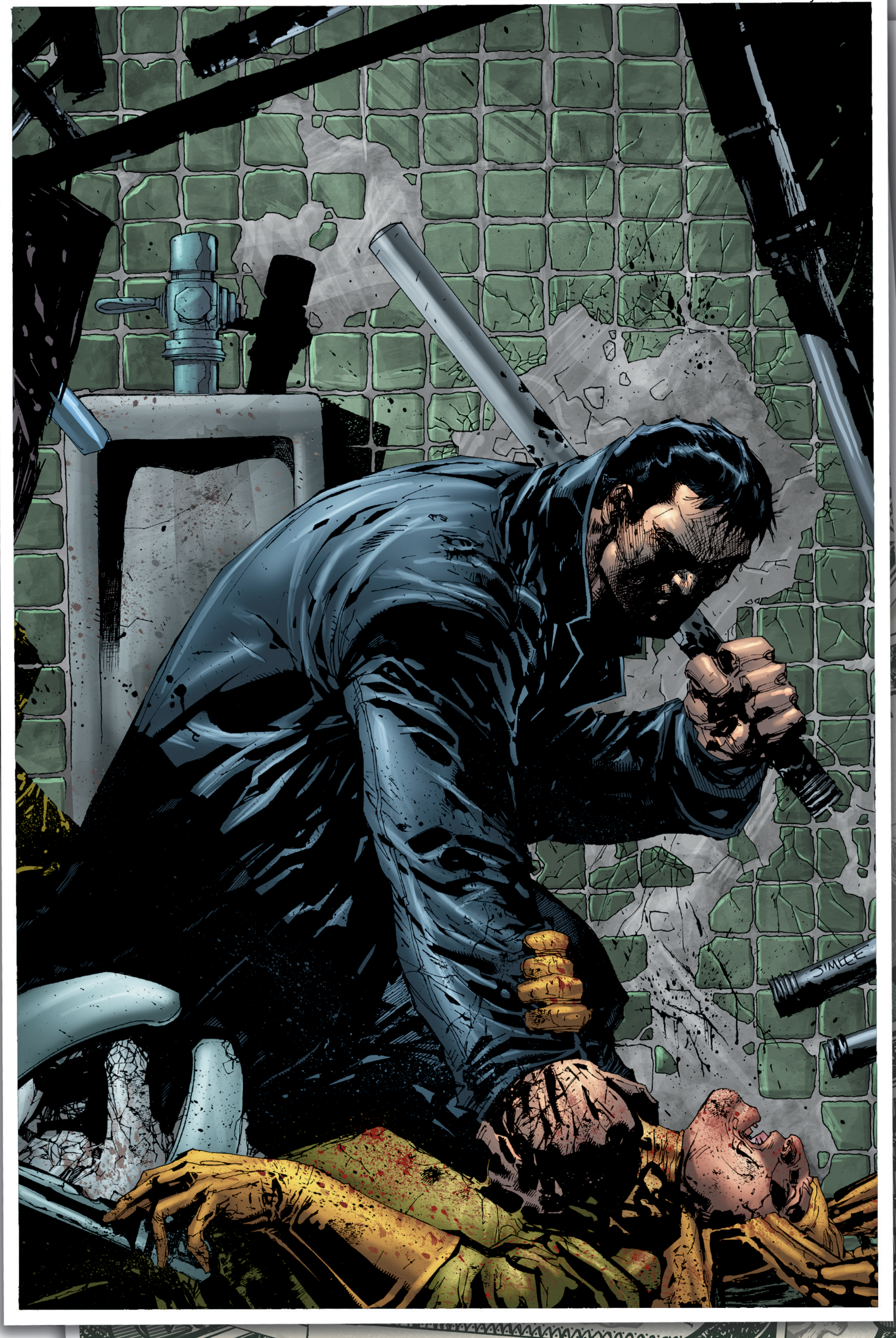
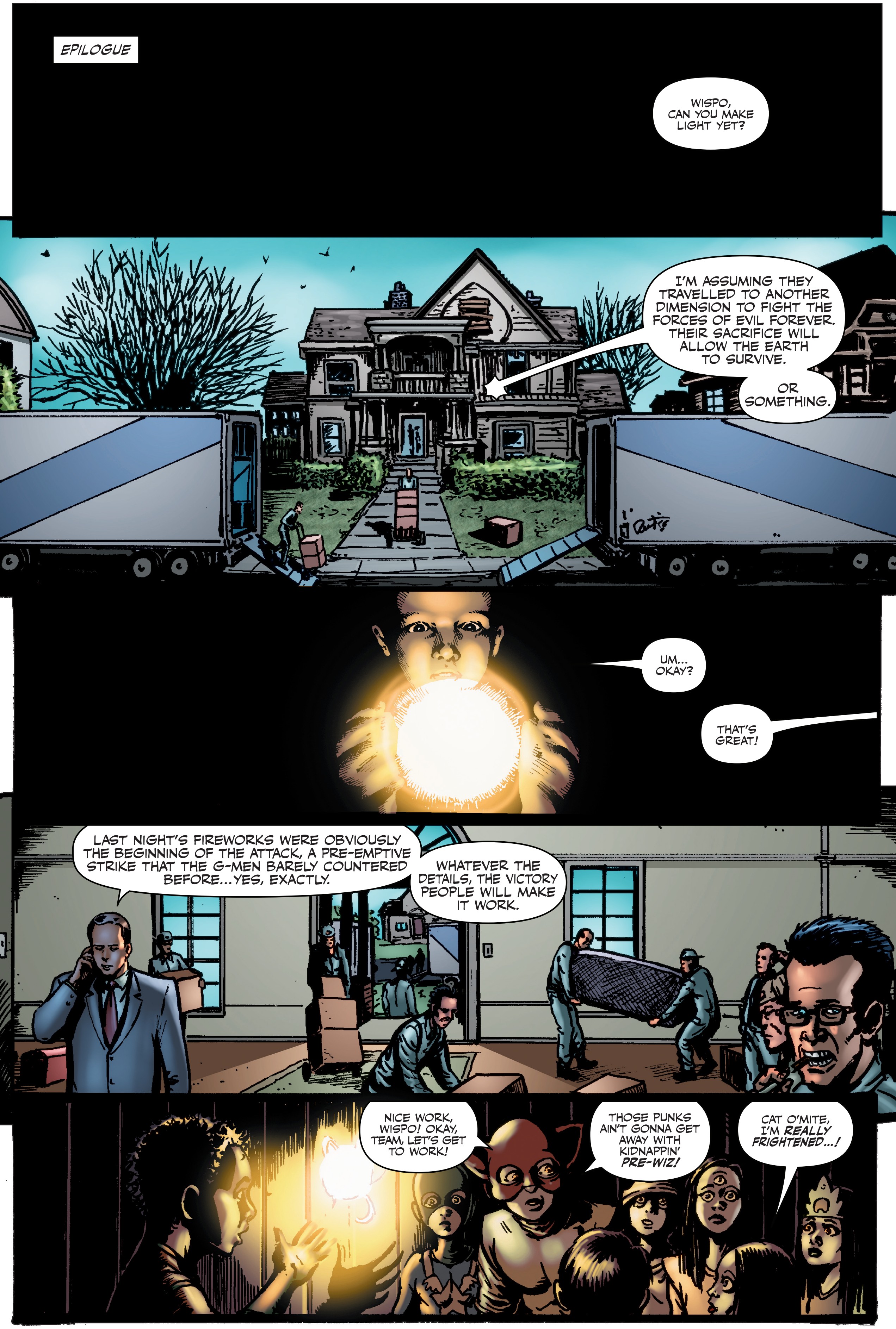
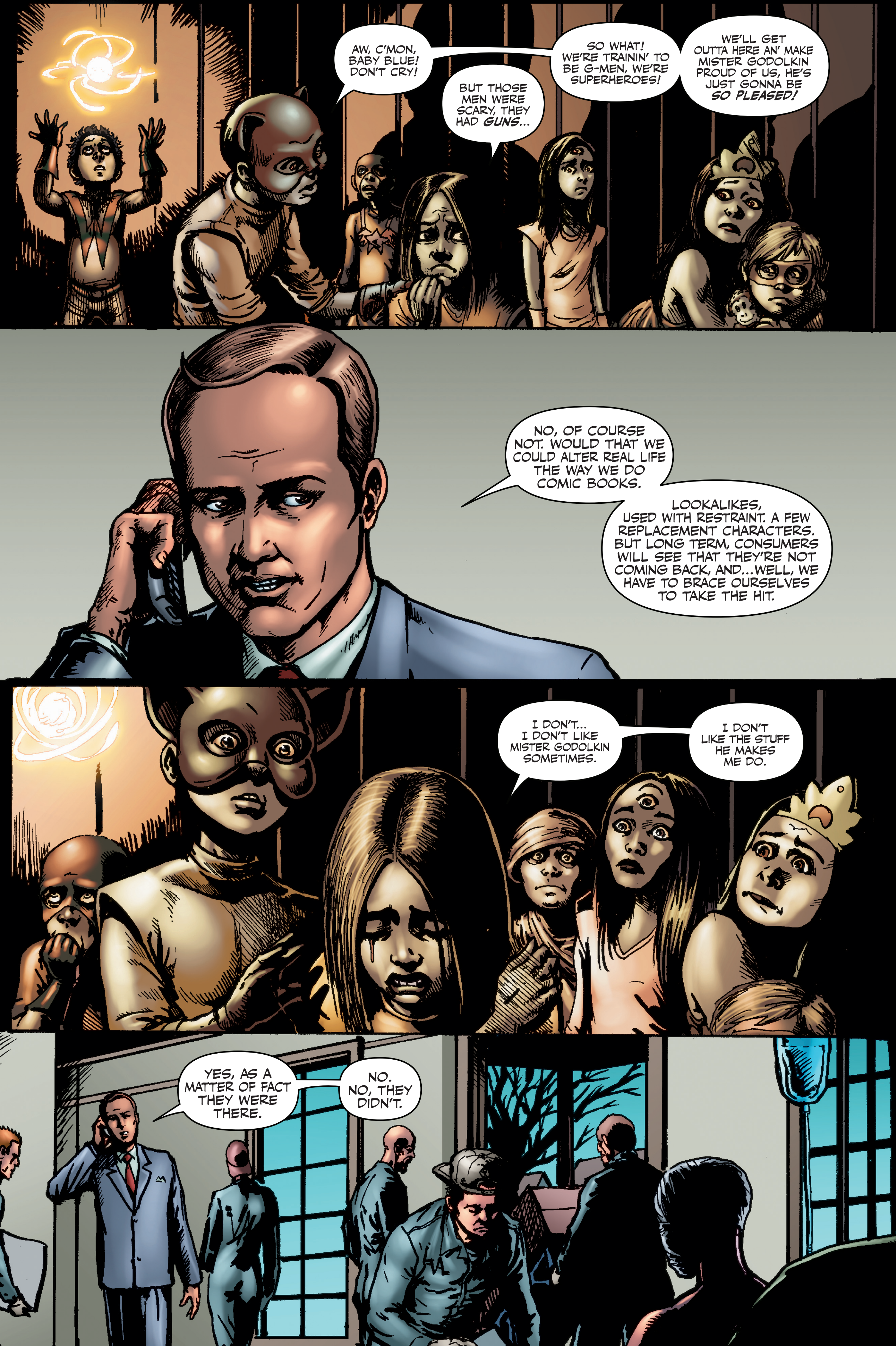
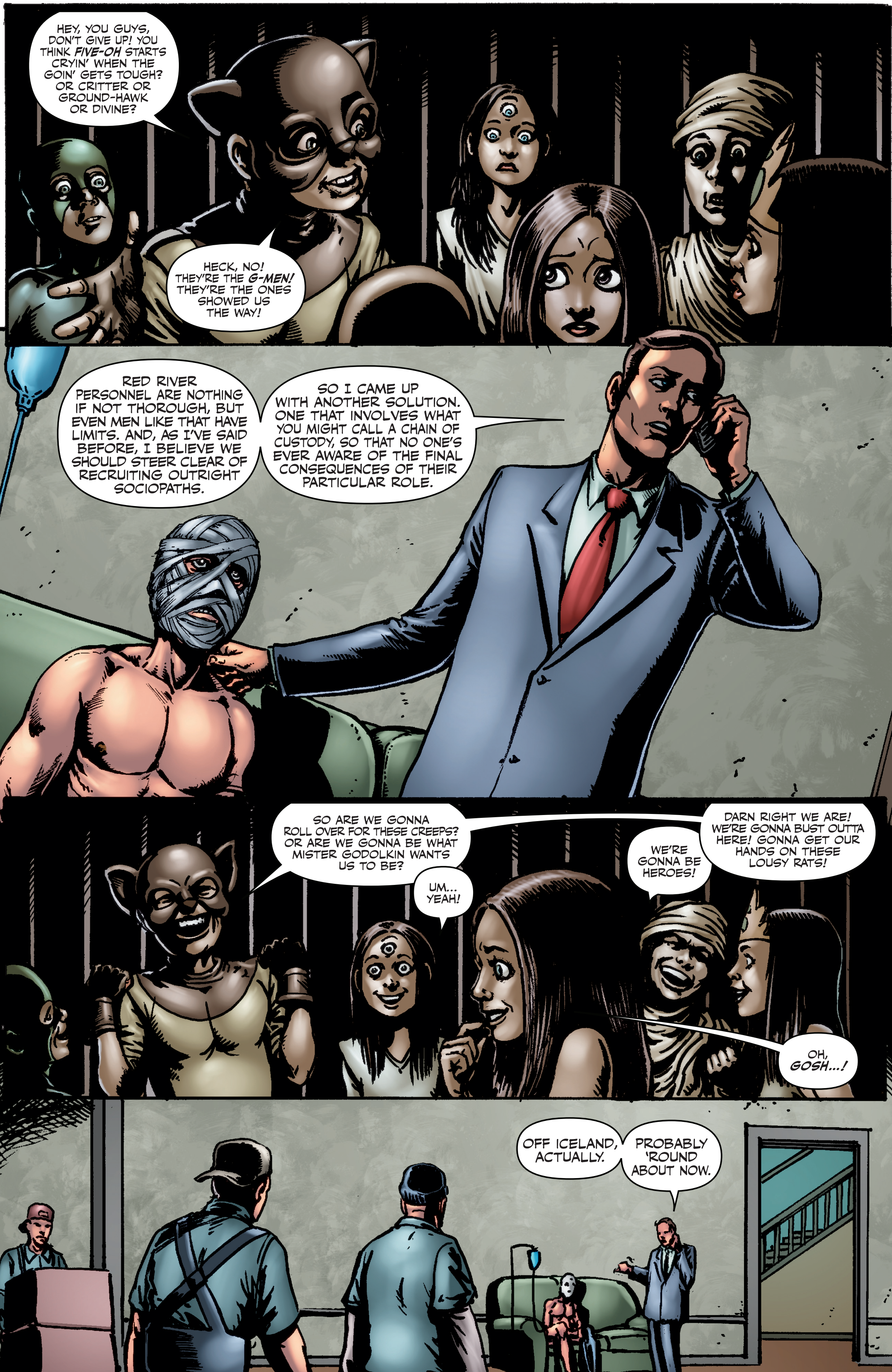
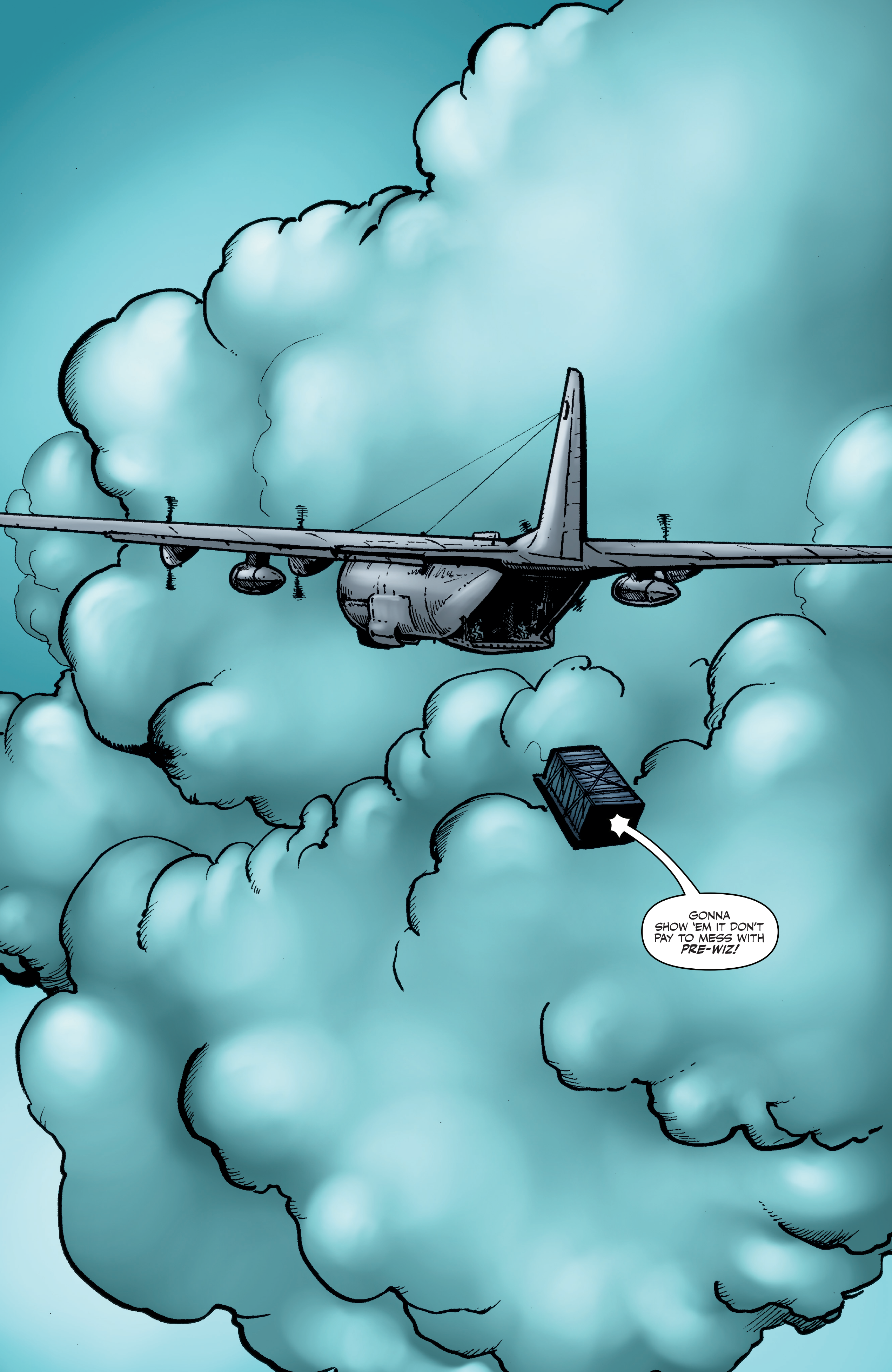
alternate cover by Jim Lee

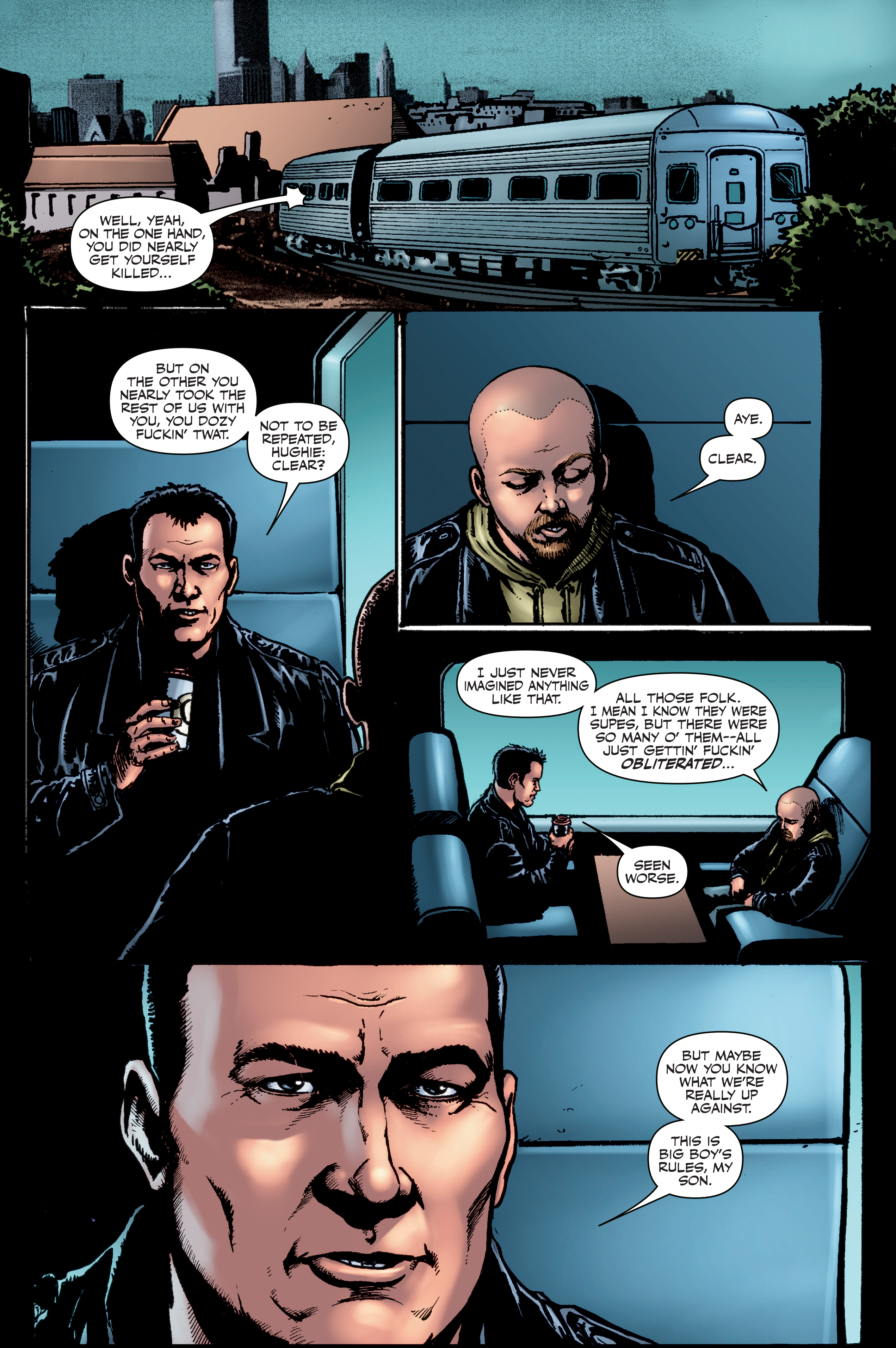


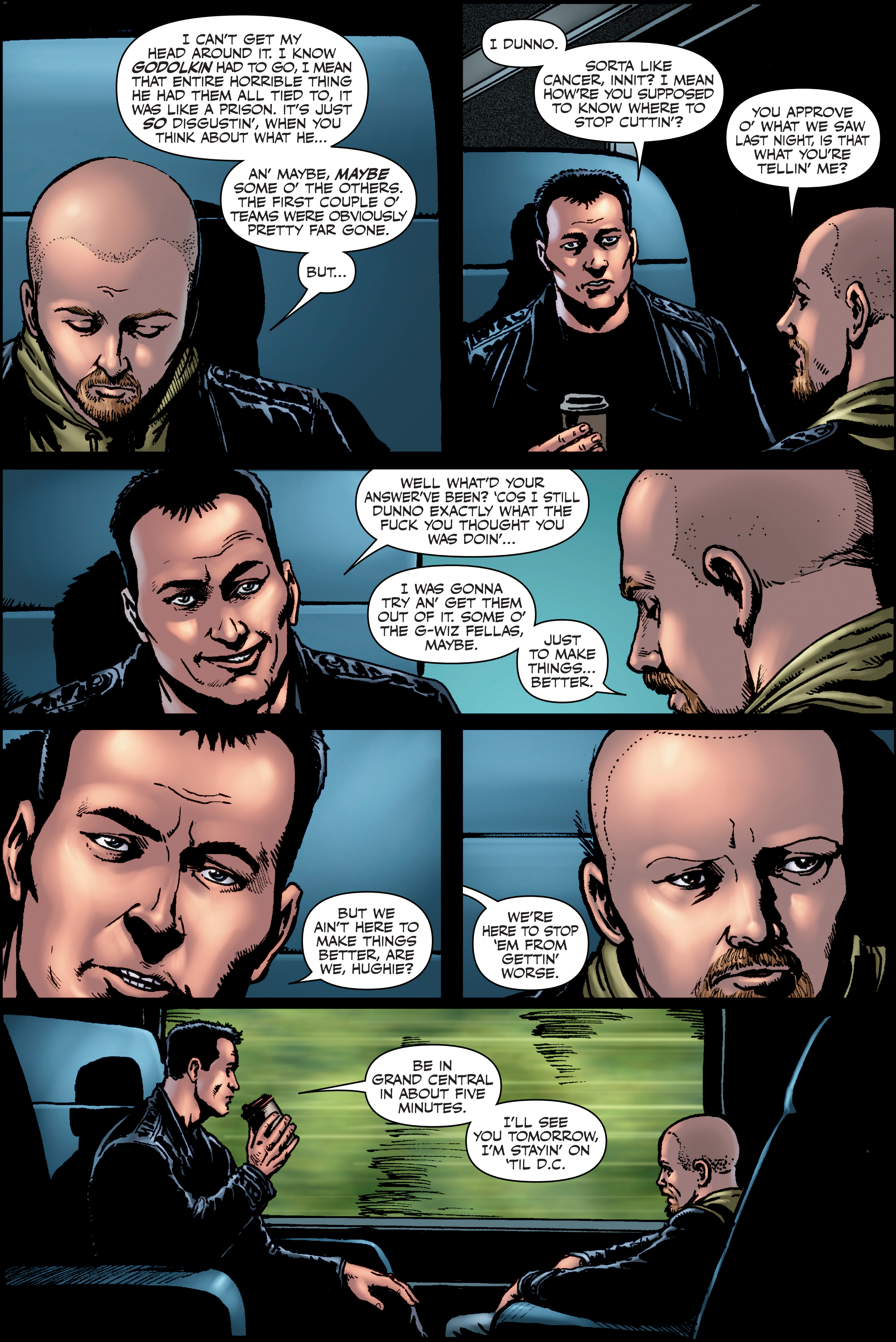

EPILOGUE
WISPO, CAN YOU MAKE LIGHT YET?
I'M ASSUMING THEY TRAVELLED TO ANOTHER DIMENSION TO FIGHT THE FORCES OF EVIL FOREVER. THEIR SACRIFICE WILL ALLOW THE EARTH TO SURVIVE.
OR SOMETHING.
UM... OKAY?
THAT'S GREAT!
LAST NIGHT'S FIREWORKS WERE OBVIOUSLY THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK, A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE THAT THE G-MEN BARELY COUNTERED BEFORE...YES, EXACTLY.
WHATEVER THE DETAILS, THE VICTORY PEOPLE WILL MAKE IT WORK.
NICE WORK, WISPO! OKAY, TEAM, LET'S GET TO WORK!
THOSE PUNKS AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY WITH KIDNAPPIN' *PRE-WIZ!*
CAT O'MITE, I'M *REALLY FRIGHTENED...!*

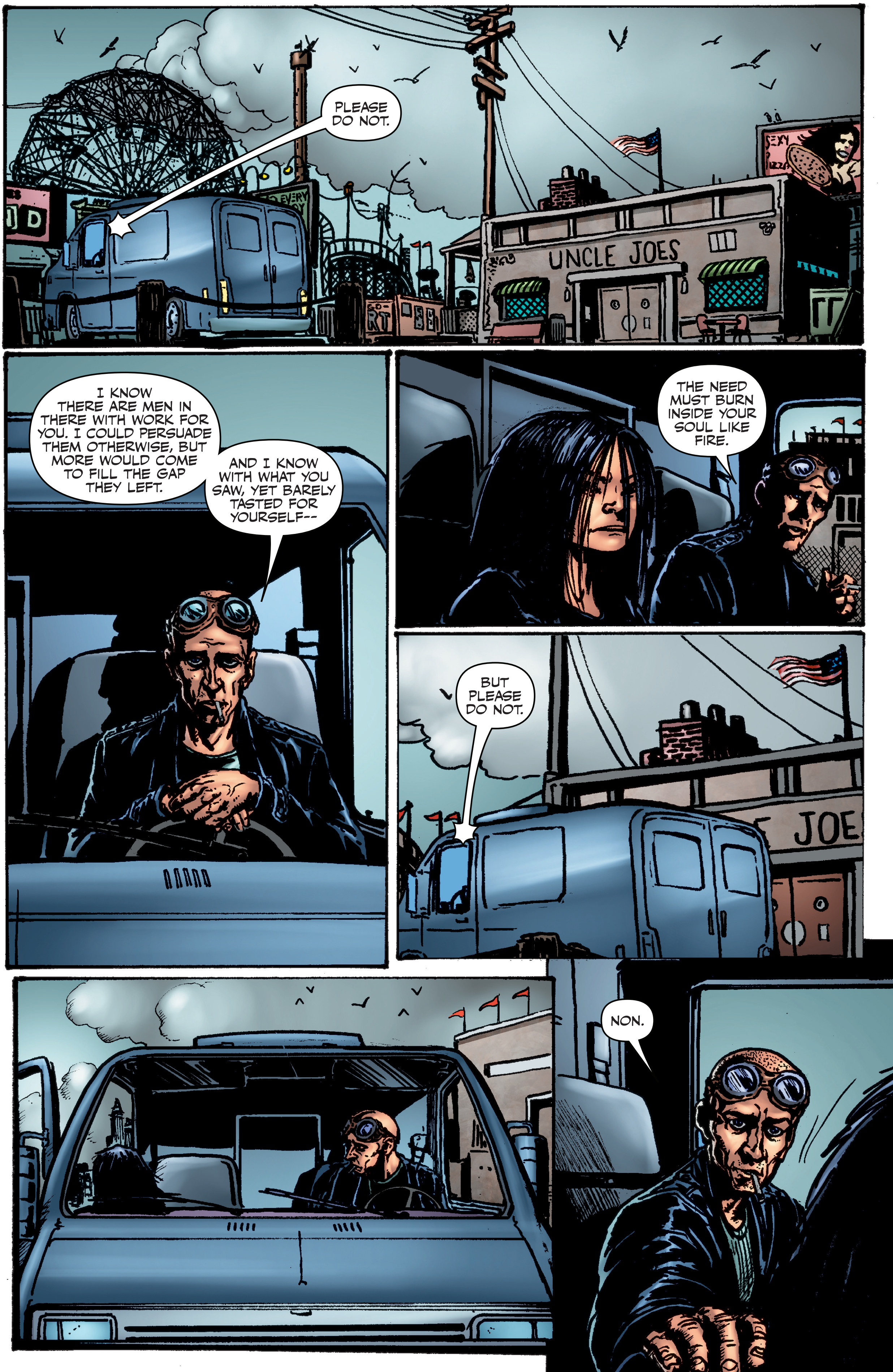

AW, C'MON, BABY BLUE! DON'T CRY!
BUT THOSE MEN WERE SCARY, THEY HAD ***GUNS***...
SO WHAT! WE'RE TRAININ' TO BE G-MEN, WE'RE SUPERHEROES!
WE'LL GET OUTTA HERE AN' MAKE MISTER GODOLKIN PROUD OF US, HE'S JUST GONNA BE ***SO PLEASED!***
NO, OF COURSE NOT. WOULD THAT WE COULD ALTER REAL LIFE THE WAY WE DO COMIC BOOKS.
LOOKALIKES, USED WITH RESTRAINT. A FEW REPLACEMENT CHARACTERS. BUT LONG TERM, CONSUMERS WILL SEE THAT THEY'RE NOT COMING BACK, AND...WELL, WE HAVE TO BRACE OURSELVES TO TAKE THE HIT.
I DON'T... I DON'T LIKE MISTER GODOLKIN SOMETIMES.
I DON'T LIKE THE STUFF HE MAKES ME DO.
YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT THEY WERE THERE.
NO. NO, THEY DIDN'T.

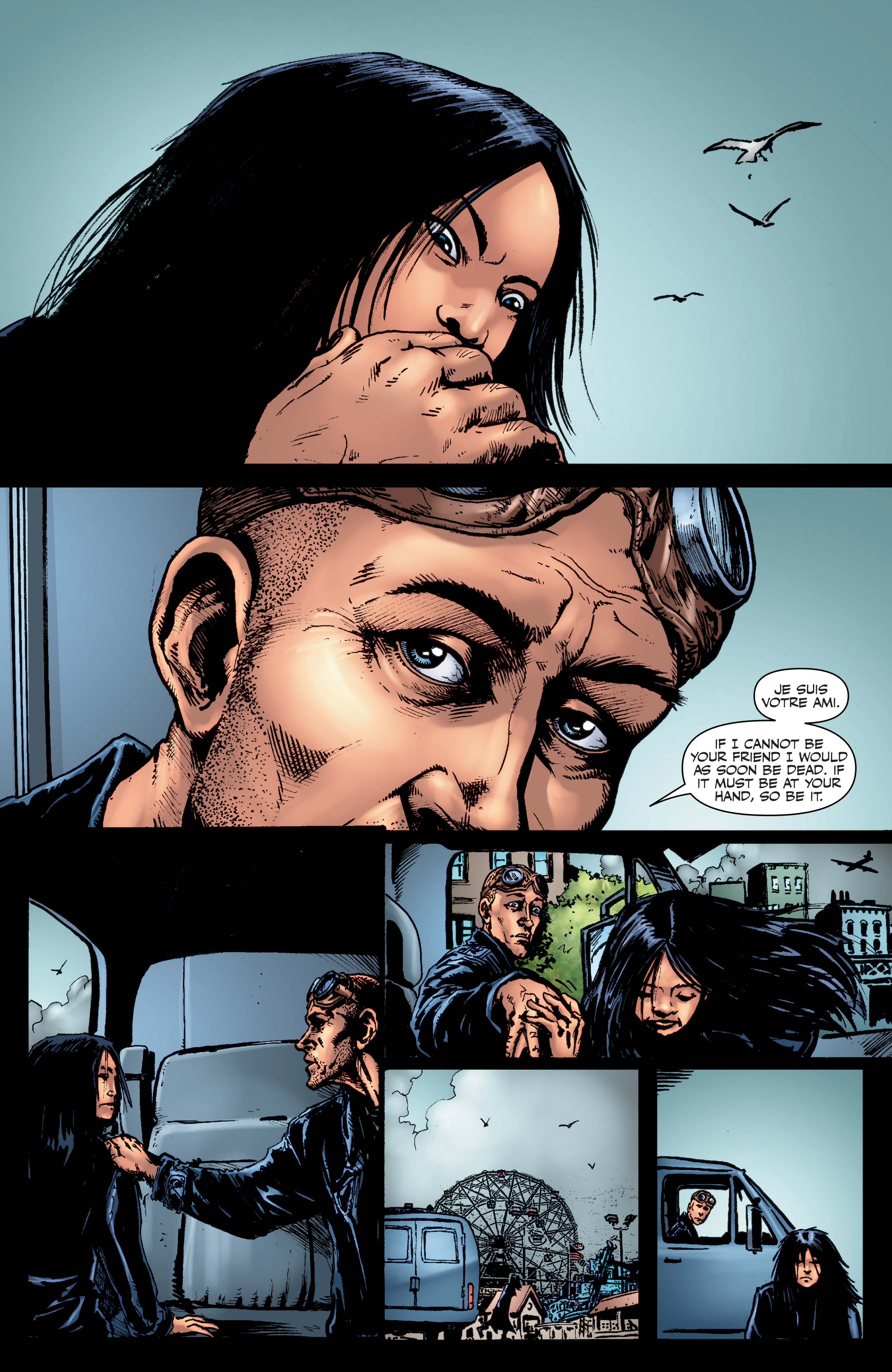

HEY, YOU GUYS, DON'T GIVE UP! YOU THINK *FIVE-OH* STARTS CRYIN' WHEN THE GOIN' GETS TOUGH? OR CRITTER OR GROUND-HAWK OR DIVINE?
HECK, NO! THEY'RE THE *G-MEN!* THEY'RE THE ONES SHOWED US THE WAY!
RED RIVER PERSONNEL ARE NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH, BUT EVEN MEN LIKE THAT HAVE LIMITS. AND, AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, I BELIEVE WE SHOULD STEER CLEAR OF RECRUITING OUTRIGHT SOCIOPATHS.
SO I CAME UP WITH ANOTHER SOLUTION. ONE THAT INVOLVES WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A CHAIN OF CUSTODY, SO THAT NO ONE'S EVER AWARE OF THE FINAL CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR PARTICULAR ROLE.
SO ARE WE GONNA ROLL OVER FOR THESE CREEPS? OR ARE WE GONNA BE WHAT MISTER GODOLKIN WANTS US TO BE?
UM... YEAH!
WE'RE GONNA BE HEROES!
DARN RIGHT WE ARE! WE'RE GONNA BUST OUTTA HERE! GONNA GET OUR HANDS ON THESE LOUSY RATS!
OH, *GOSH...!*
OFF ICELAND, ACTUALLY.
PROBABLY 'ROUND ABOUT NOW.

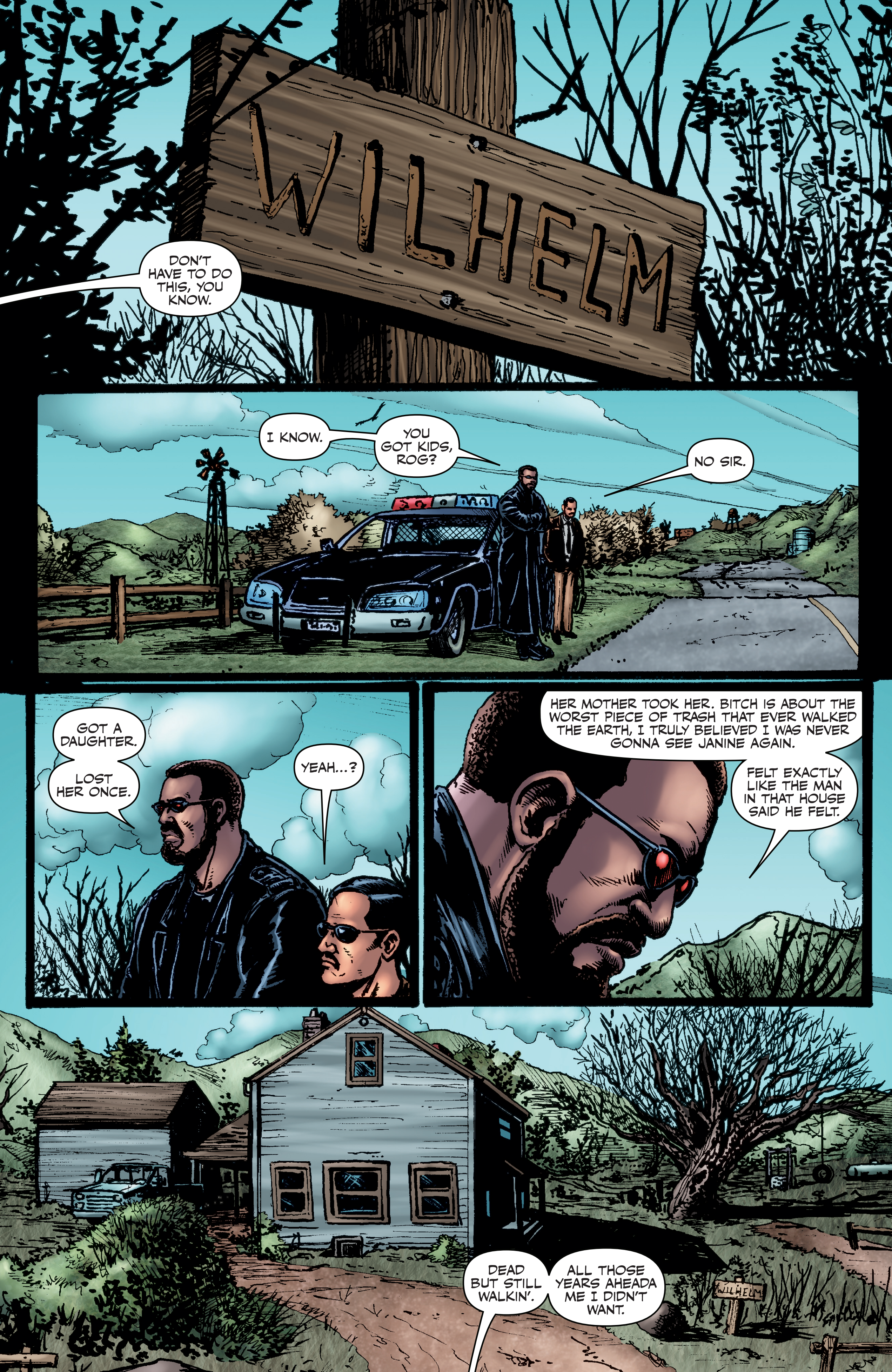

GONNA SHOW 'EM IT DON'T PAY TO MESS WITH *PRE-WIZ!*

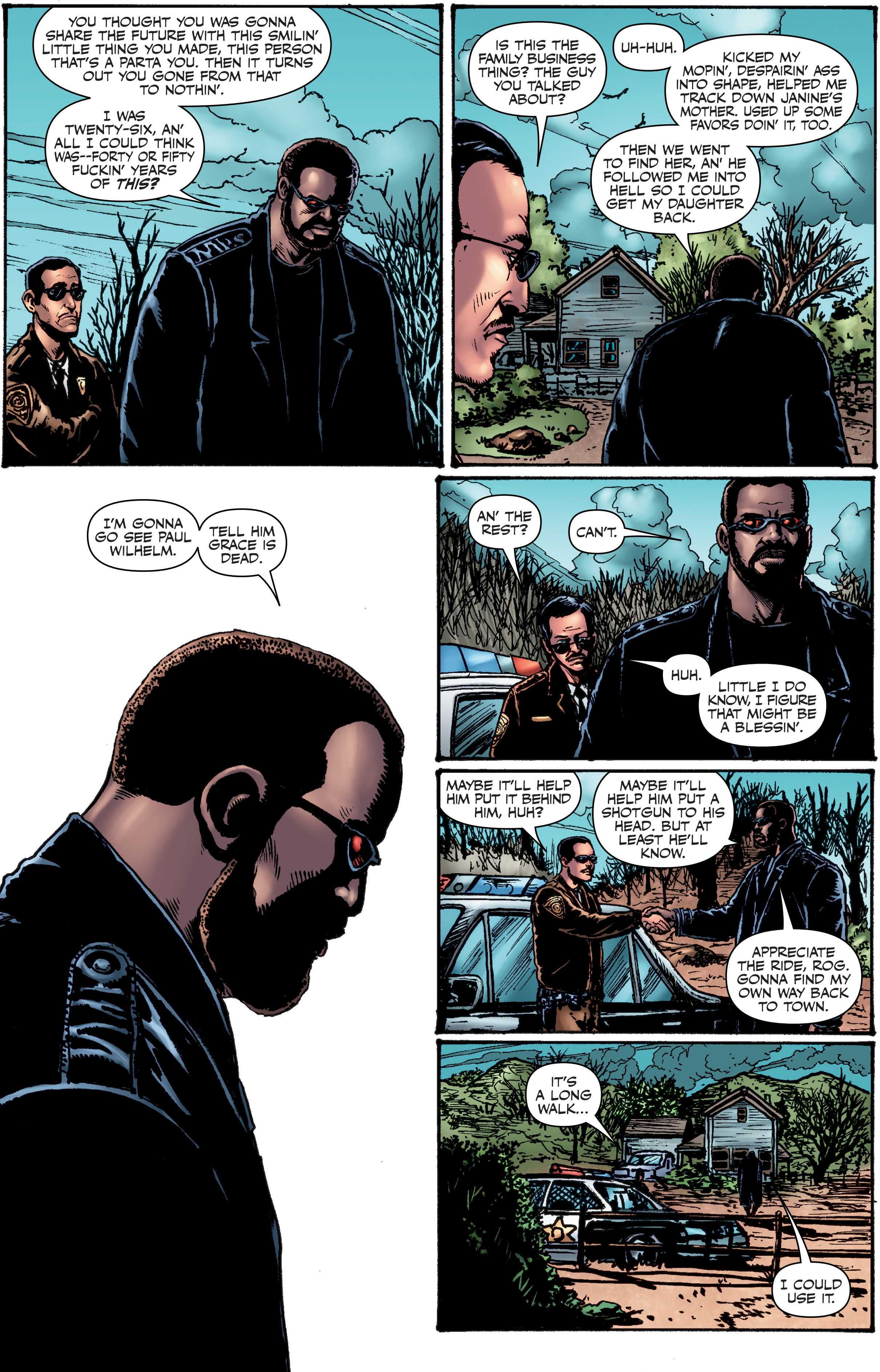

WELL, YEAH, ON THE ONE HAND, YOU DID NEARLY GET YOURSELF KILLED...
BUT ON THE OTHER YOU NEARLY TOOK THE REST OF US WITH YOU, YOU DOZY FUCKIN' TWAT.
NOT TO BE REPEATED, HUGHIE: CLEAR?
AYE.
CLEAR.
I JUST NEVER IMAGINED ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
ALL THOSE FOLK. I MEAN I KNOW THEY WERE SUPES, BUT THERE WERE SO MANY O' THEM--ALL JUST GETTIN' FUCKIN' *OBLITERATED*...
SEEN WORSE.
BUT MAYBE NOW YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE REALLY UP AGAINST.
THIS IS BIG BOY'S RULES, MY SON.

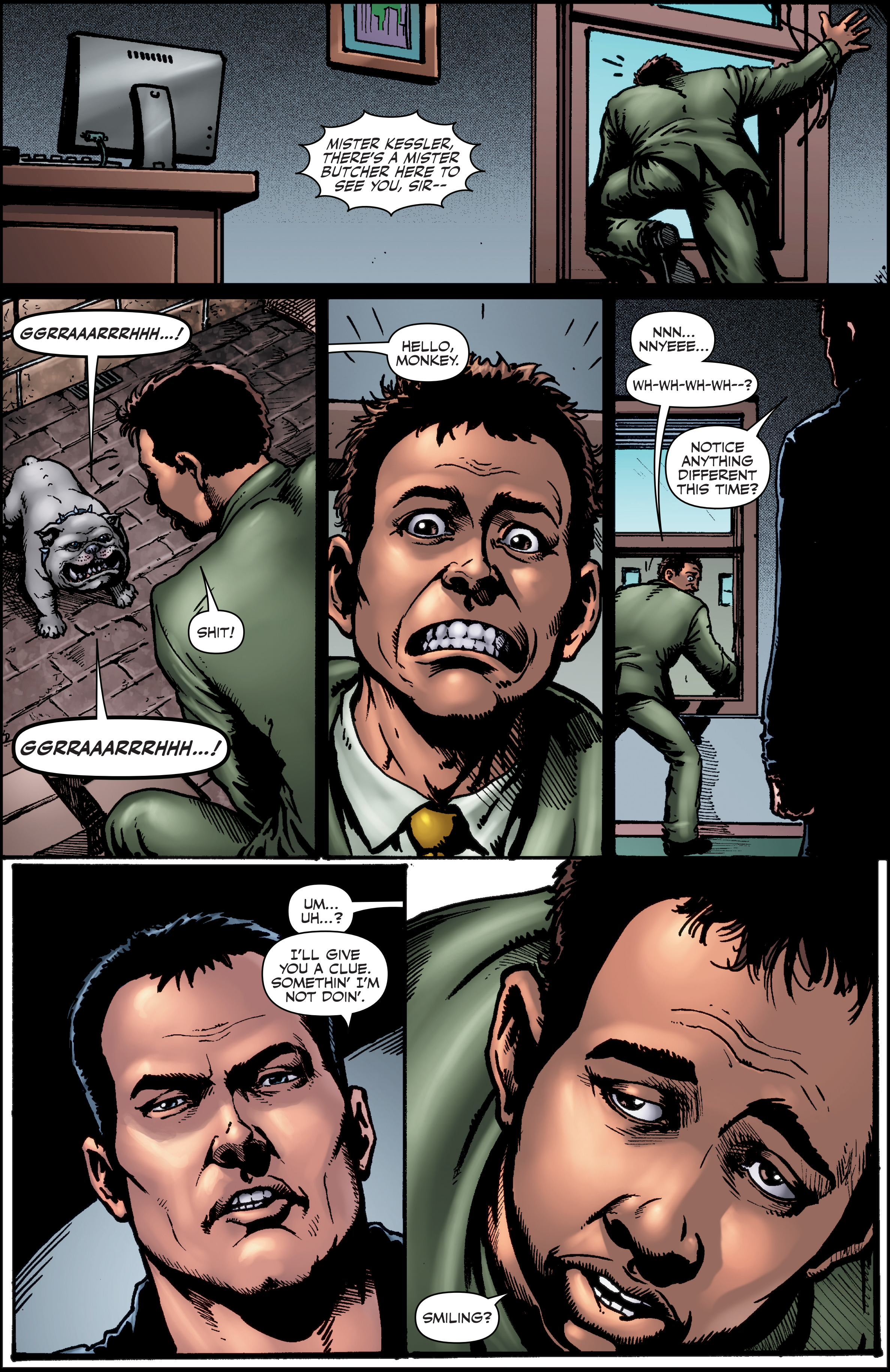

I CAN'T GET MY HEAD AROUND IT. I KNOW **GODOLKIN** HAD TO GO, I MEAN THAT ENTIRE HORRIBLE THING HE HAD THEM ALL TIED TO, IT WAS LIKE A PRISON. IT'S JUST **SO** DISGUSTIN', WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT WHAT HE...
AN' MAYBE, **MAYBE** SOME O' THE OTHERS. THE FIRST COUPLE O' TEAMS WERE OBVIOUSLY PRETTY FAR GONE.
BUT...
I DUNNO.
SORTA LIKE CANCER, INNIT? I MEAN HOW'RE YOU SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHERE TO STOP CUTTIN'?
YOU APPROVE O' WHAT WE SAW LAST NIGHT, IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLIN' ME?
WELL WHAT'D YOUR ANSWER'VE BEEN? 'COS I STILL DUNNO EXACTLY WHAT THE FUCK YOU THOUGHT YOU WAS DOIN'...
I WAS GONNA TRY AN' GET THEM OUT OF IT. SOME O' THE G-WIZ FELLAS, MAYBE.
JUST TO MAKE THINGS... BETTER.
BUT WE AIN'T HERE TO MAKE THINGS BETTER, ARE WE, HUGHIE?
WE'RE HERE TO STOP 'EM FROM GETTIN' WORSE.
BE IN GRAND CENTRAL IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, I'M STAYIN' ON 'TIL D.C.

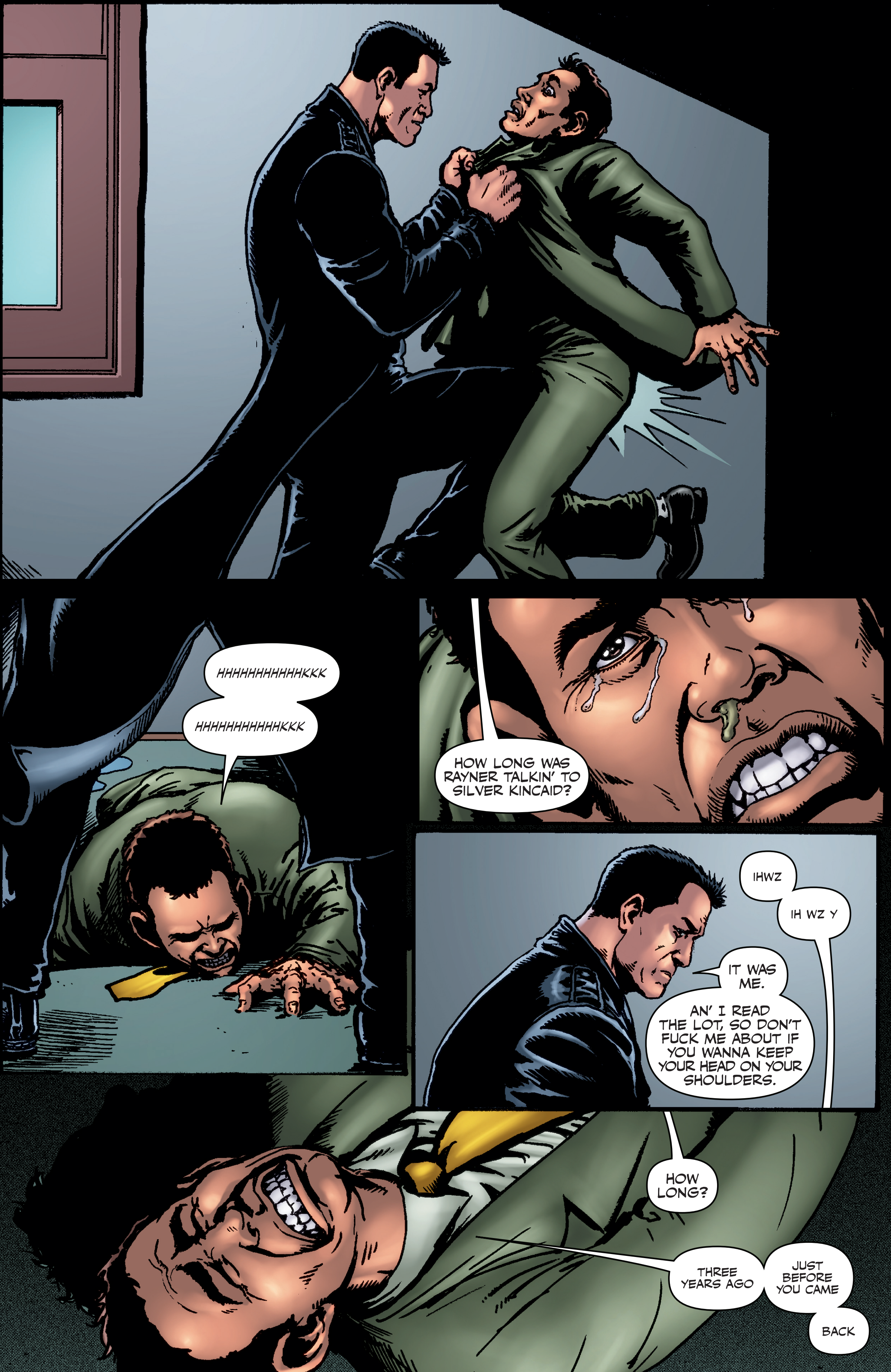

PLEASE DO NOT.
UNCLE JOES
I KNOW THERE ARE MEN IN THERE WITH WORK FOR YOU. I COULD PERSUADE THEM OTHERWISE, BUT MORE WOULD COME TO FILL THE GAP THEY LEFT.
AND I KNOW WITH WHAT YOU SAW, YET BARELY TASTED FOR YOURSELF--
THE NEED MUST BURN INSIDE YOUR SOUL LIKE FIRE.
BUT PLEASE DO NOT.
JOE
NON.

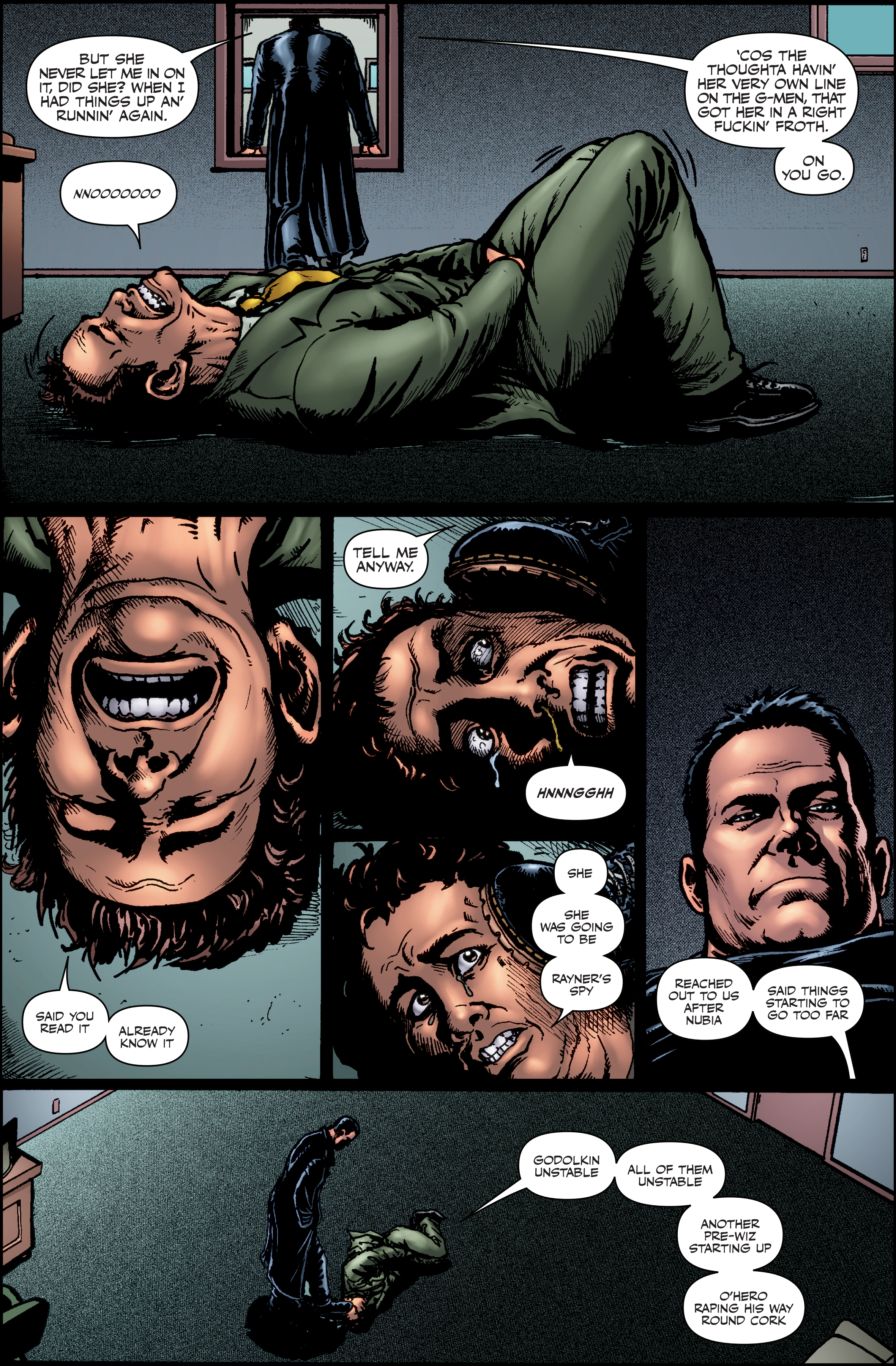

JE SUIS VOTRE AMI.
IF I CANNOT BE YOUR FRIEND I WOULD AS SOON BE DEAD. IF IT MUST BE AT YOUR HAND, SO BE IT.

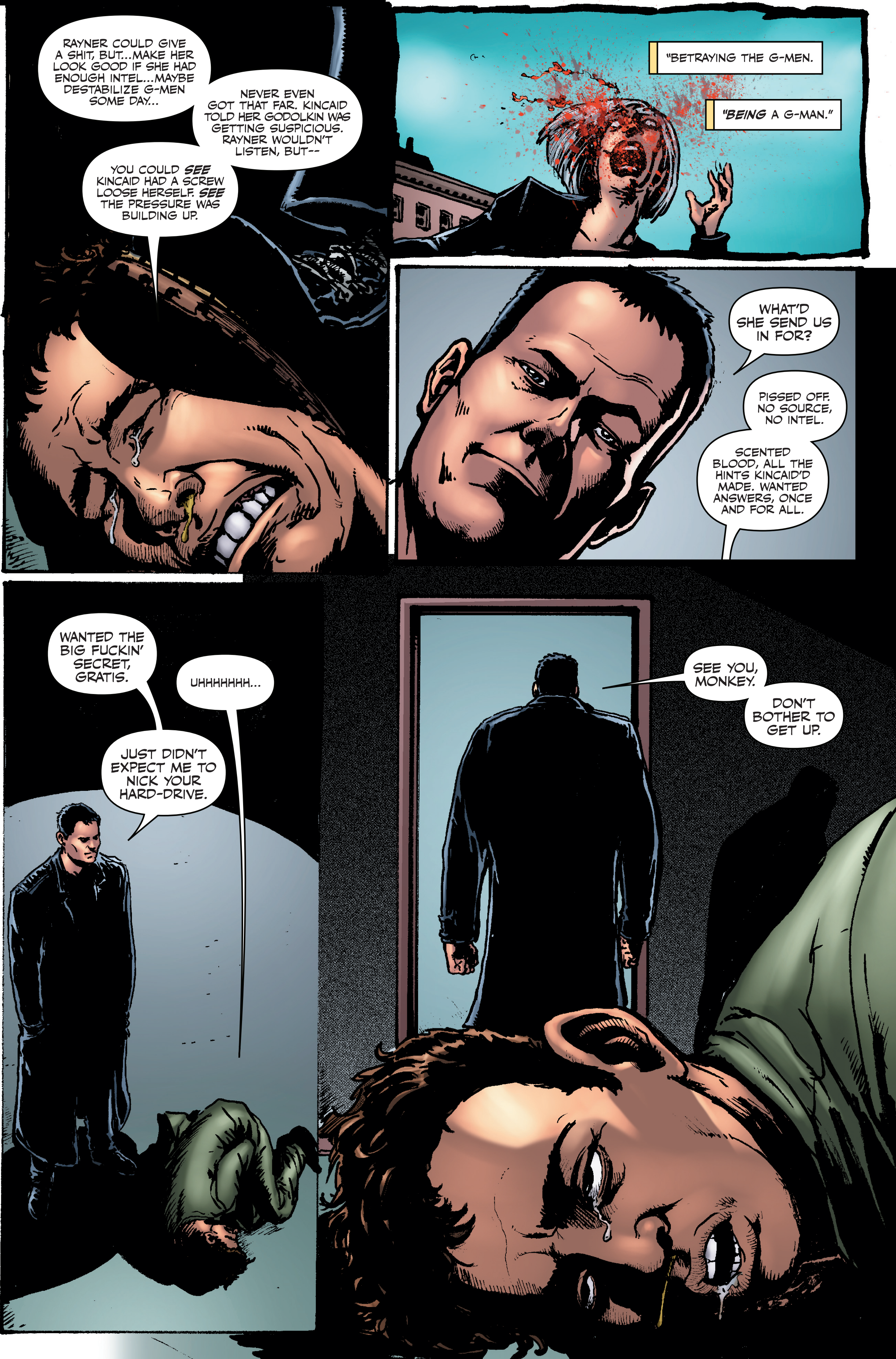

WILHELM
DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, YOU KNOW.
I KNOW.
YOU GOT KIDS, ROG?
NO SIR.
GOT A DAUGHTER.
LOST HER ONCE.
YEAH...?
HER MOTHER TOOK HER. BITCH IS ABOUT THE WORST PIECE OF TRASH THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH, I TRULY BELIEVED I WAS NEVER GONNA SEE JANINE AGAIN.
FELT EXACTLY LIKE THE MAN IN THAT HOUSE SAID HE FELT.
DEAD BUT STILL WALKIN'.
ALL THOSE YEARS AHEADA ME I DIDN'T WANT.
WILHELM

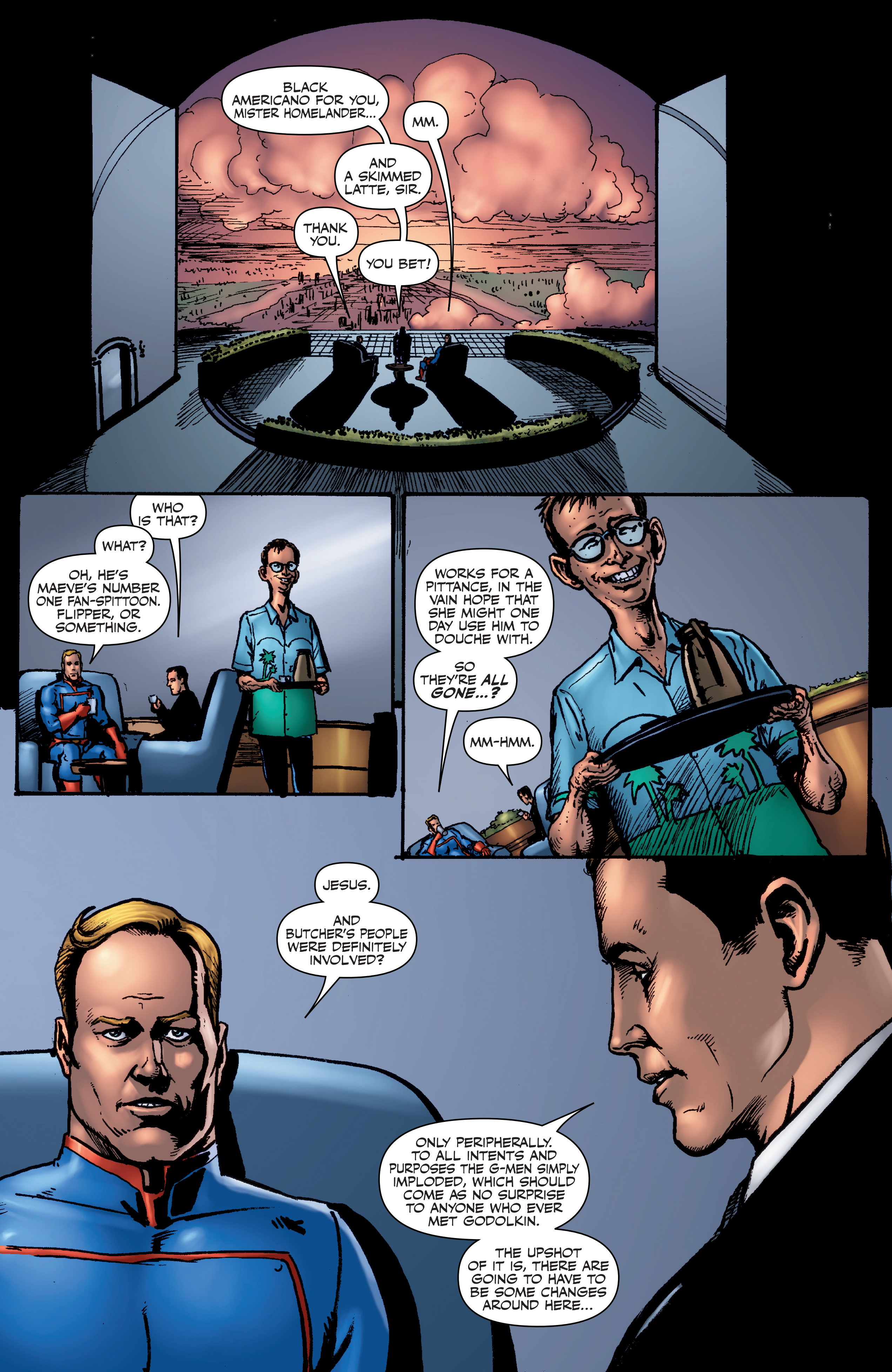

YOU THOUGHT YOU WAS GONNA SHARE THE FUTURE WITH THIS SMILIN' LITTLE THING YOU MADE, THIS PERSON THAT'S A PARTA YOU. THEN IT TURNS OUT YOU GONE FROM THAT TO NOTHIN'.
I WAS TWENTY-SIX, AN' ALL I COULD THINK WAS--FORTY OR FIFTY FUCKIN' YEARS OF *THIS?*
IS THIS THE FAMILY BUSINESS THING? THE GUY YOU TALKED ABOUT?
UH-HUH.
KICKED MY MOPIN', DESPAIRIN' ASS INTO SHAPE, HELPED ME TRACK DOWN JANINE'S MOTHER. USED UP SOME FAVORS DOIN' IT, TOO.
THEN WE WENT TO FIND HER, AN' HE FOLLOWED ME INTO HELL SO I COULD GET MY DAUGHTER BACK.
I'M GONNA GO SEE PAUL WILHELM.
TELL HIM GRACE IS DEAD.
AN' THE REST?
CAN'T.
HUH.
LITTLE I DO KNOW, I FIGURE THAT MIGHT BE A BLESSIN'.
MAYBE IT'LL HELP HIM PUT IT BEHIND HIM, HUH?
MAYBE IT'LL HELP HIM PUT A SHOTGUN TO HIS HEAD. BUT AT LEAST HE'LL KNOW.
APPRECIATE THE RIDE, ROG. GONNA FIND MY OWN WAY BACK TO TOWN.
IT'S A LONG WALK...
I COULD USE IT.

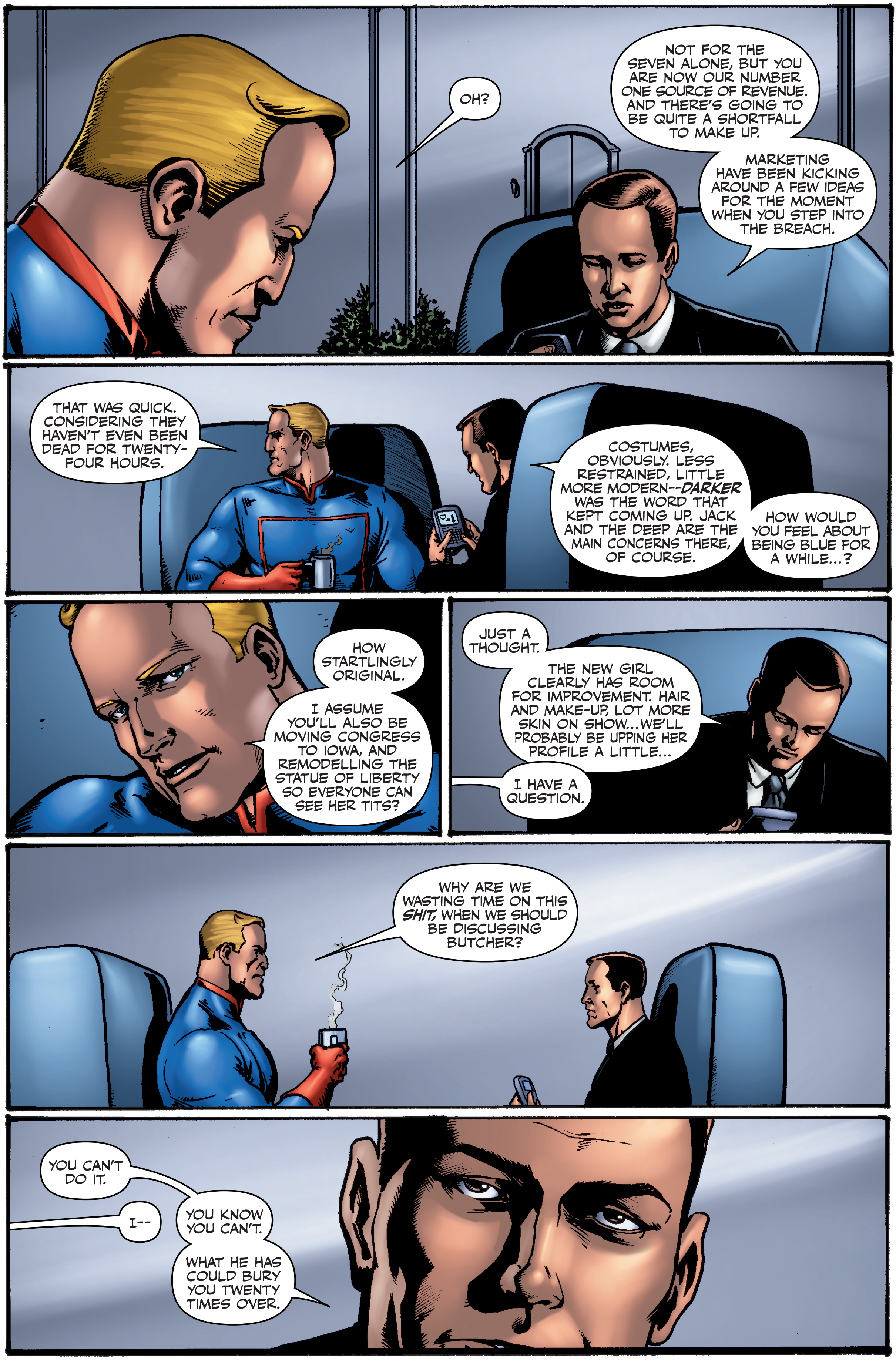

MISTER KESSLER, THERE'S A MISTER BUTCHER HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR--
GGRRAAARRRHHH...!
SHIT!
GGRRAAARRRHHH...!
HELLO, MONKEY.
NNN... NNYEEE...
WH-WH-WH-WH--?
NOTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT THIS TIME?
UM... UH...?
I'LL GIVE YOU A CLUE. SOMETHIN' I'M NOT DOIN'.
SMILING?

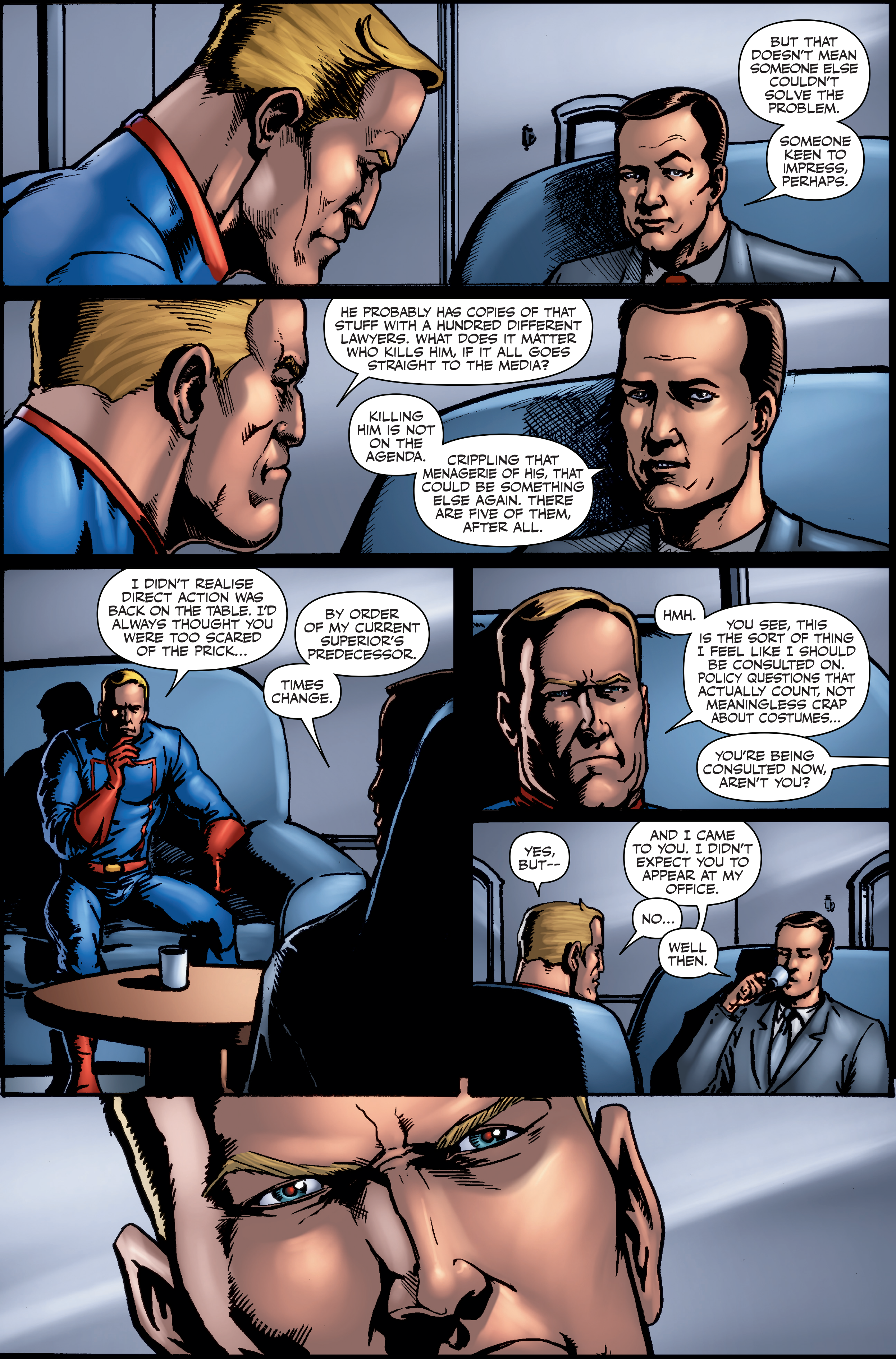

HHHHHHHHHHHHHKKK
HHHHHHHHHHHHHKKK
HOW LONG WAS RAYNER TALKIN' TO SILVER KINCAID?
IHWZ
IH WZ Y
IT WAS ME.
AN' I READ THE LOT, SO DON'T FUCK ME ABOUT IF YOU WANNA KEEP YOUR HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS.
HOW LONG?
THREE YEARS AGO
JUST BEFORE YOU CAME
BACK

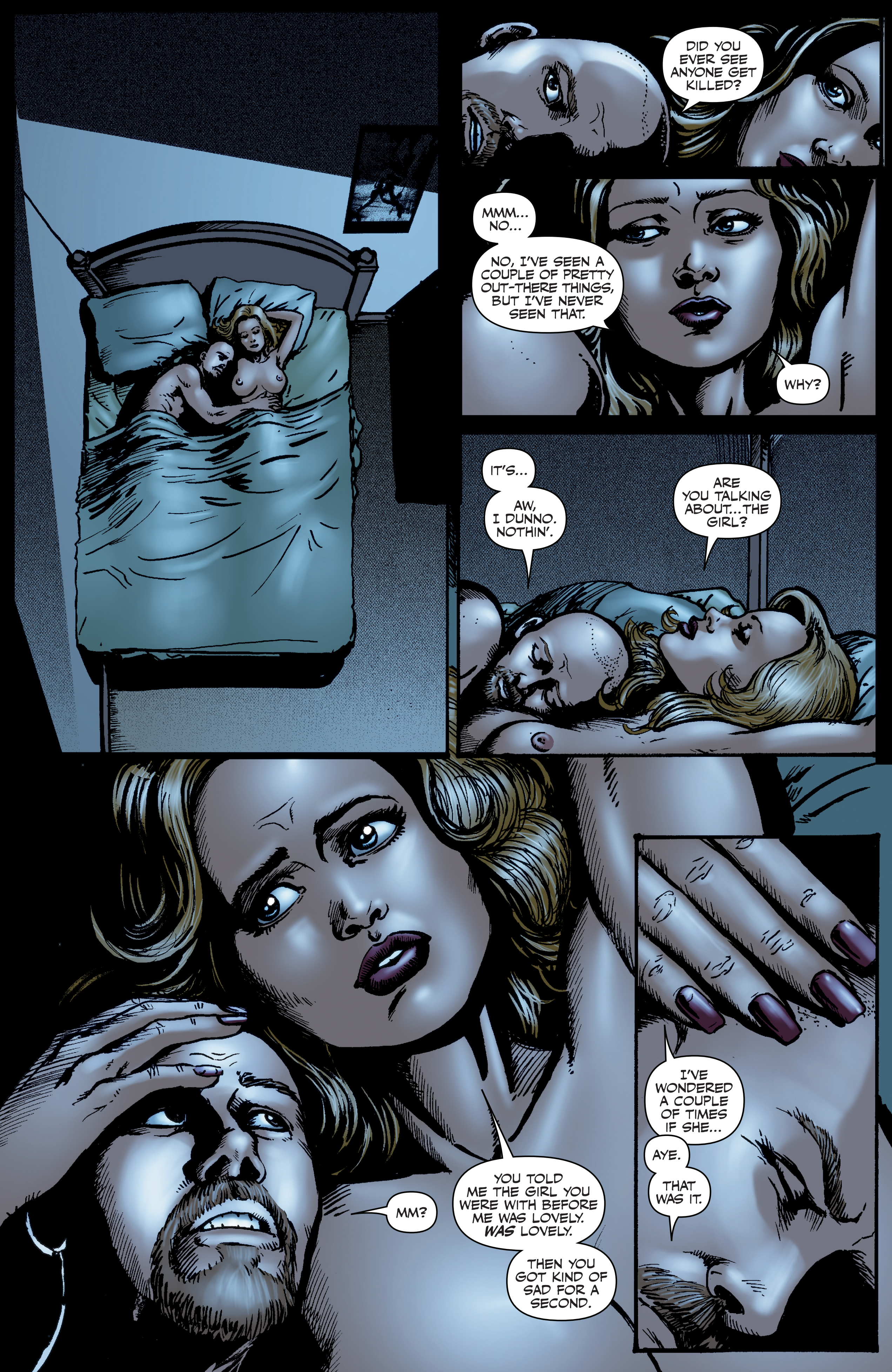

BUT SHE NEVER LET ME IN ON IT, DID SHE? WHEN I HAD THINGS UP AN' RUNNIN' AGAIN.
'COS THE THOUGHTA HAVIN' HER VERY OWN LINE ON THE G-MEN, THAT GOT HER IN A RIGHT FUCKIN' FROTH.
ON YOU GO.
NNOOOOOOO
SAID YOU READ IT
ALREADY KNOW IT
TELL ME ANYWAY.
HNNNGGHH
SHE
SHE WAS GOING TO BE
RAYNER'S SPY
REACHED OUT TO US AFTER NUBIA
SAID THINGS STARTING TO GO TOO FAR
GODOLKIN UNSTABLE
ALL OF THEM UNSTABLE
ANOTHER PRE-WIZ STARTING UP
O'HERO RAPING HIS WAY ROUND CORK

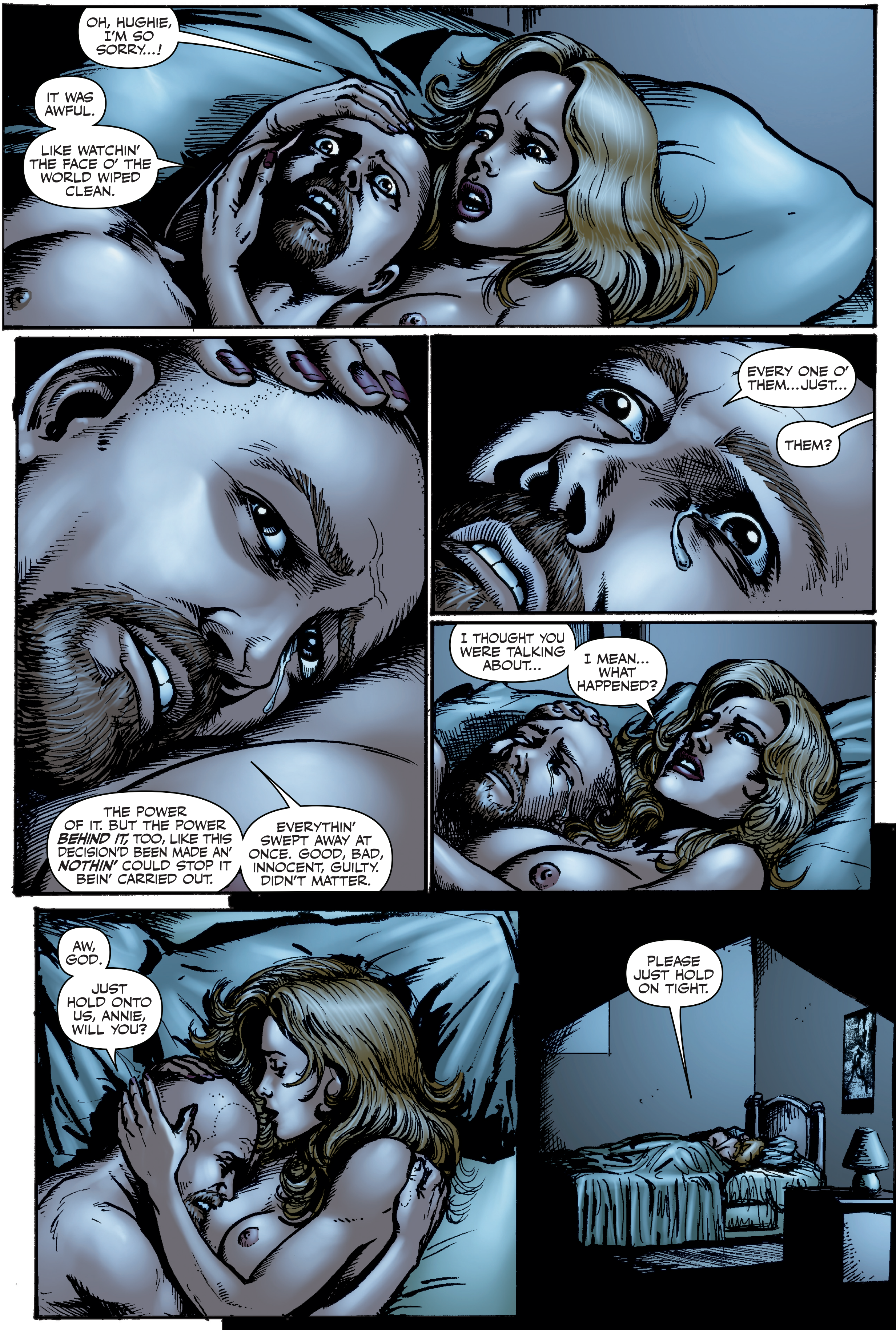

RAYNER COULD GIVE A SHIT, BUT...MAKE HER LOOK GOOD IF SHE HAD ENOUGH INTEL...MAYBE DESTABILIZE G-MEN SOME DAY...
NEVER EVEN GOT THAT FAR. KINCAID TOLD HER GODOLKIN WAS GETTING SUSPICIOUS. RAYNER WOULDN'T LISTEN, BUT--
YOU COULD *SEE* KINCAID HAD A SCREW LOOSE HERSELF. *SEE* THE PRESSURE WAS BUILDING UP.
"BETRAYING THE G-MEN.
"*BEING* A G-MAN."
WHAT'D SHE SEND US IN FOR?
PISSED OFF. NO SOURCE, NO INTEL.
SCENTED BLOOD, ALL THE HINTS KINCAID'D MADE. WANTED ANSWERS, ONCE AND FOR ALL.
WANTED THE BIG FUCKIN' SECRET, GRATIS.
UHHHHHHH...
JUST DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO NICK YOUR HARD-DRIVE.
SEE YOU, MONKEY.
DON'T BOTHER TO GET UP.

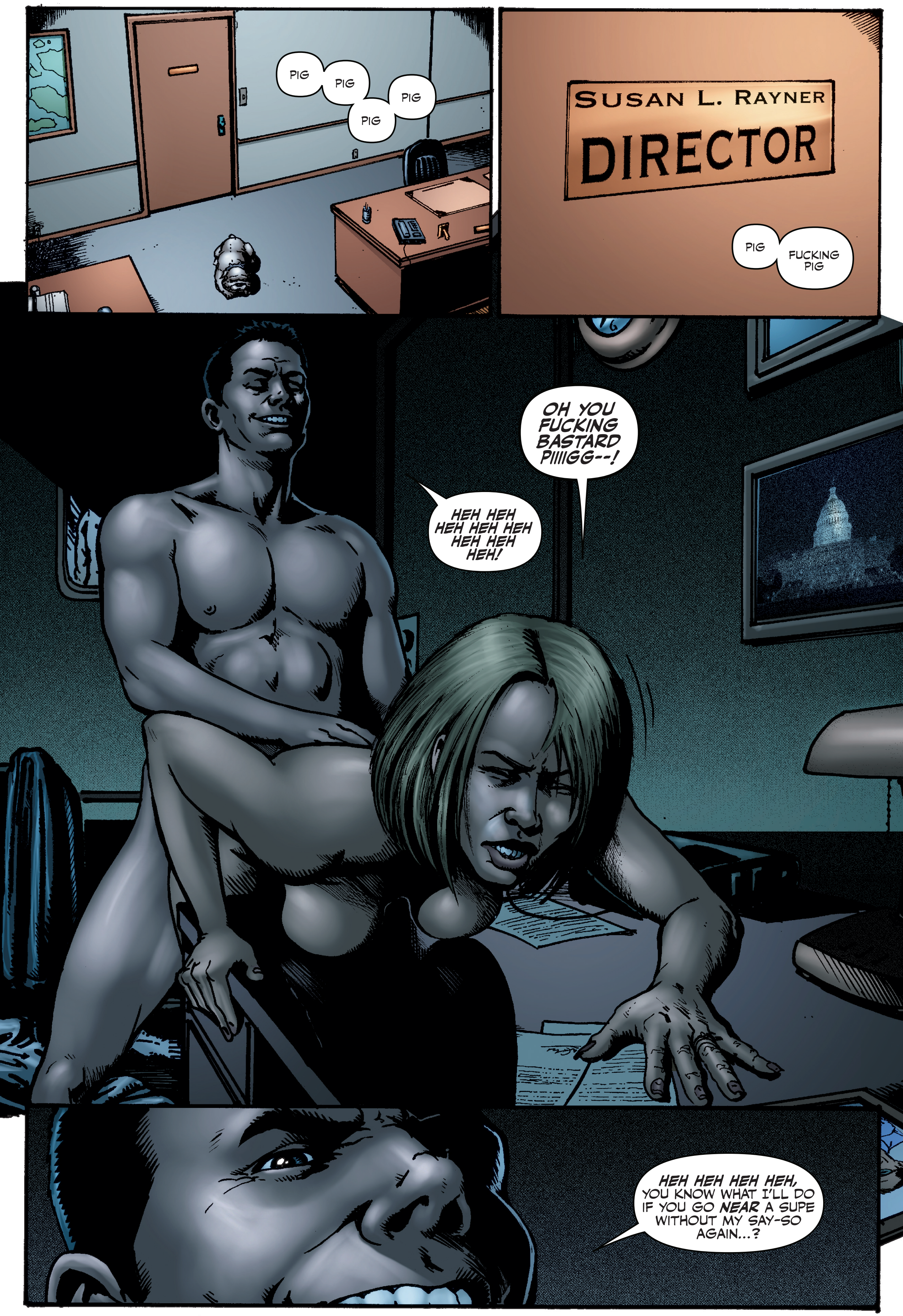

BLACK AMERICANO FOR YOU, MISTER HOMELANDER...
MM.
AND A SKIMMED LATTE, SIR.
THANK YOU.
YOU BET!
WHO IS THAT?
WHAT?
OH, HE'S MAEVE'S NUMBER ONE FAN-SPITTOON. FLIPPER, OR SOMETHING.
WORKS FOR A PITTANCE, IN THE VAIN HOPE THAT SHE MIGHT ONE DAY USE HIM TO DOUCHE WITH.
SO THEY'RE ***ALL GONE...?***
MM-HMM.
JESUS.
AND BUTCHER'S PEOPLE WERE DEFINITELY INVOLVED?
ONLY PERIPHERALLY. TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES THE G-MEN SIMPLY IMPLODED, WHICH SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE WHO EVER MET GODOLKIN.
THE UPSHOT OF IT IS, THERE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO BE SOME CHANGES AROUND HERE...

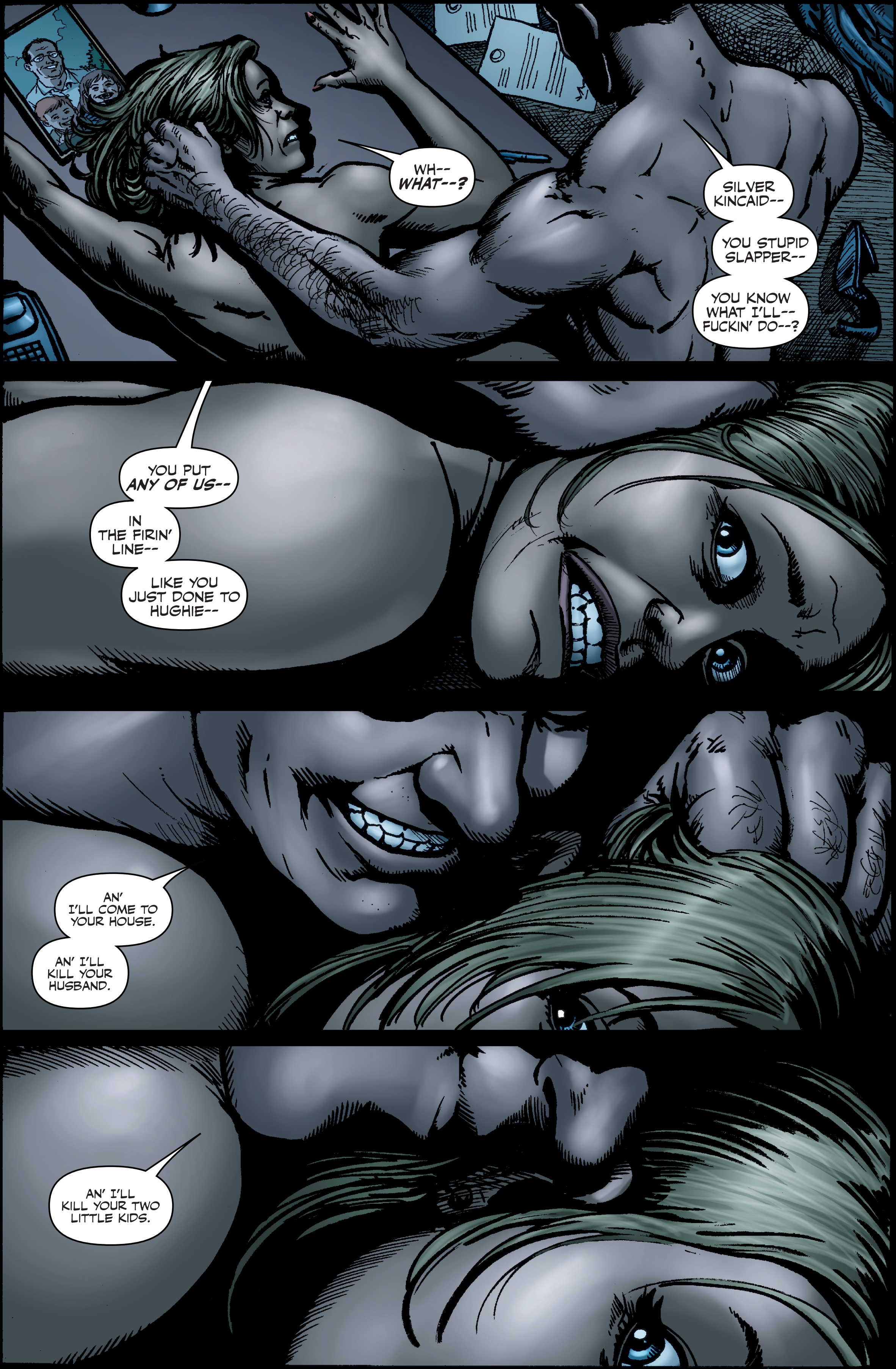

OH?
NOT FOR THE SEVEN ALONE, BUT YOU ARE NOW OUR NUMBER ONE SOURCE OF REVENUE. AND THERE'S GOING TO BE QUITE A SHORTFALL TO MAKE UP.
MARKETING HAVE BEEN KICKING AROUND A FEW IDEAS FOR THE MOMENT WHEN YOU STEP INTO THE BREACH.
THAT WAS QUICK. CONSIDERING THEY HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN DEAD FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
COSTUMES, OBVIOUSLY. LESS RESTRAINED, LITTLE MORE MODERN--*DARKER* WAS THE WORD THAT KEPT COMING UP. JACK AND THE DEEP ARE THE MAIN CONCERNS THERE, OF COURSE.
HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING BLUE FOR A WHILE...?
HOW STARTLINGLY ORIGINAL.
I ASSUME YOU'LL ALSO BE MOVING CONGRESS TO IOWA, AND REMODELLING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY SO EVERYONE CAN SEE HER TITS?
JUST A THOUGHT.
THE NEW GIRL CLEARLY HAS ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT. HAIR AND MAKE-UP, LOT MORE SKIN ON SHOW...WE'LL PROBABLY BE UPPING HER PROFILE A LITTLE...
I HAVE A QUESTION.
WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME ON THIS *SHIT,* WHEN WE SHOULD BE DISCUSSING BUTCHER?
YOU CAN'T DO IT.
I--
YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T.
WHAT HE HAS COULD BURY YOU TWENTY TIMES OVER.

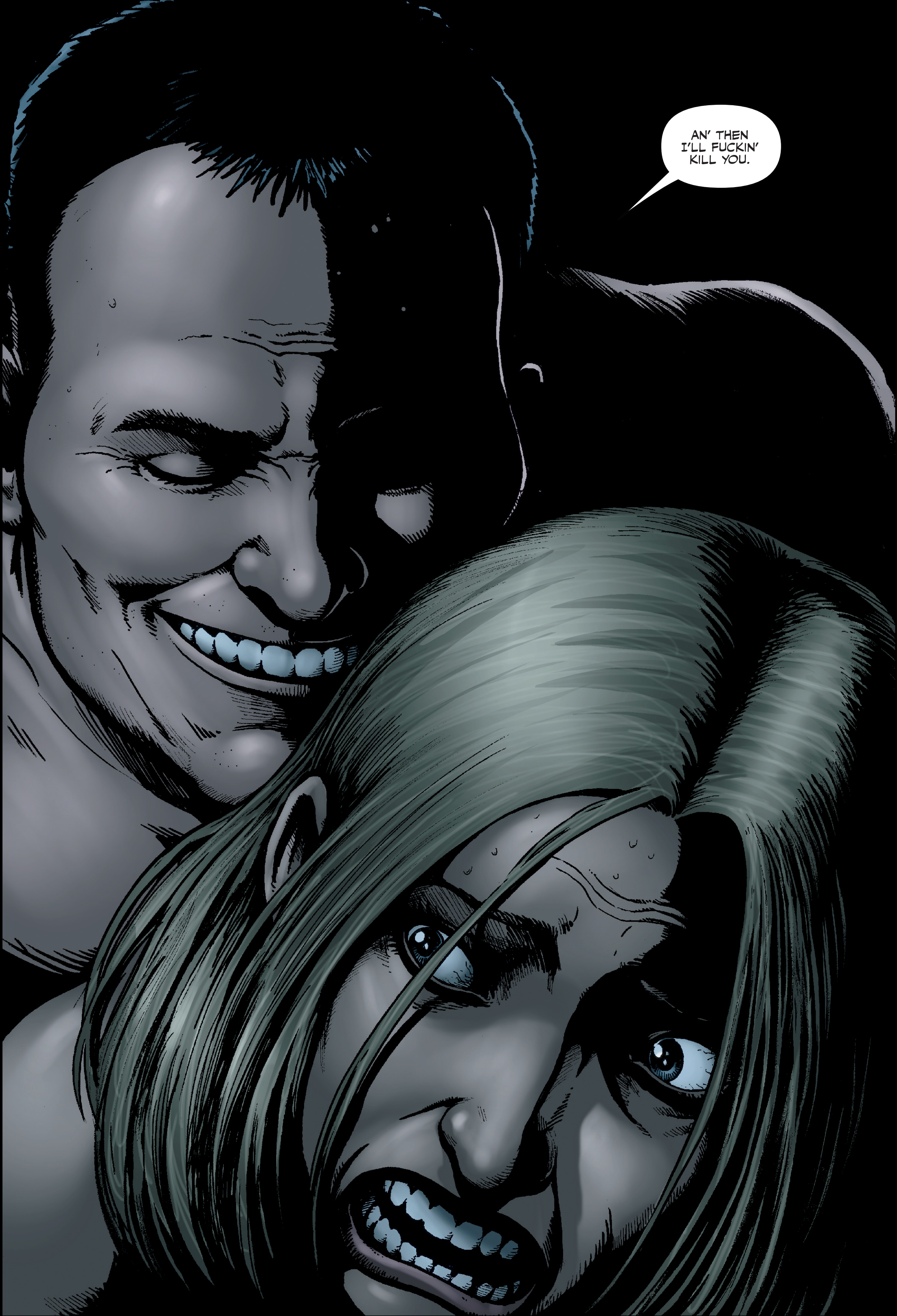

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN SOMEONE ELSE COULDN'T SOLVE THE PROBLEM.
SOMEONE KEEN TO IMPRESS, PERHAPS.
HE PROBABLY HAS COPIES OF THAT STUFF WITH A HUNDRED DIFFERENT LAWYERS. WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHO KILLS HIM, IF IT ALL GOES STRAIGHT TO THE MEDIA?
KILLING HIM IS NOT ON THE AGENDA.
CRIPPLING THAT MENAGERIE OF HIS, THAT COULD BE SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. THERE ARE FIVE OF THEM, AFTER ALL.
I DIDN'T REALISE DIRECT ACTION WAS BACK ON THE TABLE. I'D ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO SCARED OF THE PRICK...
BY ORDER OF MY CURRENT SUPERIOR'S PREDECESSOR.
TIMES CHANGE.
HMH.
YOU SEE, THIS IS THE SORT OF THING I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD BE CONSULTED ON. POLICY QUESTIONS THAT ACTUALLY COUNT, NOT MEANINGLESS CRAP ABOUT COSTUMES...
YOU'RE BEING CONSULTED NOW, AREN'T YOU?
YES, BUT--
AND I CAME TO YOU. I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO APPEAR AT MY OFFICE.
NO...
WELL THEN.


DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE GET KILLED?
MMM... NO...
NO, I'VE SEEN A COUPLE OF PRETTY OUT-THERE THINGS, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT.
WHY?
IT'S...
AW, I DUNNO. NOTHIN'.
ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT...THE GIRL?
YOU TOLD ME THE GIRL YOU WERE WITH BEFORE ME WAS LOVELY. *WAS* LOVELY.
MM?
THEN YOU GOT KIND OF SAD FOR A SECOND.
I'VE WONDERED A COUPLE OF TIMES IF SHE...
AYE.
THAT WAS IT.


OH, HUGHIE, I'M SO SORRY...!
IT WAS AWFUL.
LIKE WATCHIN' THE FACE O' THE WORLD WIPED CLEAN.
THE POWER OF IT. BUT THE POWER ***BEHIND IT,*** TOO, LIKE THIS DECISION'D BEEN MADE AN' ***NOTHIN'*** COULD STOP IT BEIN' CARRIED OUT.
EVERYTHIN' SWEPT AWAY AT ONCE. GOOD, BAD, INNOCENT, GUILTY. DIDN'T MATTER.
EVERY ONE O' THEM...JUST...
THEM?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT...
I MEAN... WHAT HAPPENED?
AW, GOD.
JUST HOLD ONTO US, ANNIE, WILL YOU?
PLEASE JUST HOLD ON TIGHT.


PIG
PIG
PIG
PIG
SUSAN L. RAYNER
DIRECTOR
PIG
FUCKING PIG
OH YOU FUCKING BASTARD PIIIIGG--!
HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!
HEH HEH HEH HEH, YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL DO IF YOU GO NEAR A SUPE WITHOUT MY SAY-SO AGAIN...?


WH-- *WHAT--?*
SILVER KINCAID--
YOU STUPID SLAPPER--
YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL-- FUCKIN' DO--?
YOU PUT *ANY OF US--*
IN THE FIRIN' LINE--
LIKE YOU JUST DONE TO HUGHIE--
AN' I'LL COME TO YOUR HOUSE.
AN' I'LL KILL YOUR HUSBAND.
AN' I'LL KILL YOUR TWO LITTLE KIDS.

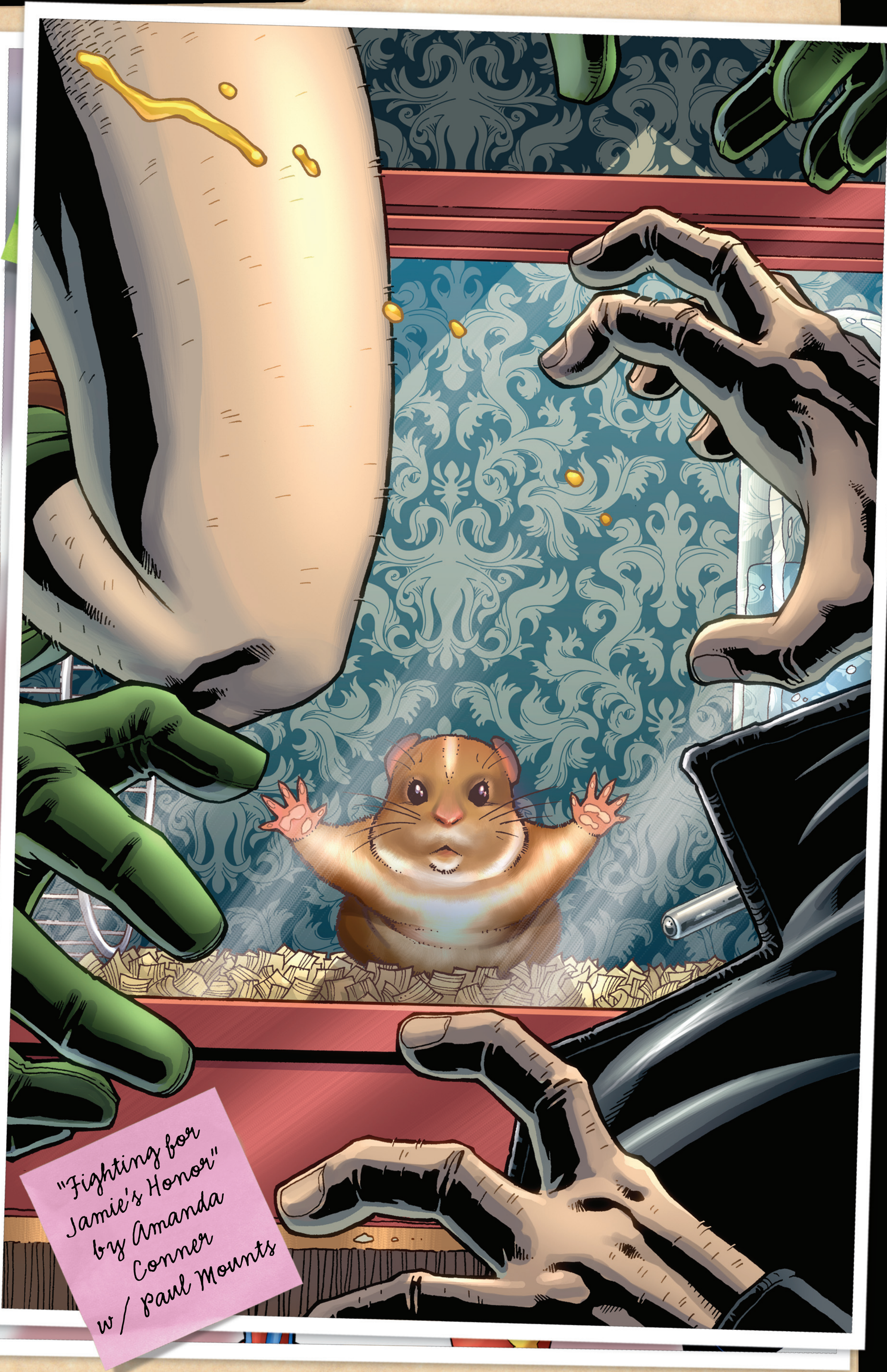

AN' THEN I'LL FUCKIN' KILL YOU.

RODEO FUCK

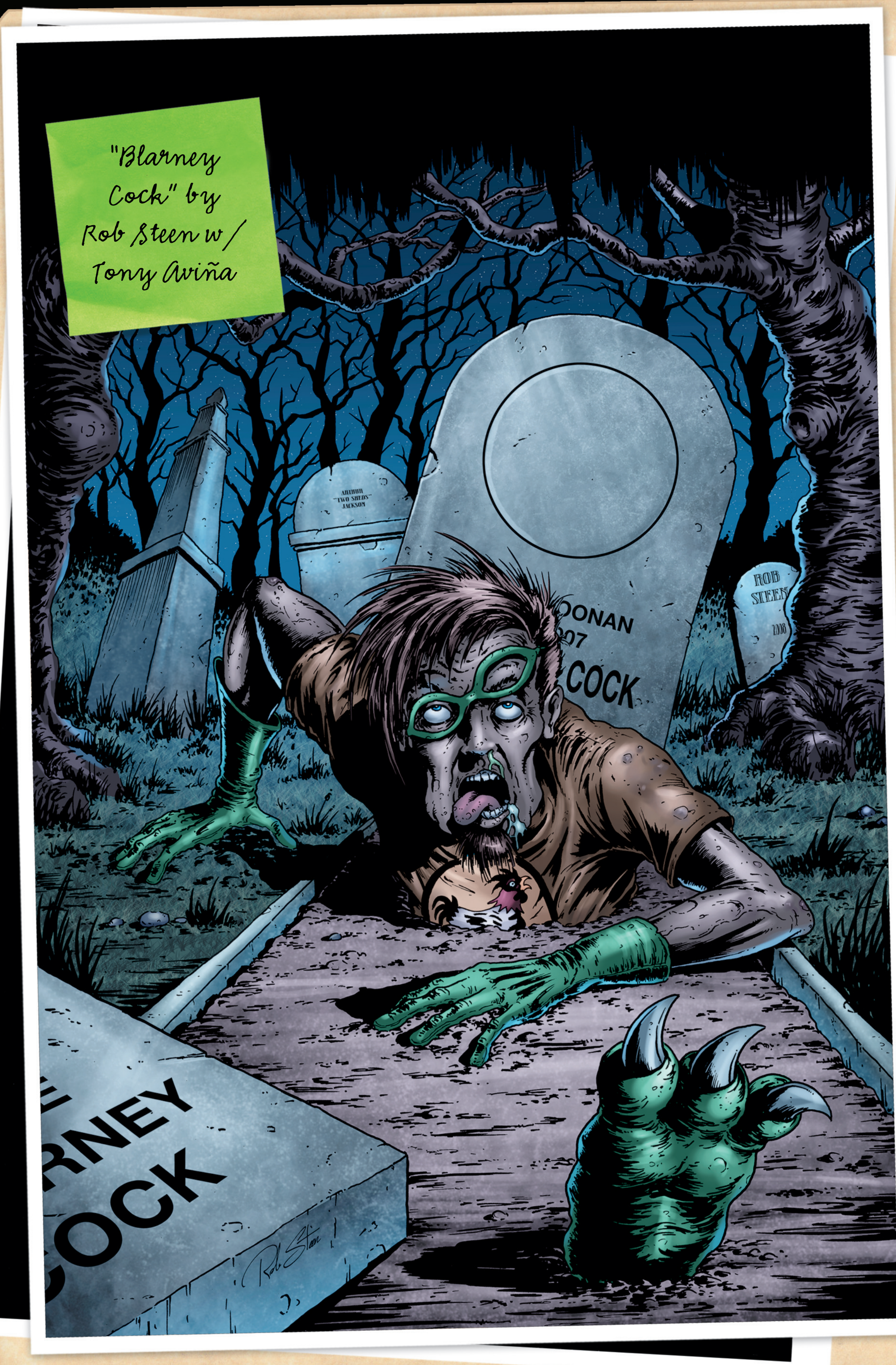
PIN-UP GALLERY

"Butcher" by
Russ Braun

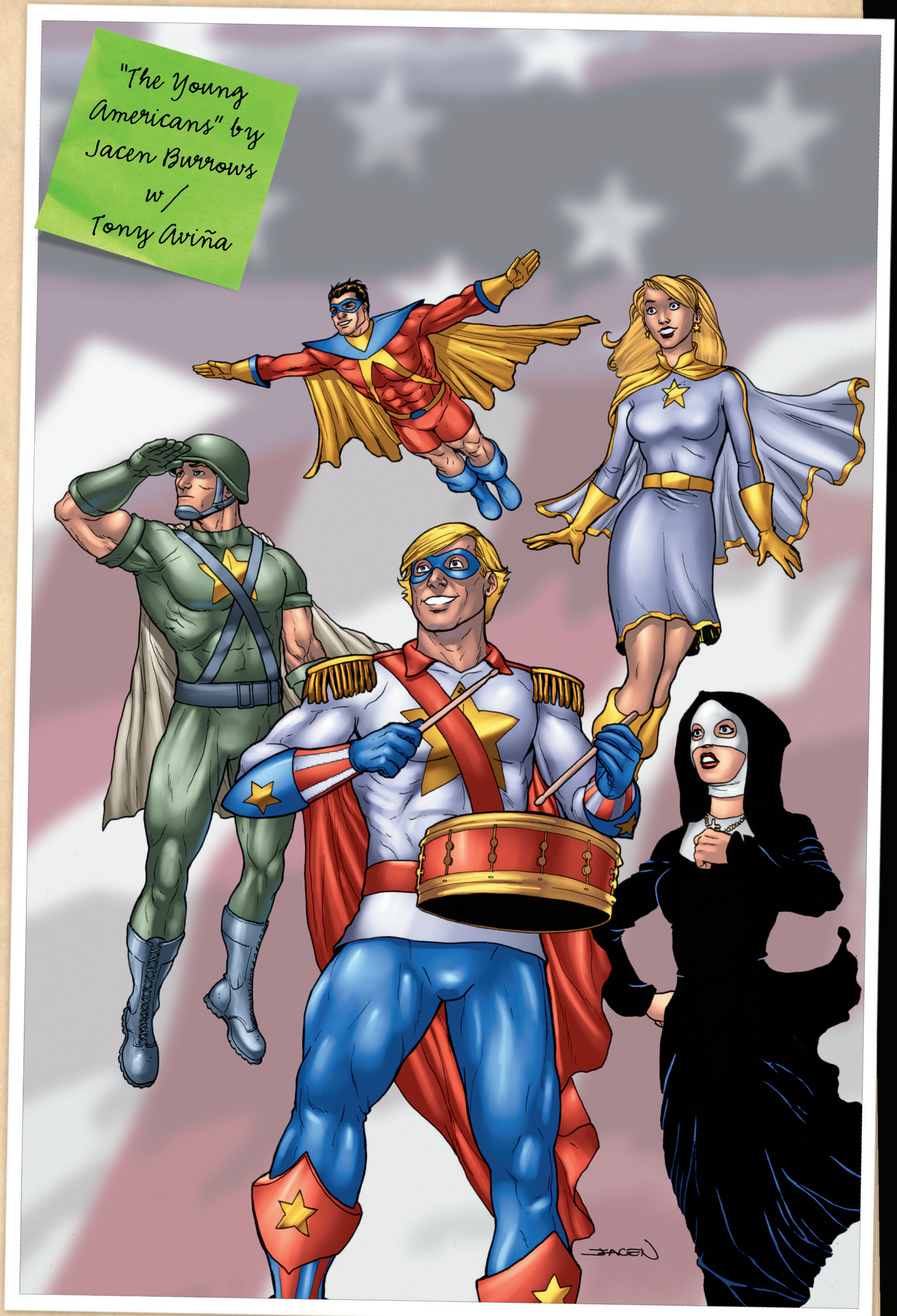
PIN-UP GALLERY



"Fighting for Jamie's Honor" by Amanda Conner w/ Paul Mounts


ARTHUR "TWO SHEDS" JACKSON
OONAN
07
COCK
ROB STEEN
2008
E
RNEY
COCK
Rob Steen

"Blarney Cock" by Rob Steen w/ Tony Aviña



"The Young Americans" by
Jacen Burrows
w/
Tony Aviña

"The Boys" by
John McCrea
w/
Tony Aviña